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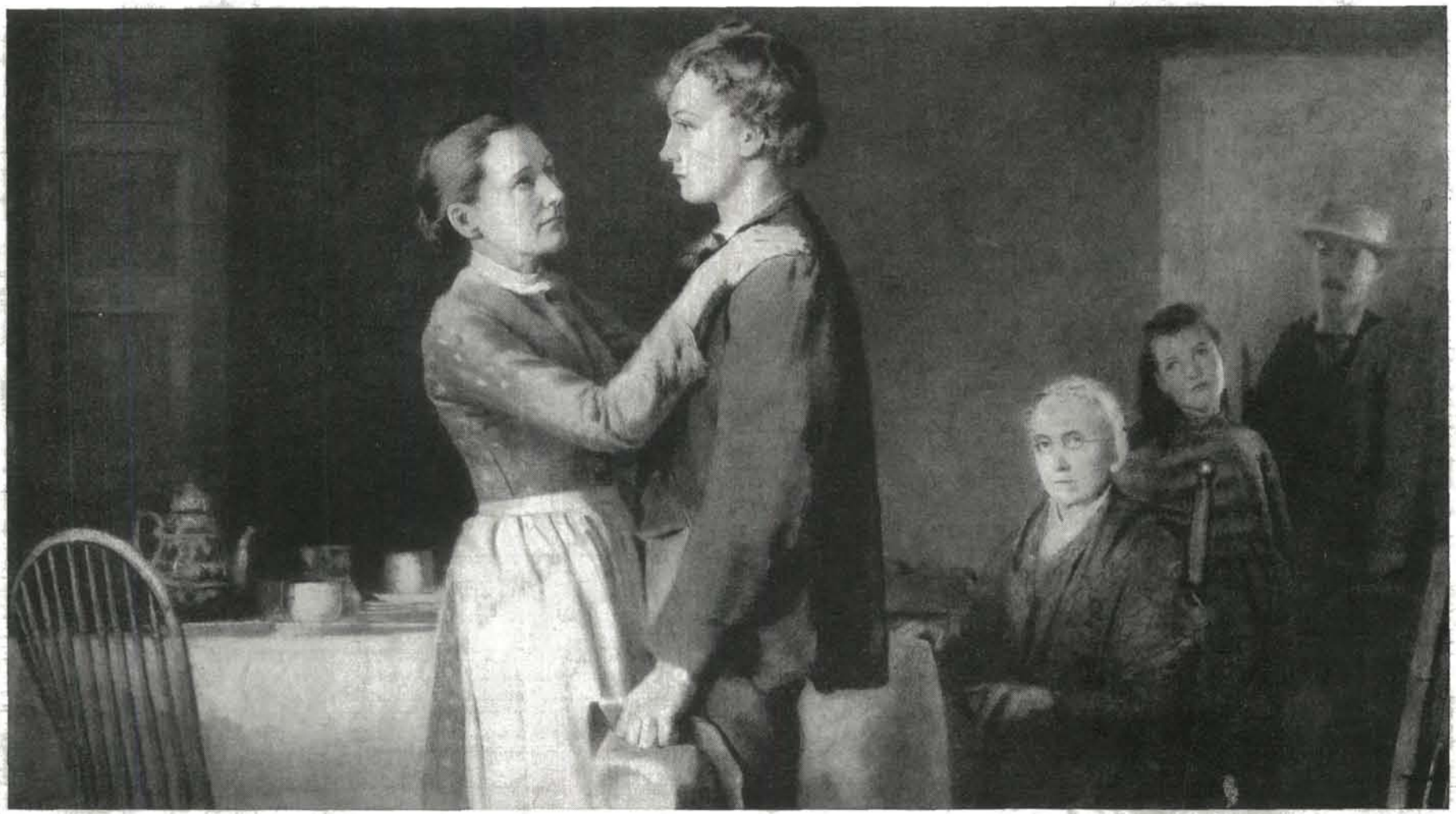
"Remember, my boy, always lay by something for the rainy day"



From the famous painting "Breaking The Home Ties" by Thomas Hovenden which was first exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893

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DO YOU REMEMBER the look in your mother's eyes when you left home for the first time? You promised her that beginning with your first wages you'd start laying something aside for a *reserve.*

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MARCH 17, 1934

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

IF THERE was ever a clear example of the soundness of copy-book maxims Don Gage was it. No one could say he had not earned his success. No one could scream that luck had had anything to do with it. Anyone who wished might trace his whole career from its beginning, Wednesday, and find out he'd been punctual, diligent and spry. Now it was Saturday, and he was sitting on the summit. He had sold a house.

Saturday evening he found out that the prospective buyers were broke; that he should have demanded a check instead of letting them move in, and that Mary, the girl he loved, was their niece. And that, Don thought, was life. He'd had nearly enough of it. Dwight Mitchell Wiley furnishes the particulars in a bright Miami love story entitled "Terms to Suit."

THERE is, according to another well-attested maxim, more than one way to kill a cat. Frank Buck, who has spent more than twenty years in extracting big cats and other dangerous critters from the Malayan jungles, has to keep thinking up new ways to keep from killing them. Next week he tells you how he tracked down one of the rarest of animals, a "Clouded Leopard," and shot her out of a tree without hitting her. It's the first of a series of articles in which he describes his most recent adventures.

THE hero of Max Brand's short story, "Beyond the Finish," is a ringer, a big, ugly stallion who worked for thieves and rascals and who couldn't race in the rain. His name, for the moment, was Calamity and his gallant action will bring you to your feet, cheering.

WHEN Baltimore, hard pressed by increasing debt and dwindling income, began looking into its municipal administration it found, among other interesting facts, that all the soap for one department was being purchased in a certain grocery store because the purchasing agent's wife was collecting coupons. When this and other more important irregularities had been ironed out the city found its financial health completely restored. The cure was entirely painless—except to the politicians—and the result furnishes a fine example for almost every city in the country. John T. Flynn gives the details.

DASHIELL HAMMETT writes a hard-boiled romance of Hollywood. Jacland Marmur contributes a magnificent sea story. Dana Burnet writes the Short Short Story. And Arthur Somers Roche, Ernest Haycox, Shepard Barclay and others add further luster to a dazzling issue.

This Week

March 17, 1934

Cover by George de Zayas

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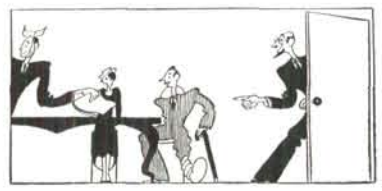
EDITORIAL
We Want Service! Page 58

Any Week

DR. C. W. CROMPTON of Raymond, Washington, reports that his patients like us so well they steal us from his waiting-room table. Not that the doctor is complaining. No. But it does make him hurry a bit to read Collier's before it disappears along with a pair of tonsils.



MR. NEILL O'DONNELL BULTMAN of Columbia, South Carolina, writes his first fan letter, and to us, naturally. There's some fragrant, arm-swinging oratory in it, too.

"Somewhile back you cast what we South Carolinians took to be a very brief, but very insulting, suh, aspersion on our honor. You presumed to speak facetiously of our actions in rejecting legal liquor.

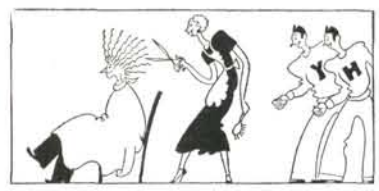
"In these parts and hereabouts is made that priceless gift of Divine Providence to the throat of a true gentleman—South Ca'lina cawn liquor, in abundance unbounded and of such delightful potency that one snort poured today through the lips of Bacchus himself would cause that gentleman to fling back his shroud and come forth with a hey nonny nonny, a-steppin' high, wide and handsome. And before we shall permit the sacred confines of our borders to become polluted with ordinary legal likker, we shall again secede. There is less likelihood of such a desecration than there is of this fair state voting the Republican ticket, and that, suh, would be an ignominy of which, no matter to what levels of decadence we sink, we shall ever be incapable!"

WHILE we catch our breath we surround ourselves with the cloistered calm of Mildred D. Richey's letter from Shadyside, Ohio. Says she: "We Ohio folks have been praying about this depression for nearly five years. I wonder what Mr. Ordburn of Nashville, Tennessee, has been doing all this time." It was Mr. Ordburn who complained that, "The government's activity in spending money for public works and civil works leaves the people with too little time for prayer." Continues Miss Richey: "The Lord helps those who help themselves. Most of our unemployed men were just too delighted to dig a ditch or something in the name of the Lord or the CWA. May the Lord and the CWA give us bigger and better ditches." And in the same hushed tone she adds: "Let's pray for a bigger Collier's, too, while we're at it." Who are we to withhold an amen?

WHEN we struggled from our bed this morning we decided that we wouldn't solve any problems today. Which permits us to quote from Marian Dabney of Atlanta, Georgia, without furrowing the brow. Writes she: "No matter how interested I am in that story I'm reading I simply can't resist, when I've been told to turn to page such and such, stopping in the middle of the sentence where the hero takes the heroine in his arms for the first time, and relishing the delicious nonsense in the cartoon on that page.

"Now that's not fair to the author for me to steal a moment's fun in the middle of a mood he has worked me into. I shan't presume to suggest what you are going to do about it. To put all those nice cartoons on one page would be very convenient for people who wanted to get a day's chuckles out of their systems—but it would take away the fun of running unexpectedly into a bit of choice nonsense. Well, it's your problem. I just thought I'd mention it."

LETTERS cheering our editorial "Man to Man" are numerous and pleasant. Mr. H. C. Martens of San Bernardino, California, cries: "It is as refreshing as a spring shower to us in Southern California where we have the horror of reading the dirty digs about the Administration by Old Guard papers who still think that conditions were lovely up to March 4th." Then Mr. Martens reaches for his goosebone and prophesies that "Hiram Johnson will poll more votes than he ever did at the coming election." Is autumn that close?



MRS. J. G. MARKHAM of Turton, South Dakota, thanks us for the biggest laugh she and Mr. Markham have had in years, which is no small boon. It came when they read "Money in the Mail Box," by Walter Davenport. "It certainly has everything just as it really is," she goes on. "He mentioned about everything we should have loved to spend our money-in-the-mail-box for but did not. We are using ours to keep the boys in college. My husband hasn't had a tonsorial clean-up for twelve years. His hair is curly and I do a good job of trimming it myself. But he has a college degree."

THAT only makes it harder.

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When a fellow is a true gentleman, why, he will make known his honorable intentions in no uncertain terms. A real lady would never be content with less—no, not for all the battleships afloat

Fireman Hinkey did the talking. "It's like this, Miss," he explained

Miss Pacific Fleet

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

THE fleet was back from Panama, but Miss Almira Gudgeon tried to tell herself that it meant nothing in her not-so-young life. Seated in the cashier's cage of the Alhambra Café, San Pedro, Miss Gudgeon sniffed as the first contingent of bluejackets rollicked through the door. Sailors! Their feet had the sound of mischief afoot, they were a bit scruffy about neck and ears from sunburn peel, their voices were a pitch above civilian meekness.

"Hullo, sweetheart," they said, and, "Well, if it ain't the good-lookin' blonde, still here!" Others only grinned and a few did not look at Miss Gudgeon at all. Good-lookin' blonde was a bit of seagoing irony. Miss Gudgeon was no salty dream of blond charms. She was too tall, too severe, too grim and cold. Eight years in the cashier's cage at the Alhambra had made her so. Miss Gudgeon had learned about sailors. . . .

"*Seventy*-fi' cents, please."

"Wh-what? Why, that's a one. That ain't a seven. It's fifteen cents."

"Who waited on you? Josie, get Margaret—"

"Heh, heh, heh. I guess it is a seven, at that."

"Just a minute! We don't take Mexican money—"

"Awright, awright, don't get sore. And hey—how about the votes I'm supposed to get?"

"Oh . . . yeah."

Miss Gudgeon handed the customer his seventy-five votes. Grinning, the sailor lad swaggered out, picking his teeth with a battered thumbnail. Josie, the head waitress, a daintily proportioned Italian temple reared upon fallen arches, shook her head.

"More grief for you, dearie," she observed. "Keeping track of these votes."

"I could murder the fella that talked the boss into joining it," said Miss Gudgeon bitterly. "I got enough to do, Heaven knows."

SHE glanced at a cardboard sign propped up on the cigar counter: BEAUTY CONTEST VOTES GIVEN HERE. H'mph. Just as if she didn't have enough to worry about without that. Seeing that sailors didn't change the check amounts; watching for Canadian dimes and nickels, to say nothing of Mex dollars, tencentavo pieces, pesos and British florins. Then, there were cigarettes and candy and chewing gum to sell and fresh guys to be argued with—about alleged short change. And now she had to mess around with a lot of silly vote certificates.

Josie giggled excitedly.

"Pretty soft for whoever wins, though," she said. "You get a three weeks' trip to Honolulu an' a radio an' gift orders on stores an' I bet the girl—why she gets in the movies too."

An acidulous little smile twisted Miss Gudgeon's rather shapely mouth.

"You been nominated yet?"

"Yeah. This noon I was." Josie's voice flattened complacently. "My boy friend is gonna get me all the New Mexico an' Maryland an' West Virginia votes."

"That'll be a lot of votes."

"Unhunh . . . hot cha, the Lexington! You boys want a privut booth?"

"Chile beans and coffee at the counter," muttered Miss Gudgeon nastily. Then, "Not so fast, Sonny Boy. How many packages didja say?"

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"Why—jest two, ma'am."

"I guess you think you're Thurston, the big magician, don't ya? What's that under your jumper pocket—a carbuncle?"

"Wh-what? This—"

"Sixty cents!"

Miss Gudgeon sighed and twisted fretfully on her high chair. Playful sailors and beauty contests really were not responsible for Miss Gudgeon's bad temper. She knew how to handle shore-liberty wits. And as for this contest—an inspiration of San Pedro and Long Beach merchants—it was merely a minor annoyance. Miss Gudgeon had no interest in the selection of "Miss Pacific Fleet." She was twenty-nine years old and looked thirty-five. She wore her thick, corn-colored hair parted primly in the middle; her cheeks were devoid of make-up and her blue dress was cut straight down the sides. Her eyes said, "No foolishness," and her lips said, "I've heard all *that* before." She shared a small stucco bungalow out toward Point Firmin with a fifty-year-old school-teacher named Mary Simms.

SO WHAT did the fleet's return from Panama mean to Miss Almira Gudgeon?

That man would be back.

She was frightened, just thinking about it. He wasn't like any of the other sailors. He wasn't a playful, sunburned kid, pulling sleight-of-hand tricks with cigarette packages and wise-cracking. He was a great, hulking brute of a man.

Miss Gudgeon shivered and cast an apprehensive glance at the front windows of the café. Outside, on Front Street, a stream of blue-clad figures swirled and eddied as the various ships' boats unloaded liberty parties.

He would be back. The words were italicized in Miss Gudgeon's mind—sharp, secret, terrifying words. This time she would have to do something about him. She'd have to appeal to Mr. Demetrios Skourasian, proprietor of the Alhambra, or to a shore patrol officer. She couldn't stand such agonies of fear and suspense. When the fleet was in before, he had hung about the restaurant and *he had followed her.* Yeah, actually. . . .

"I gave you a five-dollar bill, sister."

"Oh . . . excuse me. I thought—"

"Don't never think. It gives you a headache."

"Eighty . . . one, two, three, four, five."

Nobody in the restaurant knew *he* was after Miss Gudgeon. They thought he was stuck on Florence because he always went to her table. They kidded Florence about him. They didn't know he followed Miss Gudgeon; that he always took Florence's table because he could look at Miss Gudgeon from there. . . .

"C'mon, Ike, loosen up. Buy a box uh seegars and get some votes."

"*You* buy 'em. I got no girl friend in the contest."

There he was!

YES, there he was, right outside the north window. Miss Gudgeon took one horrified peek and became desperately busy trying to sell Ike a box of seegars. *He* was wearing a pea-jacket and his nautical blue hat was tipped close to his scowling black brows. He was not scowling at Miss Gudgeon, however; what seemed to interest him was a morgue of deceased fish lying on slabs of ice in Mr. Skourasian's window. Oh, but he was terrible looking. He was a full head taller than Miss Gudgeon and twice as wide in the shoulders.

"If—if you wouldn't care for cigars, sir, perhaps you'd like a nice box of c-candy."

"Me feed these clucks chocklits? Ha!"

He was coming in.

"Well, well, if it ain't little Wilfred McClarty!"

"Yup."

"You still on the Arizona, Mac?"

"Yup."

"How's them shaft alleys of yours?"

"Clean."

"I bet they are. They tell me you got your messengers polishin' 'em with silk hankies!"

"Nope. Just waste."

He lumbered past and went to Florence's table.

"See that guy?" said Ike to the pallid Miss Gudgeon. "His name's Wilfred McClarty. Ain't that funny? Wilfred. Yeah . . . him . . . Wilfred."

"Pipe down, Ike." Then, to Miss Gudgeon, "Don't never make him sore. I seen him tear two guys all apart in Manila one time."

"Wisht we could get 'im to fight for the Division Champeenship," said Ike. "Gee!"

In her soul, Miss Gudgeon shuddered. Outwardly, she was icy calm.

"Maybe you'd like some perfume we got left over from Christmas. The prices are reduced—"

"Naw. Ike's too tight and I'm broke. S'long."

Josie came over.

"There's Florence's boy friend!" she whispered. "What a man!"

Miss Gudgeon was formal.

"I certainly admire her taste."

"Oh, she don't go with him. He ain't never said more'n two words to her. Ain't he big and strong-lookin', though?"

Panicky, Miss Gudgeon remembered the last horror picture she had seen at the Cabrillo Theater.

"*Him,*" she said, "he's an abye-smal brute."

"I'll say he is!" Josie giggled.

THE abye-smal brute, flushed red even under the blue of his hard, square jaw, was gulping a cup of coffee. His brown eyes stared fixedly at Mr. Skourasian's imitation red leather-paneled wall. His curly black hair, clipped absurdly short and showing only a top-knot, was damp with sweat.

"How many votes I gat—dallar seexty-five?"

"Hundred sixty-five, Mr. Swenson."

"Tank you."

Now he's coming to pay his check.

Mr. Wilfred McClarty shuffled toward the cashier's desk. Hat clenched in hairy fist, eyes on the floor, he approached Miss Gudgeon. Just as he drew abeam he looked up timidly. Miss Gudgeon's face burned. Mr. McClarty, breathing heavily, made for the door.

"Check, please!"

"Oh . . . yup."

"Ten outa fifty. Thank you."

"Yup."

"Your change!"

"Oh . . . yup."

He was gone. Miss Gudgeon glanced at the clock. In an hour and ten minutes she would be off duty. It would be dark. She would have to walk home. If he followed her, oh, what if he followed her? No, he would go back to the ship. She wouldn't be in danger this evening. Of course not. Besides, she could struggle. She was a big, strong girl. And other sailors or soldiers from Fort MacArthur or the police or the shore patrol would. . . .

"Hey, how about a little service?"

Fifteen minutes passed.

He's coming back. This time, Mr. McClarty did not pause to look at the dead fish. He entered with a great show of hurry. He went direct to Florence's table. This time, Mr. McClarty had ham and eggs. He ate them with his gaze fixed on the sign announcing the beauty contest. Miss Gudgeon tried to read a movie magazine. . . .

"Oh . . . excuse me. . . ."

It was Florence. She was giggling.

"He wants to buy fi' pounds of the sixty-cent chocklits. That red box, Almira."

"Red box? Who?"

"*Him.* He's scairt to ask you. Ain't it a scream? The big cluck. Here's his money."

Candy clutched like a football under arm, *he* lunged toward Miss Gudgeon. Her heart fluttered sickeningly. She saw through his evil designs. He meant to offer her the candy as an excuse to strike up an acquaintance. If she refused, there was no telling what he would do. If she accepted it, there was no telling, either.

"Check, please."

"Yup."

"Oh . . . you get votes. Let's see, with the c-candy and all . . . that's three-eighty . . . that makes three hundred and eighty votes."

"Yup. I . . . uh . . . yup."

He's going out with the candy.

QUITTING time came. Mr. McClarty had been in once more—for dessert. The candy had disappeared. There had been no words between him and Miss Gudgeon. There was something sinister about the abye-smal brute's silence.

Miss Gudgeon dawdled in the ladies' room as long as she could. She buttoned her light coat tightly. It was quite dark outside. Panic assailed her. Should she go to Mr. Skourasian and ask for one of the bus boys as an escort? No, that would look silly. *No one knew.* No one must ever know. It was too awful.

She hurried out a side door.

There he was! He was standing across the street with the candy under his arm. Miss Gudgeon hurried up the hill, keeping to Ninth Street as long as she could. From a distance he followed. Miss Gudgeon wanted to run and yet she could not. It was better not to show fear. The abye-smal brutes, why, they only got more cruel if a girl showed that she feared them. There were so many dark streets to cross. And *he* was only half a block behind. He was so tall and powerful he could catch up with her any time. Even if she ran. . . .

He did not catch up with her. He halted fifty yards from Miss Gudgeon's bungalow. She ran in and locked the door. Miss Mary Simms, coming home five minutes later, found Miss Gudgeon trembling beside a living-room curtain.

"Land sakes, Almira!" she said. "What ails you?"

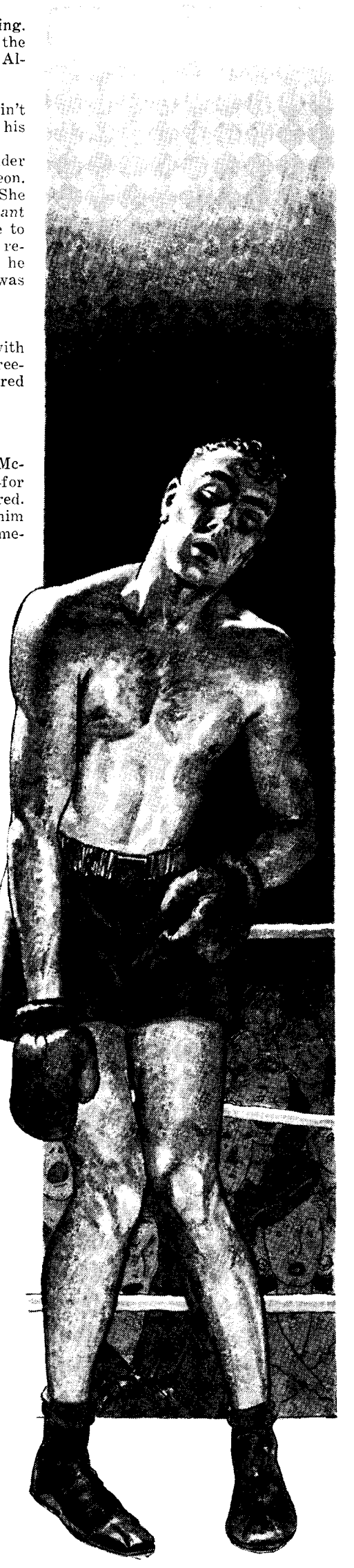
"Oh . . . n-nothing," said Miss Gudgeon.

He had walked past twice and then had gone away.

NEXT morning, when Miss Gudgeon reported for work, she found a large envelope with her name printed in indelible blue pencil on the face. It was an Arizona envelope. Inside were four hundred votes, and the following stereotyped slip:

Miss Almira Gudgeon

This is to notify you that you have been nominated a contestant in the popularity and beauty contest poll to select "Miss Pacific Fleet." Nominated by . . . Wilfred T. McClarty, Machinists Mate, 2d Class, U. S. S. Arizona.



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Miss Gudgeon hastily and guiltily concealed the letter between the pages of True Life Dramas. Her worst suspicions were confirmed. It was not Florence. It was she on whom *he* had designs. He had not dared accost her with the candy. The vote scheme was more subtle, more diabolical. He thought to appeal to her womanly vanity and thus turn her head. Josie and Florence were all wrong about Mr. McClarty. He really was clever. He was putting on this shyness and all for the purpose of throwing her off guard. He was a bold, clever, wicked abye-smal brute.

What should she do? Of course, she could expose him. She could tell an admiral or a major about him and get him fired out of the Navy. But that might come out in the papers and everybody would talk. No, it would be best not to say anything yet, but to write Mr. McClarty warning him that she was on to his devilish game.

Off and on, all that day, Miss Gudgeon tried to compose a letter to Mr. McClarty. But she got no further than to write: "Dear Sir: It ill behooves you to. . . ."

He did not come to the restaurant that day.

Vaguely disappointed and in a pettish temper, Miss Gudgeon scolded Miss Huggins, the night relief, about sticking gum near the change rack. Just as she was getting ready to depart, a very young sailor appeared at the cashier's cage.

"McClarty," he said, as if giving a password.

He shoved another envelope at her and left.

Miss Gudgeon waited until she was under a street lamp near the bungalow before opening the envelope. The same indelible blue pencil and this note:

Dear Madam:

You sure should win and I am doeing my damdest in your behave. 1,750 votes.

W. T. McCLARTY
Machinists Mate, 2d Class
U. S. S. Arizona

Gasping, she clutched the votes. She must keep her head. Mr. McClarty's plotting was becoming more and more insidious!

Miss Gudgeon washed her hair the next morning before breakfast and applied a bit of Miss Simms' henna rinse. She also wore a dress she had been saving for Easter Sunday.

He did not appear in the café. Toward quitting time another very young sailor arrived.

"McClarty. Personal."

Twenty-three hundred votes more!

And this message:

Dear Madam:

You are 17eenth but you will clime. The Arizona is for you 100 all except merines and they do not count.

W. T. McCLARTY
Machinists Mate, 2d Class
U. S. S. Arizona

P. S. You sure should win. You are pretty.

Thrilling shivers went up and down Miss Gudgeon's straight back. "You are pretty." And tomorrow night Miss Gudgeon would have to work on the late shift. She saw it all. He was but biding his time.

Hence, timidly, Miss Gudgeon questioned Josie while waiting for the crisis.

"Listen, Josie. If a feller follows you—what do you do?"

Josie stared.

"Well, if I know um I wait for um to catch up weeth me. Otherwise I say 'Scram' or somepin' and cross over."

Josie hurried away to see if Ramon had fixed the No. 2 percolator. Miss Gudgeon sighed. It was then seven-fifteen. She did not get off duty until

(Continued on page 47)

Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

She climbed to the platform and brought her umbrella down on the Bohunk Man, yelling, "You stop it! You stop it!"

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Indians Simulating Buffalo, painted by Frederic Remington for Collier's in 1909

Red Men and White

By Owen P. White

Special denaturing plants—known as boarding schools—have been presented to the American Indian by our government so that his children can be made thoroughly and miserably unfit for any form of life. It's part of a scheme which destroys the red man by undermining his character. And it's going to stop. Mr. John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, is determined to restore to the Indian his racial integrity. Having persuaded him to wash off his war paint, the least we can do—so Mr. Collier thinks—is to help him get rid of the whitewash. It is also recommended that we stop stealing from him

IN THE hair-raising eighties, as I can well remember because for a large part of that decade I was never more than three jumps ahead of a tomahawk myself, everybody in the West cordially hated the American red man. They all, nevertheless, had a tremendous respect for him. It was naturally that way because in those times whatever a white frontiersman had that a red warrior wanted the latter invariably tried to lift. Sometimes he got away with it, and sometimes he didn't even get away at all. In any event, his prowess was so great, and he was held in such high esteem because of it, that along with skunks and rattlesnakes he was very unjustly rated as a varmint which would never be any good to anybody until good and dead.

So far as regards his confrères, the skunks and rattlers, that old-fashioned notion still prevails. Being just as full of prejudice, pizen and perfume as they ever were, these two prairie citizens are still honored by being either massacred on sight or given as much open territory as they need in which to attend to their affairs.

With the red man, however, it is sadly different. He has been denatured. Once wild, he is now mild; once a menace, he is now a mendicant. In other words, something so stimulating, so invigorating that we are today raising our Boy Scouts on the memory of it, has totally disappeared from the American scene. And what became of it?

In order to answer that question we will now have to put on our hip boots and wade through a couple of paragraphs of bloody history.

In 1868, less than a year after it had signed a treaty of peace with the Cheyennes, the Arapahoes and the Kiowas at Medicine Lodge, this government decided that rather than live up to its word it would make war on the tribes.

Seventeen Years on the Warpath

Its troops went west. In their wake followed the longest string of prairie schooners that had ever crossed the plains—one that consisted of 800 Army wagons drawn by 4,800 Army mules. And as soon as the redskins saw with what military magnificence their territorial integrity was being violated they decided that rather than be a disappointment to anybody they would give Uncle Sam's Army a bit of exercise.

History tells us that in this effort they were very successful. Not once, but several times, and with the Sioux, the Comanches and the Apaches finally joining in the festivities, all of that vast area which lies between the Platte River and the Mexican border was devastated. Many, many millions of dollars from the United States Treasury were wasted and thousands of scalps of both colors were taken and hundreds of innocent women and children, also of both colors, were cruelly killed. Although it had originally taken us but seven years to whip Britain's redcoats, it now took us more than seventeen to subdue our own redskins.

And when that had been accomplished, what had been gained? By the white man, nothing; by the red, everything. What he had been fighting for was land, plenty of land on which he could roam around in accordance with his idea of what it meant to lead the life of Riley. And by the time the last of his band of warriors were ready to lay down their arms, he had, through the effective use of his tomahawk and scalping knife, become the owner of more than 133,000,000 of the best acres on this continent. This land was his and he had the deed for it. But this wasn't all he had. Being inherently a gentleman to whom all forms of work are abhorrent and degrading, he had firmly stipulated in the bond that he was to be forever emancipated from toil through the issuance to him of practically everything that his soul panted for, except whisky.

Too Good to Last

"Ugh, heap good." So said the red man. He was satisfied; his villages were located on broad and splendid reservations; his tepees were set up; his spotted ponies grazed on tribal pastures; his thin dogs and fat papooses grazed everywhere; his squaws did the work; he did the loafing, the hunting and the powwowing in the chief's wigwam. And every now and then, just to show that he was a truly worthy citizen of this great republic, he got gloriously lit either on the bootleg provided by the white traders or on his own horrible yet potent home-brew.

But this happy state of affairs, which would have allowed the red man to perpetuate his own culture while gradually absorbing anything in ours that would do him any good, could not be allowed to continue. Of course not. Now that he was corralled he had to be civilized.

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Through raising the white man's crops, reading the white man's books, memorizing the white man's multiplication tables and learning which fork to use with the white man's salad course, the red brother was to be made to forget that he was red, and then we could assimilate him. That, said the Indian Bureau, which now supplanted the Army in the endeavor to demolish the Indian, was the solution of the whole problem. And so with that idea in mind it went to work.

In a preceding article the highly efficient manner in which the red man has been robbed since the Indian Bureau took him into camp has been sufficiently pointed out. In that article it was indicated, for example, that the 133,000,000 acres which he owned in 1887 has now dwindled to a mere 47,000,000, and that, furthermore, instead of being richer in cash, cattle and other material things than he was at that time, he is today much poorer.

If nothing worse than that had happened to him it wouldn't matter much. On the contrary, it might well redound to the benefit of the entire nation because, if he were only as full of manliness and meanness as he used to be, what the red man would now do would be to conjure up a new Sitting Bull and do much slaughter among the politicians and the bureaucrats who have so neatly swindled him.

But no such constructive program is now possible. To begin with, no Sitting Bull is available, and even if one should miraculously appear it wouldn't help much because the average red man of today is so lacking in the spirit of mischief that even congressmen are not afraid to approach within scalping distance.

The destruction of his character is the real crime that has been perpetrated against the red man. And when we come to look into it, it is easy to see how it has been done. Civilization, at least the thing we call civilization, when suddenly administered to an Indian in large doses doesn't agree with him. It can't. Civilization tells him in one ear that he is to submit to restraint, revere his government, and love his neighbor as himself. His own nature, which has been his guide for centuries, is continually whispering to him in the other that he should still be free, like a bird or a bobcat, that the government is a fraud, and that so far as his neighbor is concerned his duty towards that gentleman, in case he bothers him any, is to tomahawk him on sight.

Thus, although civilization may tame him down a good deal, and has done so to a regrettable extent, it can never actually civilize an Indian, because when one is civilized he has so lost his identity that he is no longer an Indian.

Where Book-Learning Fails

Again, and almost for an identical reason, our kind of education has failed to educate him. Having been accustomed for ages to acquiring all the knowledge he needed from experience, it seems that it weakens a red man's intellect to gather his learning through the second-hand medium of books. For instance, within the last forty years the Indian Bureau has spent, at a reasonable estimate, a hundred million dollars on Indian schools. And yet it is doubtful if anywhere in this country a full-blood can be found who can compare in sagacity, intelligence, eloquence, dignity, leadership or almost anything else with such gorgeous characters as Tecumseh, Osceola, Red Cloud, Chief Joseph, Kicking Bird, Geronimo or even Satanta, the Kiowa orator of the plains who was hanged for murdering a white woman.

So much for generalities: now for particulars. As we have seen, in 1887 the red man had plenty of land and was contentedly in possession of it. Then, suddenly, something happened. A new war was declared on him, a war by the uplifters that had for its avowed and barbarous object the destruction of his community and tribal life. The Indian Bureau decreed that all the tribes except a very few, such as the Navajos and Pueblos, had to abandon their happy villages and that each individual, as a ward of the government, had to accept an allotment of land and go and live on it.

The intention behind this piece of cruelty was, of course, to turn every red brave into a white farmer. That this scheme would no more work than would the reverse of it, which would be to transform a white farmer into a red warrior by sticking feathers in his hair and making him live in a tepee, seems never to have occurred to anybody. The job was therefore done and three fourths of the Indians in this country, or about 240,000 of them, suddenly became the qualified owners of parcels of land which they couldn't sell, couldn't mortgage and couldn't farm successfully because they didn't have any money to do it with.

That this was a paralyzing blow to the Indians is quite clear. On the other hand it is equally clear that it was a tremendous boost for the Indian Bureau. At one swipe of the pen that Bureau became a glorified real estate office with 240,000 illiterate, helpless clients on its books. Naturally it requires no stretch of the imagination to visualize what happened.

Having no legal existence, no Indian could do anything for himself, not even swap off a horse if the agent caught him at it, and so whole armies of clerks had to be hired. To serve its wards, the Indian Bureau immediately became what it has ever since remained—a magnificent dumping ground whereon congressmen and senators could unload needy relatives and constituents. Nor was this all there was to the real estate business. As the Indians owned more land than could be distributed among them under the allotment plan the surplus that remained was tribal property, or, in other words, just so much loot for the politicians.

The Curse of Civilization

Through the years they have grabbed it; it has been sold, by the real estate agent, of course, either to Uncle Sam or to white settlers. The money—that is, what has been left after the agent had paid out $200,000,000 to his help—has been distributed per capita among the Indians to the end that their civilized neighbors have gotten away with most of it.

In the meantime, how has civilization made out with the Indians? That all depends, as we have already hinted, on what you mean by the word. If you mean that civilization is something that, in return for having taught a man to wear breeches and shoes in place of a breech-clout and moccasins, has taken the life out of him, robbed him of his initiative, deprived him of his right to do as he pleases with that which is his, the American Indian is today, and has been for twenty-five years, completely civilized.

But don't take my word for it that such is the present condition of the Indians. Visit the reservations; take a look at the woebegone red men themselves, and then, if you are not sufficiently convinced, make a study of the Indian Bureau's own records.

These records are a most impressive monument to failure. The avowed aim of the uplifters, as Senator King of Utah recently pointed out, was to begin on the red men by having them beat their tomahawks into plowshares and thus cause them to become part of the agricultural backbone of the nation. Very well. The Bureau's records show that in 1887, when tomahawks were

(Continued on page 49)

Remington's Pony Tracks in the Buffalo Trails, from Collier's for October 8, 1904

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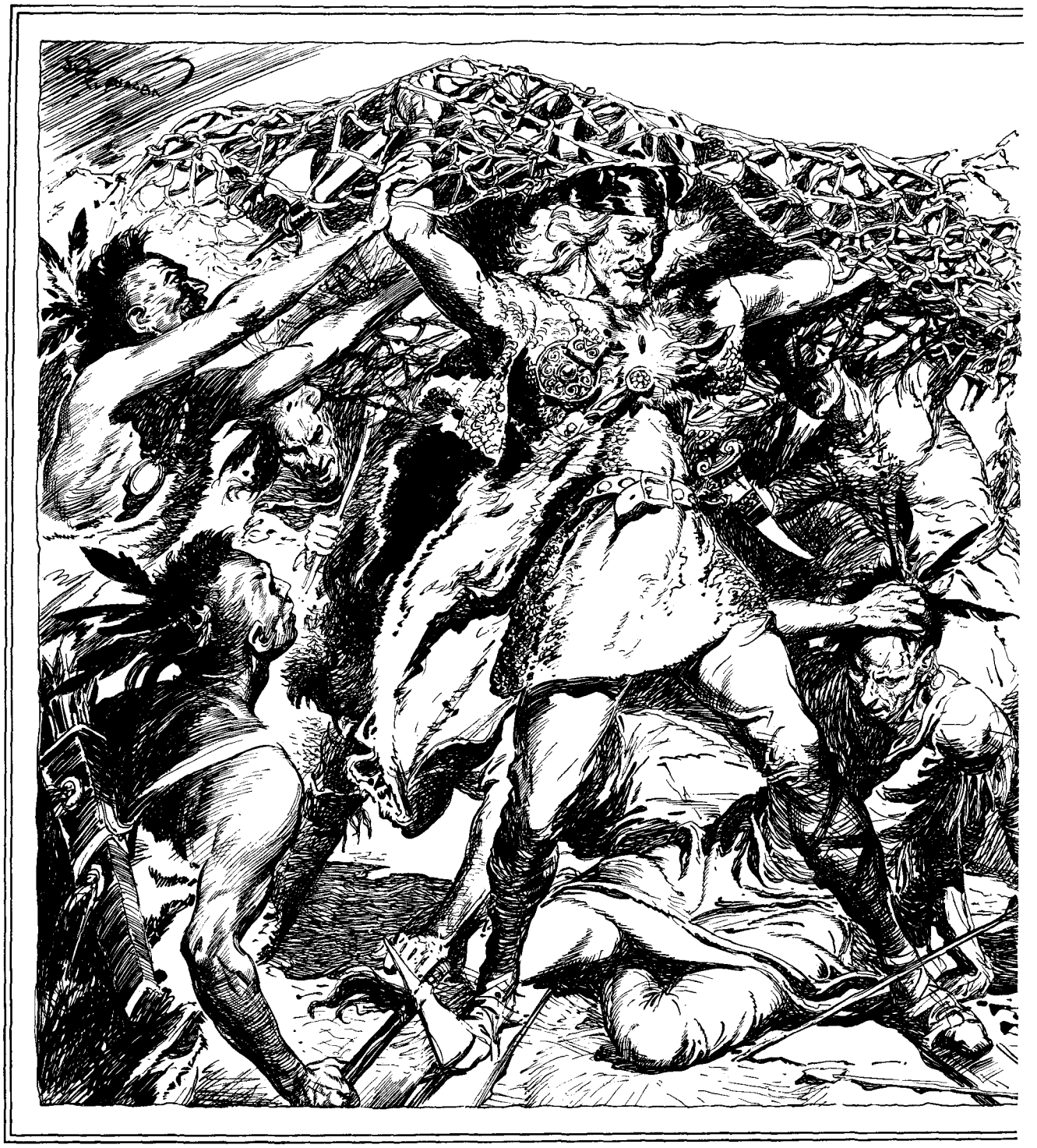
The Bear's Head

By Harold Lamb

A romance of America long before Columbus came—when men like Brand the Berserk ruled the waves



MIST covered the ship. It was a mist of magic, Sir Ranulf said. Because for two weeks they had not seen the sun or the stars in a clear sky.

And yet a wind drove the ship on. It was a strong sea ship with a tall mast and a square leather sail, Sir Ranulf's ship. The wind filled the leather sail and drove it beneath a cloudy sky. Sir Ranulf could not get a fair sight of the stars, so he could not know in what direction they were going.

On his fingers he counted the days—twenty-seven days since they had left the coast of the Ice Land, heading west and south in good sailing weather. But with such weather he should have sighted the coast of the Green Land in seven days.

Ranulf had put out that summer from his home on the Norway coast, with a lading of skins, beer and timber in his trading ship. It was not a rich lading, but Ranulf was not a wealthy man. Times were hard at home and he had heard tales of seafarers who brought back profitable ladings of ivory and white bearskins from these new settlements in the western islands. He had done some trading in the Ice Land and had decided to risk sailing on to the little-visited Green Land for his profit's sake—although the summer season was nearing its end, and Ranulf himself was better skilled in faring along his own coast than in seafaring.

But for twenty and seven days they had seen no land. Ranulf wondered if they had not missed the Green Land altogether. When the twenty-eighth day dawned cloudy with white foam on the wave crests, he called to him the two other men.

"SUCH a wind in a mist I have never seen," he said moodily. "I know not whither to steer. Aye, I doubt not the ship is under a spell of magic. What say ye?"

Fighting Mord was the first to answer. He was a Viking, a good man with his weapons, a man of mark in Norway, who had offered to go upon this cruise with Sir Ranulf, with eight of his swordsmen—since fighting was to be expected as well as trading. A tall, dark man in the prime of his strength, who thought before he spoke. "It seems to me that we have been blown far south into a strange sea. When we can see the sun rise and set, then we will know."

"And you, Brand, what say you?" Ranulf asked.

The other man had come on board the ship an hour before sailing, saying that he had heard they were bound for the new lands. He had a way of laughing

at himself, but at times he was moody. He had long red hair and clear eyes; he wore a strange, close-fitting blue traveler's cloak, with a great white bearskin about his shoulders, upon which he carried a double-headed axe with a short shaft.

"The storm maidens will drive us," he responded idly, "where they will."

"But what if we have missed our landfall upon Green Land?"

"Then," said Brand, "it will be the worse for us."

And he went away to sit on his bearskin near the penthouse built against the poop for the single woman on the ship, Sir Ranulf's younger sister.

"It seems to me," observed Ranulf in a low voice, "this far-wandering Brand hath brought trouble upon us from the sea. He lies there, singing often to himself. His like I have never known before."

But Fighting Mord, who had taken part in many Viking raids, had greater knowledge of men. "Nay, Ranulf, he is restless, hungering after new sights. He is even a land seeker. Still, he has a wild way with him."

And presently the Viking went to stand by Brand, who was running his hand through Kristi's long hair, as light and soft as silk. Brand was telling the girl a tale about a town called Paris where he had tasted wine and seen silk dresses upon the women, and Kristi was listening, although she looked up at Fighting Mord. She was sixteen, venturing for the first time away from her homeland—Ranulf, her brother, had thought that, owing to the lateness of the season, they might have to winter in the Ice Land, and he wished the girl to be under his protection.

Kristi had only cotton frocks and rough wool cloaks; until now she had only talked with other girls and priests. She did not know—because she had no mirror except a piece of polished bronze—that her gray, elfin eyes were lovely, or that men looked long at her supple arms and soft, white throat.

To Ranulf, Kristi was still the child who had stolen sugar from the storehouse and had wept over a slain kitten. When she had asked to have a board hut to herself on the ship, he thought that she was frightened. She paid long visits to the animals in the cargo deck below, especially to the goats that were to be sold to the settlers in Green Land.

Now she let Brand caress her hair because she wanted to hear about the wonderful gowns of Paris. Leaning against the rail, Fighting Mord listened also, until his temper began to irk him.

"NOW, hear me," he said then. "It seems to me, Brand, that you have a hand better suited to rubbing a girl's hair than holding a sword."

"This is pleasanter," nodded Brand.

"What if I bade you try your skill with a sword?"

"I will never do it," Brand answered, but to himself he added, "again."

Kristi glanced at him scornfully, and the ship's men within hearing turned to stare. For in that age no man of mark went without a sword, or hesitated to use the weapon he wore. Brand, it is true, carried that short-handled axe which, except for its polished steel and silver inlay, might have been a woodman's or a butcher's arm.

"Well," observed Fighting Mord after a moment, "you have a pole-ax. Will you use that?"

"Nay. I bear it to frighten off quarrelers."

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Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

Fighting Mord looked at him steadily. "There's something in you not easily understood." He put his foot on the stranger's knee and trod heavily.

He was a strong and heavy man, the Viking. Still, so suddenly did Brand seize his ankle and throw him off that he struck the deck on his head and shoulders, and Kristi gave a low cry of fright. At once Fighting Mord sprang up, drawing his sword. But Kristi gripped his arm, pleading with him, and Sir Ranulf ran up to beg him to have no weapon-play on the ship. Fighting Mord yielded reluctantly. "So long as we are on this boat in peril of our lives," he cried to Brand, "I will not lift hand against you. But when we have made our landfall, then we will take to the weapons and it will go ill with one of us."

"That," assented Brand, "is easy to say."

Kristi gazed at him as if trying to see what was beneath the skin and hard bones of him. "What makes you so strange?" she asked.

"A tale," said Brand, "that I have no mind to tell you, little Kristi. Yet I will tell how once I served the Emperor of Constantinople, where even the palace guards wore gold helmets. A magician there was—"

Kristi got up with dignity. "You are hateful to me now, and I will never let you touch my hair again."

They were too fearful to come to grips with him as he pressed forward. "Ho, Kristi," he shouted

"Not even," Brand smiled suddenly, "if I hang your mittens on a sunbeam to dry?"

"There's no sun," Kristi pointed out. Then she stamped her foot angrily. "Oh, you will not mock me!"

She went away into her hut and shut the door. Brand turned over on his back and looked at the sky, through which the pale sun gleamed for a while. Then he rolled up in his bearskin and went to sleep.

BUT Fighting Mord sat on the bench under the hang of the afterdeck with Sir Ranulf beside him. They were drinking beer and between his knees Fighting Mord had an open sea chest. "Do you not see," he said, "how fair your young sister has grown? If she had fitting garments and gold to deck her, she would be the match of any woman."

"That," uttered Ranulf, "I did not know."

"Well, here is a silk dress and here is an embroidered cloak, with red slippers. Give them to her, with this gold armring"—the Viking lifted a small band of fine red gold—"for I have a mind to

her. Are you willing that it should come to a match between us?"

Ranulf felt amazed. For Fighting Mord was a man of mark in Norway, a leader in the wars, with threescore swords to follow him, and rich lands to his name. It seemed good to Ranulf, for the sake of his wealth, that Kristi should wed so strong a man. "Right gladly," he cried.

"Did you think I had come upon this cruise merely to smell the western sea? Give Kristi the presents, and when we come to a town, then you and I will lay down the terms of the match. Until then I shall look to Kristi's safety myself, and I will deal with any man who seeks to beguile her."

Well content, Ranulf called for fresh beer. But a serf came running, stooping beneath the deck. "Listen, my masters," the man cried. "The gulls!"

So it happened that Sir Ranulf had other things on his mind than Kristi for many days. When he went out to the open deck, he saw gray gulls circling and screaming about the masthead—gulls that must have come from some shore. The clouds had thinned to a light haze; the sea gleamed blue under a mild sun. And soon they saw the white surf along a coast on the starboard beam.

"Land!" cried the seafarers.

THE sky cleared and they saw the new land, level and dark with forest growth. Late that day when the sea had calmed, they came abreast the mouth of a fiord. Into this Sir Ranulf steered his ship, for he could not find a better place for a landfall.

"It is like," he told Fighting Mord, "we shall find a settlement on this fiord."

When they were in it, they lowered the sail and all hands took to the oars. They rowed the ship slowly up the narrow channel, where the walls of the forest drew ever closer upon either side, while the gulls clamored overhead. The branches of the trees nearly met above the mast, when, after sunset, the forest wall fell away and the ship came through into a lake red with the last sunset fires. They could smell the odor of ferns and forest mold from the shore. Then Sir Ranulf ordered the anchor stone to be dropped, and he rowed ashore in the aft-boat.

That evening they gathered wood and cooked salt meat in a pot on shore and Kristi baked hot bread. For twenty and eight days they had lived upon dried fish and hard bread, so they feasted well. After they had done that, Kristi watched the bright stars mirrored in the still lake, and she thought this place fair enough to be the home of the gods.

THE next morning the men were eager to explore the surrounding country and Kristi occupied herself with making a bower out of pine branches, while the serfs brought the animals ashore. The gaunt cows and the hungry goats went at once into a meadow where golden wheat grew rank. Kristi wondered who had planted that wheat, and she wondered more when the men came back at nightfall without having found a trace of any habitation. But Fighting Mord had slain an antlered buck with an arrow, and they had fresh meat to eat.

"By Thor's thunder," he laughed, "I did not know this Green Land bred such game."

Brand had brought in a strip of strange bark as long as his arm. On the outside it was the hue of gray silver; it was all of one piece that could be bent and rolled and it smelled sweet—as did the entire forest of this lake—yet it was thin as well-woven linen.

"Now I have been in many lands of the earth," he said, "and I have never seen until now the silver tree from which this bark comes."

"What good is it?" demanded Kristi contemptuously.

Brand, the far-wandering man, shook his head. "It may be a sign." Kneeling, he scratched with a twig upon the ground as if seeking for a message out of runes. "They said in Ice Land that we would find bare rocky heights and bare fields rising from the sea's edge in Green Land. Now here we have found no fiord but a river. Aye, the lake water is fresh and sweet. Here is a lofty forest and standing grain that was never sown. Here is bark from an unknown tree. So, it seems to me that we have come to some unknown land."

(Continued on page 35)

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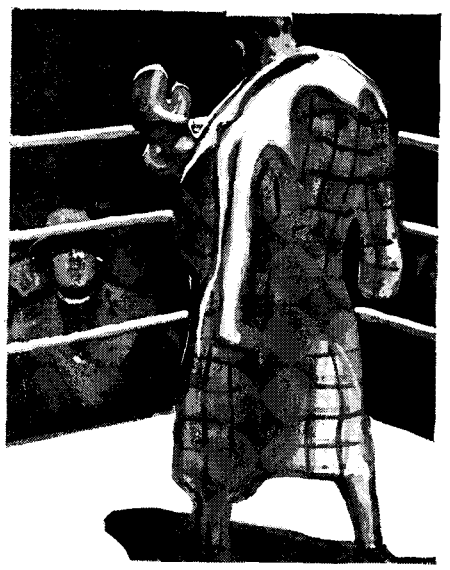

Never a Champ

By Edward L. McKenna

The story of Willie Morrison, a prize fighter. He may or may not have been successful. It all depends on what you call success

THERE used to be a middleweight who came from Manayunk. His name was Willie Morrison.

Willie was what they call a good club fighter. Eighteen or twenty years ago he made his début, clad in a pair of canvas tennis shoes and a pair of forty-nine-cent pants, at the Cambria A. C., in Phillie, and he's never risen much higher.

The Little College of Hard Knocks, some newspaper boy has affectionately christened the Cambria; it's the oldest club in the country, now, and a good place to learn the game, or find out whether you like it. Willie liked it. He's fought at the Olympia, and the National, and the Broadway, and the Sporting Club, in Scranton, and the Wilkes-Barre A. C., and at the St. Nicholas, and the Fairmount, and the Harlem Casino, and the old Queensboro Stadium, and at the Arena, in Boston, and in lots of other places too. Never a world's champion, or nearly a champion, still he fought the best boys of his time, welters and middleweights and even light-heavies, and he barred nobody. Mike O'Dowd licked him, and Mickey Walker knocked him out; so did Tiger Flowers. He got a doubtful draw in six rounds from Ted Kid Lewis, and Harry Greb made a monkey out of him. Well—still and all, he was a willing fellow, and hard to stop. A bout was only another bout, to him; he'd had a hundred of them.

NOW, one time he was fighting the semifinal, over at the Shore. He won that night; he won lots and lots of fights. Win or lose, it was his bad habit to break training after a bout, and he never did train such a lot, anyhow. So, sometime early in the morning, he happened to find himself in an old flea-bag of an Atlantic City hotel.

He woke up coughing, and that was odd, for he'd never had a cold in his life. He didn't know where he was, nor how he got there. That didn't bother him. Lots of people are of the opinion that Willie Morrison didn't know quite where he was most of the time.

He coughed and coughed, and got up, staggering, and had just about enough sense to get to his door and open it. The hall was full of smoke. Willie knew that couldn't be right.

Just what happened after that is not known, but this is the way Willie always told it. A little bit of a girl in a white nightgown came up to him out of the smoke and took him by the hand. "Come on, Mister," she said to him. "I'll show you the way."

Willie thought that she was an angel.

He grabbed her hand, he says. That's the last thing that he remembers.

He may have been on the sixth floor, or the second, when he started. He wound up in what had been the lobby of that hotel. The firemen found them there, the kid safe in his arms. Both of them were out, cold.

When they brought them around, Willie wanted to fight the firemen. The drink was still in him, and the smoke, and he was rolling his head from side to side to clear it. Finally they were able to make him understand that the child was sick, that they had to take her to the hospital. They took Willie to the hospital too, and found bruises all over him that certainly weren't there when he finished Dummy Callahan some hours before, but which might well have been caused by falling down flights of stairs. However, he was a tough fellow, and his hurts soon healed.

THE bodies of fifteen people were identified after that fire. How many more lost their lives is not known. The register of the hotel was destroyed; the hotel itself was a charred ruin. Even if the register had been preserved it might have meant little enough, for the place was a seashore hotel, and—well, it housed many a transient guest.

About three weeks after all this, the pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Carmel was sitting in his study, and his housekeeper knocked on the door. He listened to her. "Send him in," he said.

In came Willie Morrison, dressed in his best, red-faced, ill at ease, and clutching his seven-dollar hat in his hand.

"Father," he said, and bobbed his head.

"Yes?" said Monsignor O'Hare.

"I'm Willie Morrison."

"I've heard of you," said the priest, and put out a hand as big and hard as a rock, and it made Willie feel better, but not much. "Sit down."

Willie stared at him, and gulped. "I—I—" he said. "I—Father, I got a little girl. She ain't got no father or mother or nothing. She was in a joi-uh, in a hotel over at the shore. Her mother and father or whoever was with her got burned to death. I—they told me I couldn't keep her, they're gonna put her in an orphan asylum. They told me, come and see you."

"Who told you?"

"My mother. My mother says, 'You go see Father O'Hare. He won't let them do no dirty trick like this,' she says."

"THIS child—I don't quite understand. How old is she?"

"Five. Five, she says."

"What is she to you? Is she related to you?"

"No. She ain't nothing to me. That's the trouble."

"How did you get into this? What's your interest in it?"

"I was in this di—in this here hotel, see? This babe, she grabs ahold of my hand, she gets me out. I was drunk. I'd been out on a party. She took ahold of my hand. She gets me out."

"Yes. I see. What's her name? Do you know her name?"

"Yeah. Anna Hanrahan. She knows her name, all right."

"Ah. Where is she from? How about her people? Can't you locate them? Can't you find out?"

"No! No! She don't know where she's from. She says she ain't got no brothers or sisters. Her pop went away, she says, and she and her mom went away in the cars. The choo-choo cars. That's all she knows. She keeps askin' for her mom. Agh! She's only five years old. She ain't dumb. You can't expect a kid five years old to know everything."

"Um. . . . You propose to adopt her? You want to adopt her?"

"Yeah."

Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

"O. K., Mom," she says. "Here you are." "O. K.," says the old lady, and clutches the old robe to her

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"Why do you want to adopt her?"

Willie looked at him sullenly, and all around the room, and at his shoes. "She's my good luck," he said at last.

Monsignor O'Hare considered him. Father O'Hare, besides being a priest, was a Celt, and he could understand an argument like that.

"You're the fighter, aren't you?" he said.

"Yeah. Yes, Father. Sure thing."

"That's your mother, is it, Anna Morrison?"

"Yes, Father."

"Are you married?"

"I'm divorced."

"You're divorced? How's that?"

"It was—it was my fault. . . . My wife . . . she was . . . she used to be over in the Troc. The Trocadero. The burlesque show. She was—she was only a young kid. She didn't like married life, I guess."

"Where is she?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"No. She—she was going around with another guy. She got a divorce. Cruelty and non-support. I never laid my hand on her. I—she was—she was—she ain't in this town no more. I don't know where she is. I don't want to know."

"I see. . . . Now, then. How could you keep this child? It's impossible."

"My mother will take her. My mother will keep her. She's nuts about her. Everybody—everybody is. She's some swell little doll. She's O. K."

"There's whisky on you," said Monsignor O'Hare. "I smell it."

"I had a drink. Yes."

"You're asking me to put a child in your care. You're a drinking man. You're a divorced man. You don't go to church. Do you?"

"No," said Willie, and his tone was flat and dull.

"Why is that?"

There was a silence.

MONSIGNOR O'HARE looked at him, at his square, knobby hands that were scarred, at his necktie with the dubious diamond pin, at his too gray suit, and his bright tan shoes.

"How old are you?" he said.

"Twenty-six."

Monsignor O'Hare was a man from the coal regions of Pennsylvania, a great, tall, husky lump of a man. In his young days he might have given Willie a good workout. Now he was thirty-seven. He was one who was built to smash, to tear, to rage, to fight, and to win, or else to go down in the dust still clawing at a foe. But most of his days he was caring for his poor, or saying his prayers, or shriving the sins of harmless and tiresome old women.

"Look here," he said, and his voice was harsh. "You're a prize fighter. That makes it no easier. As to that, I'll say nothing. I'll not hold it against you, though others will. I'll talk to your mother about this. Your mother is a fine woman, whatever you may be. Meantime I'll say this to you: you'll sign the pledge for six months. You'll keep it, too. And you'll convince me that you're a man of good character, in spite of your sins, and that you repent of them, and that you'll mend your ways. If you'll not do this, I'll have neither hand, act nor part in this matter. What's more, you'll not have this child. Do you hear me?"

"Yeah."

"And if I'm convinced that you're truly a trustworthy, good man at bottom, I'll help you. I'll do my best for you. You'll tell your mother I want to see her."

"Yes, Father."

"When's your next fight?"

"On the fourteenth."

"Two weeks from Saturday?"

"Yes, Father. At the National."

"And you're drinking! T'ch! What way is that to get along? It's not right. It's not honest. You're paid to do your best, whether you're a fighter or a bookkeeper or—or whatever you are."

"I—I had a drink before I came in. I was—I was . . ."

Monsignor O'Hare did not smile. "A good man is afraid of nobody," he said. "It is your sins that make you afraid."

He got up and put out his hand. "I'll be seeing your mother," he said.

ON THE evening of the 14th, just before the third preliminary at the National A. C., at Eighth and Catherine Streets, Philadelphia, in walked Monsignor O'Hare up the aisle to the ringside. Stately and calm, and towering in his bulk, he looked neither to the right nor to the left, nor sought to hide the collar that proclaimed his calling.

He was just in time. Scarcely had his chair creaked beneath him when in came Willie Morrison, with his handlers all behind him, and his old bathrobe swinging as his shoulders swung. Many a friend had Willie Morrison, and he greeted them as he came, and his heart was light; for at the moment, at least, he felt that it was pure and, also, a little five-year-old girl was at that moment asleep and at peace beneath his mother's roof. Yes, sure, he was ready to fight, as a high-hearted man is, not to fight for a grudge or a grievance, or for vengeance, or to save his life, but because it's fun, and he feels just like it. "Hello, Whitey," he said. "Thanks, much obliged. Hello, Tim. Hello, Jack. Hello, Tommy. Thanks. Hello, Bill. Sure thing. Yeah. Hello, Joe. Thanks. Much obliged."

At the ringside, he stopped short. Monsignor O'Hare had risen from his seat, and was lifting a big arm in salutation. "Good luck, Morrison," he called to him.

"H-hello, Father," said Willie, and stood there red as a beet, his mouth agape. Then he remembered his manners, and ducked his head. "Thanks. Much obliged," he said, and scrambled up through the ropes.

He lost that fight, but then he was up against a good boy, a boy who had class. Willie didn't have class. He was just a club fighter.

WHEN the bout was over, he raised his soaking gloves above his head and shook them at the roof. He was not disgraced. He could not be disgraced, for there was no yellow in him. He slid between the ropes and came down. There was the priest, who stood up and lifted his hand and his strong voice. "Good boy, Morrison," he shouted, and Willie heard him. "Thanks, Father," he said, and waved to him, and then went swaggering down the aisle, a grin on his cut, puffed lips.

After that, whenever Willie was fighting somewhere near by, and Monsignor O'Hare could manage it, the priest would be there, up at the ringside. He seemed to be no fight fan. He might stay for the wind-up and he might not. At any rate, he'd sit there, grave and silent, he'd never cheer or shout, until the battle was over. Then he'd clap his big hands, and when the fighters were leaving the ring he'd stand up, to pay respect to them.

Willie always liked to see him there. He had a theory that he turned in some of his best fights when the priest was there to watch him. At no time in his life did he regard the Monsignor precisely as his friend. He was too much in awe of him, too timid about him, always afraid that he might take Anna away and put her in a home.

Willie's mother encouraged him in

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The Case against Mrs. Ames

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

IS ROSE AMES—being tried in New York for the murder of her wealthy husband, John Ames—guilty, or not guilty? America eagerly awaits the jury's verdict. It comes: "Not guilty!"

In the City Room of his newspaper, The Leader, Sam Kernochan prepares to write the "story." And a fascinating story it is. Beautiful, socially prominent, the accused had calmly jilted Carlton Forman, a brilliant attorney, to marry John Ames. Four years later, while in her bedroom, she had (*she claims*) heard a shot and on investigating had found Ames, a revolver beside him, dead. All exits locked, Mrs. Ames the only witness, obviously Ames had either committed suicide or been murdered—by Rose Ames.

Kernochan has been drinking. Having followed the testimony closely, he is convinced that Mrs. Ames is guilty. He writes his story and, disgusted with his job, drinks himself out of it.

That night, Rose Ames, in her home in the exclusive East Sixties, receives a call from her attorney—the man who had saved her: *Carlton Forman!* That he still loves her is quite obvious; that he will ask her to marry him she feels sure. Prepared to accept him, she greets him. Five minutes *later, she is again alone. Forman will never* propose; she will never see him again; *he believes she killed her husband!*

To her uncle, Coghlan Buell, a man of great influence, Rose confides the story. To his consternation, she insists that he secure the services of an experienced investigator—someone who, unearthing all the facts, can prove, incontrovertibly, that she is innocent. Coghlan humors her; he finds the cleverest investigator in New York—Sam Kernochan! Then, reporting to his niece: "Kernochan's the man you want. But you can't possibly use him." "Why not?" Rose asks. "Because, my dear," Buell replies, "he is absolutely certain that you are guilty!"

What Rose Ames says then gives her uncle the surprise of his life. "They say this reporter is a great detective. They say he can solve any mystery. They say he can always uncover the truth. All right—he's just the man I want!"

Buell protests, argues, pleads. But Rose is obdurate. She must, she announces, have a talk with Sam Kernochan *at once*. Buell sighs. "He is shockingly drunk now," he says slowly. "But I know where to find him. Shall we go?"

II

THE red-faced bartender in John's place looked with concern at Coghlan Buell. He frowned slightly as he tried to remember where he had seen the old gentleman's companion before. But in the last five years probably twenty dolls had blown in here looking for Kernochan, trying to get him to stop drinking. That lad had a way with him.

"Sure, Kernochan's here. I slid him into a back room a couple of hours ago. He's not quite ripe yet, but he'll be ready to be loaded into a cab in a couple of hours more. You're a friend of his, ain't you? Wasn't you in here a while ago?"

Buell nodded.

"Where's the back room?" he asked.

The bartender indicated, with an almost nailless thumb, a half open door.

"You'll find him in there. I hope to God you can do something with him. He's too swell a lad to let himself go to pieces. I hear he's lost his job on the Leader and that it ain't going to be too easy for him to make another connection. I hate to see a lad like that become a bum. See if you can't make him get onto himself."

"We'll do our best," said Buell.

The bartender looked after them as they passed through the door at the far end of the room. Plenty of women had tried to straighten Sam Kernochan, but none of them had the class of this girl. Maybe she'd have luck. He certainly hoped so.

Kernochan looked up as Buell and his niece entered the back room. The girl had expected to see a sodden wreck, a man so far gone in liquor that he could not talk sense. If it were necessary to remove him into semi-privacy he must be far gone. But he was in the condition that her uncle had described to her. Aside from an untidiness of hair, flushed cheeks, and a blazing brilliancy of eye, he seemed perfectly normal.

He rose as he recognized his visitors.

"My niece," said Buell, "insists on making a direct appeal to you. Rose, this is Mr. Kernochan."

Kernochan bowed. He placed a hand on the table to steady himself.

"I, as you may perceive, am not quite normal. But there is a reason for that. My surroundings should indicate that reason. But you, Mr. Buell, and you, Mrs. Ames, have not my poor excuse for not being in full possession of your faculties."

The girl sat down; she smiled at Kernochan.

"If I follow you, Mr. Kernochan, you're trying to tell us that we're not quite sane."

KERNOCHAN deliberately, almost gingerly, placed himself in the chair from which he had just arisen.

"I'm a drunken newspaper man out of a job. Your uncle comes to me, Mrs. Ames, and wishes to engage me to prove what a jury has already conceded, that you did not kill your husband. Apparently your uncle has heard of some exploits of mine. Your uncle has also heard that I am perhaps the one man in New York who does not believe John Ames shot himself."

"Your belief goes a little further than that, doesn't it, Mr. Kernochan? You believe that I killed my husband."

Kernochan stared at her.

"It is a belief that I never expected to put into words for you, Mrs. Ames. Do I need to now? And now that you have looked upon someone unique, a man who does not agree with the jury's verdict, now that you have satisfied a rather morbid curiosity, will you be good enough to leave me to my own unadmirable devices?"

The girl smiled again.

"You're not much of a sport, are you, Mr. Kernochan?"

He frowned slightly.

"Not a sport? I'm afraid I don't follow you."

She shrugged.

"You think I killed my husband. You stated so in the Leader office. In fact, you were so convinced of my guilt that you sacrificed your position on the Leader because of your belief. This very afternoon you repeated your belief to my uncle. Just now you've said again that you disagree with the jury's verdict. And now comes an opportunity to prove that you, of all the people in the world, have the ability to see clearly, to reason logically, to arrive at the truth that has been missed by everyone else. And you're afraid to grasp the opportunity. Is it because you fear you're wrong?"

Kernochan brushed the hair back from his forehead.

"I know I'm not myself. Four days of serious drinking hasn't done me any good. But I can't account for you, Mrs. Ames. Do you *want* me to dig up a case against you?"

"If you can," she replied.

He lifted a glass to his lips, then put it slowly down.

"You mean that, in trying to prove that you killed your husband, I might stumble across proof that someone else killed him. Is that it? But I thought you believed he killed himself."

"I did think so. I'm not sure that I don't think so now. But whatever happened, I want it *proved*."

"But it has been proved to the satisfaction of a jury," said Kernochan.

"I want to be satisfied myself. I want you satisfied."

"WHAT do you care what I think?" Kernochan's eyes narrowed. "I told your uncle that if I demonstrated a case against you I'd find some paper that would publish my findings. How would you like that?"

"You will be at perfect liberty to publish anywhere anything you discover," she told him. "Will you take the case, Mr. Kernochan?"

"But I'm not a detective," he protested.

"Evidently you think you're brighter than detectives," she said. "You believe that you have read in the evidence at the trial proof that I killed my husband. And now, when I offer you a chance to demonstrate the soundness of your reasoning, you won't take it. You *are* a poor sport, Mr. Kernochan."

"Am I? Well, you're not. You're plenty game, Mrs. Ames. Plenty. Who's the other person that thinks you're guilty?"

Her ivory skin whitened.

"What makes you ask that?"

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He laughed quietly and unpleasantly.

"You don't want to satisfy yourself. That's a little too silly for me to believe. Somebody else, eh? And you don't care to tell me who he is. Oke with me, Mrs. Ames. I'll find out who he is just as I'll find out everything else about the matter."

"Then you'll help me?" she asked.

"If you call it helping to prove you killed John Ames."

"By God, that's enough of this," cried old Buell. "Rose, let's get out of here. Branch must be crazy to send us to a man like this."

BUT the girl didn't move; her eyes were fixed on Kernochan.

"Prove anything you can, but *prove* it," she said slowly.

Kernochan's black eyes blazed.

"You've courage. But I knew that. More than your uncle has. He thought at first that because I believed you were guilty I was the very man to demonstrate your innocence. Smart reasoning, that. But the kind of reasoning that needed courage to sustain it." He looked at old Buell. "Weakening, eh?"

"He's not weakening," said the girl. "Are *you*, Mr. Kernochan?"

Kernochan's thin lips relaxed in a wide grin.

"No wonder the jury let you go. I guess, if I'd been on it, I'd have voted with the rest of them. You may have killed your husband, Mrs. Ames, but you're a very swell person."

"You'll take the case?"

"I'll take the case and God pity you, Mrs. Ames."

"You'll want money," said Buell.

Kernochan nodded without looking at the old man.

"I'll want money, of course," he said.

Old Buell produced a pocket check book.

"What is the retainer?" he asked.

"I wouldn't know," said Kernochan.

"A thousand down?"

"That should be plenty to a man who never made over a hundred and fifty a week in his life," said Kernochan. "And if, by an inconceivable chance, I prove —I say *prove*—that Mr. Ames was murdered—what then?"

"Fifty thousand dollars," said the girl quickly.

"No matter who killed him?"

The girl's face grew whiter still.

"No matter who killed him," she said steadily.

"And if, still speculating, I prove that after all it was a suicide? What then?"

"The same amount," said the girl.

"And who is to be the judge that decides upon the validity of my proof?" Kernochan grinned again as he put the question.

The girl looked him squarely in the eye.

"You, Mr. Kernochan."

"And if I come to you, after a reasonable length of time, and prove you killed your husband, you'll pay me fifty thousand dollars?"

"You shall be the sole judge of the proof you submit," she told him.

"I like you, Mrs. Ames," said Kernochan. "I'm not normal myself. I like the insanity you're demonstrating now." He looked at the check that Buell had written, folded it and thrust it carelessly in a pocket. "May I come to see you tomorrow? I'll be a trifle more presentable, both of mind and body. Good evening."

The girl and her uncle arose, looked uncertainly at each other, and left the room.

"Rose," said old Buell as they stepped into their waiting car, "are we quite sane?"

"I wouldn't know," she replied, "but Mr. Kernochan is."

BEHIND them, in the back room of the bar, Kernochan looked at the red-faced bartender who had come in in answer to a ring.

"Pete, you know how I behave sometimes. It may be that I'll drop back here sometime tonight. I am not to be given anything to drink, Pete."

The bartender shook his head.

"You can't quit that way, Mr. Kernochan. You've got to go on until you fall apart. I been through a dozen benders with you. You quit before you pass out and you'll get the heebie-jeebies. You ought to know yourself, Mr. Kernochan."

"Everyone ought to, but who does?" smiled Kernochan. "You heard me, Pete. No liquor."

He rose unsteadily to his feet. His knees, as he walked to the door, were stiff as though with age.

"Where you going?" asked Pete.

"Somewhere in this town there's sobriety. I'm going to cut myself a little slice of it," replied Kernochan.

Outside John's place he found a taxi. He gave an address on Sixth Avenue and half an hour later he was submitting himself to the rough ministrations of a rubber in a Turkish bath. Two hours after that he let himself into his ground-floor, two-room-bath-and-kitchenette apartment on West Eighth Street. He turned on all the lights in the bedroom and surveyed himself in a mirror.

Steam, and hot and cold water, and violent rubbing had left him weak and shaken. His pallor was almost alarming. He put a finger on his wrist and pursed his lips as he felt the racing pulse. A door creaked and he jumped inches in the air. Then he grinned at his reflection in the mirror.

"It's going to be tough, Mr. Kernochan, but not too tough."

Slowly, with hands that trembled, that sometimes refused for minutes to function as he desired, he undressed himself. With painful effort he got into bed and closed his eyes. But dawn had paled the electric lights in his room before sheer exhaustion conquered his twitching nerves and sleep came.

He was awake at noon, refreshed, a different man. He prepared himself a pot of coffee and after a cold shower drank three cups without cream or sugar. He shaved himself slowly and carefully, and at one he walked over to the Breston and managed to eat a modest breakfast.

He smiled as he lighted a cigarette. Something had happened to his will. Not in five years had he been able to

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Illustrated by John H. Crosman

The girl didn't move. Her eyes were fixed on Kernochan. "Prove anything you can, but *prove* it," she said slowly

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Talking Toes

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

THE first-night audience met Lucia with a roar.

On feet as light as falling petals she danced from the wings, and Broadway, enchanted with the old enchantment, knew that her power only grew with the years.

Wanly beautiful, luminous with pearls, laughing her light staccato laugh, she stretched her white, powdered arms, she danced on her long, flashing legs, she spilled bright excitement on the stage.

She sang. Out over the house went her breathless, husky murmur, transmitting senseless lyrics into the sound of falling waters, the scent of heated honeysuckle. Empty words, empty music, all the structure of falsity which was the revue, flowered into sincerity, became suddenly real under the magic of that voice.

In the front row a man, still young, with graying hair, who looked as if all life was ancient history, watched, listened and showed nothing. In the balcony a junior wireless operator wondered if the hard, platinum girl beside him meant much to him after all, and saw suddenly that she did not, for all at once something had been revealed to him about living and loving that before he never had known. In a box an old lady and gentleman sat hand in hand and grieved that a creature so lovely, so dazzling, had learned so much of pain; had acquired that oldness which should be theirs alone, and was guarding it beneath her powder and her pearls.

Lucia danced back into the wings. The stage was dark. The house was dark. Lucia was gone, like a light gone from an old, old darkness. Waking from its dream the audience roared again. She returned. Now not a flower swaying on its stalk, not a voice of magic, but two feet, two copper-toed feet tapping a dance of extraordinary, insurgent rhythm. Tom-toms beat first in those feet, then pelting rain, finally the slow drip of a storm that has moved on.

"Boy!" exulted the wireless youth in the balcony. "Can she make those toes talk!"

The music died. In the break Lucia broke her rhythm. Smiling her faint smile into the front row, she seemed no longer to be dancing, but to be listening to music that played far away and long ago. Her feet, living, it appeared, their own lives quite apart from Lucia, tapped a routine known to no stage director—a language of their own . . . a sharp language, staccato, direct, clear.

Said the platinum girl in the balcony, yawning: "What's the idea? If she thinks she's doing something very different and original, she's cuckoo. It's not going over. She's not so hot as she thinks she is."

"SAYS you!" The wireless boy was rigid with listening as if some secret life went on of which only he was aware. Then the orchestra came in again, Lucia went into the regular routine, and pattered toward the exit. There she stood, pinned in silence, as if her dance had meant something and she was underlining its point. Very quietly she stood, who had been all movement, and poise was a mask put on her childishness, and notable she looked, the way she stood with her arms straight down at her sides and her bright head held high.

The audience lifted its voice: "Lucia! Lucia Moran!" She raised her powdered arms to them, an endearing gesture of hail and farewell. Then she was gone with her look of poignant youth, of having found each new effort not worth the candle, every price too much to pay.

The wireless boy, leaning expectantly over the rail, saw a man leave the front row and move up the aisle. A lean, fine man with a kicked-in-looking stomach and immaculate evening dress and a face that was tired of ancient history.

The lean man looked grim. He looked as if he could not get back-stage in time. As if his life had been spent trying to arrive there. But when he opened Lucia's door he said nothing. She leaned on her dressing-table, her trembling hands holding her up, and faced him.

"You can't have her, Roger," said Lucia. "She's not your baby, Roger; she's mine. She is part of me; part of the stage which you despise. We'll go, baby and I, now that you've come back. This is your town. And we'll move on. Jane's not a Loring, Roger—not Roger Loring's child—she's a Moran. And the Morans must have light and happiness and love. They can't live in gloomy houses on Fifth Avenue, and cold palaces in Bar Harbor. They aren't meant for your sort of life, Roger."

"And what are *you* meant for?" asked the man.

"You left me," said Lucia. "You didn't believe in me, nor trust me. You left baby and me. She's four years old now, Roger, and she trusts me. She always will. She always can. We don't need you, we don't need the Lorings. We've forgotten you, everything about you." She stood trembling but did not fall. "I saw you down there in front," she said. "I knew you had come back for her."

HE LOOKED at her. He never took his eyes from her face. He looked as if he never could take them away again. "I see," he said ironically, this lean man. "You have forgotten everything. Those nights in Paris. Those flights together when we were alone in the world. Forgotten the code which we each had to learn."

Softly he closed the door and did a strange thing. Still looking at her he tapped with his fingers on the panels, sharp, staccato, direct. It wasn't very good; it was the ghost of the tapping Lucia's copper toes had rapped. A ghost called back to life by the depth and force of his hunger for her.

But it broke her up, that tapping. All at once her hurt pride collapsed as their married life had collapsed into failure four years ago. She didn't know how to hold on to her pride and her sense of his injustice. And she tried her best to hold on. Tried and was lost. For his arms were about her, he had come to her, he who had been angry so often and so long. And she couldn't open her eyes. He kissed her and she couldn't raise her eyelids, which glistened faintly with cream.

"We'll be married again in the morning," he said. "This time for keeps."

"No," she said stubbornly.

He laughed. "You don't love me?"

"No."

"How come, then, you tapped that signal? How come you tapped it out with your little feet?"

"I didn't." Denying it; lying and denying that her feet, over and over, had tapped out that message: two dashes three dots, three dots two dashes. Denying that even her feet, in dots and dashes, cried out with love for him.

Her feet tapped a routine known to no stage director—a language of their own, staccato, direct, clear

He held her. "Liar," he said. "Liar." And was awed by his delight in her laugh. His delight in her sadness.

In the balcony the wireless boy thought that tap-dancer, that Lucia Moran, had sent International code as well as it ever had been sent. "SK," he said. "She tapped it as clear as clear."

The platinum girl yawned. "What does 'SK' mean?"

"'Signing off!'" he said. "'Conclusion of everything.'" He stretched his legs. "She tapped '73,' too," he said, "two dashes three dots, three dots two dashes. She must have been saying goodby to someone. '73 SK' means: 'Best regards. So long.'"

"Sounds as if she's a little bit haywire," said the platinum girl.

And perhaps Lucia *was* a little haywire. Lucia wouldn't know. Lucia was in heaven.

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Russia Moves In

The Russian embassy, built by Pullman millions, christened by the ambassador of the Czar, is being remodeled by Alexander Antonovich Troyanovsky. He refuses to be a Bolshevik in a gilded cage

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

IT'S a splendid but tragic structure—the white granite Pullman palace where the Soviet's first Ambassador to the United States will live as Russia seeks markets for its manganese, pulpwood and caviar. Although the boards have been taken down from the massive front door and delicate windows, and the audacious elm sapling that pushed up through the portico during a twelve-year emptiness has been removed, the scars still glow. The sunlight filtering in through grilled windows cannot banish memories of royal ghosts which linger among the gold-leaf carvings of the grand salon, the cloth-of-gold hangings of the staircase, the rippling chandeliers and the noble dust in the attic.

It is a sardonic thing that a man of the proletariat should inhabit it. Although he says that he does not like it because "it was built for show and not for work," it may be that its memories shake the nerve of this Soviet soldier and statesman. For the installation of shower baths and work-rooms in place of the grand ballroom cannot cleanse the place of thoughts and relics of three bloody European revolutions.

The house tells a gorgeously grim tale. Every room recalls princes and grand dukes and presidents, great lords and gentle ladies, Cossacks and humbler serving people. And, most tragic spot of all, in the dim half-light of the sprawling attic two civilizations meet in pathetic collision—the dead and artificial grandeur of the Romanoffs and the workaday practicalities of a new race of Bolshevist Russians.

Where once were stored holy icons, czarist uniforms and decorations and all the tokens of Europe's most medieval court, a gymnasium has been built so that the representative of a new Russia may keep himself fit and revolutionary—Alexander Antonovich Troyanovsky.

How the ugly but brilliant George Bakmeteff, had the upsetting years spared him and his careless czars, would rebel at the suggestion that this Louis XVI establishment would some day be presided over by an escaped Siberian exile! How he would have grieved at the thought that a heady disciple of Lenin would some day cut up his billiard room into cubbyhole offices for clerks and engineers and economists!

The Glamorous Bakmeteff Régime

So precise that he was believed to wear his monocle in the bath, George Bakmeteff amazed the capital even in Taft's socially-minded era with the splendor of his teas, dinners and receptions, and the sparkle of his more informal parties. Giant Cossacks, clad in red and furry uniforms, handled the reins of his droshsky or lined the walls of the marble foyer on formal evenings. Flames leaped in the roomy fireplaces and shone in the great mirrors which line every room. There was music and wining and dining almost every evening, and bizarre dishes loaded the sixty-foot table that would seat eighty people.

Alexander Antonovich Troyanovsky, first Soviet Russian Ambassador to the United States, his 13-year-old son Oleg, and the Russian Embassy building in Washington

But one day there came an end to the joyous play. The flames turned to ashes, and the music throbbed to silence. Even the stolid Cossacks shuddered as they caught the harsh echoes of the March revolution. Then there was music and dancing in the streets of Moscow, although it was not merry music, and the dancing feet were bare. But even in resigning, George bore himself boldly, sardonically. When President Wilson explained that the Kerensky government was sending Boris Bakmeteff as his successor, and asked if the two were related, George answered with a courtly bow: "That I cannot say, Excellency, but he may be related to me as Booker T. Washington was to George Washington." At other times he referred to Boris, an engineer, as "that master plumber."

Now the representative of a government which recognizes no distinction of color, creed or class works in the baroque setting where George danced along the path that led to an exile's grave in Paris. From his remark about Boris it may be imagined what he would think of Alexander Antonovich Troyanovsky. For Boris was a Kerensky intellectual, and now, after quitting the palace in 1922 when it seemed that the Soviet régime was not destined to crack up, he teaches hydraulic engineering at Columbia University. A few second-hand wicker chairs—he must have sensed that the unstable Kerensky could not last—remain as pitifully shabby evidence of his hopes and dreams. Yellow and dusty piles of mildly liberal newspapers, books and magazines sprawl unkemptly in the attic as a recollection of the parlor-pink ideas of Kerensky. These, like George's souvenirs of czars and czarinas whose sleep is no longer made restless by a crown, likewise have to make way for the former Siberian exile.

Hattie Sanger Pullman built this house for herself and her politically ambitious son-in-law, Frank O. Lowden. It was the finest building of its day, though grotesque from the modern architectural viewpoint, and it was designed to help her enter Washington society as well as to provide a home for Mr. Lowden when and if he became senator from Illinois as a possible prelude to the presidency.

But the winds of the 1912 political revolution, though less stormy and menacing than those which blew across Russia five years later, chilled Mr. Lowden's ambitions, and the Chicago clan never occupied the home. George Bakmeteff christened it with a reception and ball as much talked of then as will be the coming-out party of the U. S. S. R. in the house built by Pullman millions.

Where Business Replaces Revelry

Ambassador Troyanovsky cannot alter the interior sufficiently to blot out traces of foreign and domestic royalty, for somebody with a poor sense of equilibrium and a worse aim stood in the middle of each room in the beginning and simply spattered the place with gold cupids and medallions, gilt fruit and heraldic insignia, rich damask and reddened oak panels. But he has given it something of his own and the Soviet imprint; he has tempered an abode of ancient beauty and revelry with signs of modern business and comfort and class leveling.

Whereas the Pullman interests were involved in the great railroad strike that led Grover Cleveland to mobilize federal troops, the Soviet has specified that all remodeling must be done by union labor. Nooks once used for trysting rather than for tackling realities have been transformed into offices, telephone booths, storage closets and space for motorized equipment. The servants' quarters, once drab and dark, have been made into bright, roomy apartments with their own baths, living-rooms and kitchenettes. In place of one great kitchen with two coal stoves, there are seven kitchens and kitchenettes, for Soviet statesmen, despite rigid economy in the good things of life at home, eat and drink well abroad. The Ambassador told inquisitive reporters at Moscow that he would have "plenty of vodka" in his cupboards.

Like the remodeled embassy, the new occupants reflect the Russia of the five-year-plan, and speak the same language as the statesmen who conceive that they have a great and definite mission in world affairs. Ambassador Troyanovsky is serious and purposeful,

(Continued on page 57)

Photographs by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

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Rough Air

By Ernest Haycox

Illustrated by George Howe

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE working in a new picture—"Wings Over Hell," directed by the brilliant Ferd Gottschalk—Carol Castaine falls in love with Jim Breed, a noted stunt flyer. Then—before the great climactic airplane crash, in which he is to risk his life—Breed tells her that he is engaged to another girl—Anne Carson.

Gloriously beautiful, world-famous as a film star, Carol feels sure that, given time, she can win Breed. True, Anne Carson is charming, clever (she covers Hollywood for a Los Angeles newspaper). But—Castaine makes her plans. . . . In his apartment, Breed discusses the death of Slim McKay, the latest crash victim, with Sunshine Smith, a flyer, and Sam Wein, their manager. Upset by the tragedy (for Slim had been a close friend), Breed drinks himself into a daze. While he is doing so, Anne, in her apartment, is chatting with a self-invited guest: Barry Trent, Carol's handsome leading man. The man, a light man of Hollywood, insists that Breed is trifling with her; that he loves Carol Castaine. He leaves. The phone rings. Anne answers it. A woman inquires if Barry Trent is there—and hangs up quickly.

A moment later Anne phones Breed. He does not answer. A woman, however, *does*. Carol Castaine! Other somewhat similar incidents disturb Anne. And a warning from Wyn Andrews, a young actress, adds to her perplexity: "You're in danger, Anne. I can't tell you more, dear. But *be careful!*" Anne is, however, relieved of one worry—Breed does his crash stunt and is not injured.

By this time, though, she strongly suspects that there is *something*—she does not know just what—between the man she loves and Carol Castaine. Wretched, she tries to learn the truth from Breed. But, misinterpreting some of her remarks, Breed gives her little satisfaction. And presently (like many another woman) she finds herself playing one man against another—Barry Trent against Jim Breed.

Against her better judgment (she does not trust the man) she goes motoring with Trent, who brings her to his chalet-style cabin back of Hollywood. They enter. Trent closes the door. Then—

"Anne," he says calmly, "I'm in love with you."

V

SHE had made a mistake, Anne knew at once. "I don't believe that," she said coolly, "but if you are I'm very sorry."

Emotion threw Trent off balance, roughened his talk. "You don't think there's anything to me. Just an actor manufacturing make-believe sentiments in front of a camera. You think because I won't strut and beat my chest offstage that I'm full of emptiness. You never saw me serious, but here I stand and shake like a fool. Anne, look at me!"

She wasn't afraid, but she felt the situation slip out of her command; for this Trent was a stranger—a queer temper fluxing in his turned-blue eyes. She said: "Open the door, Barry."

"Anne, I can't help it. You're something beautiful. You're a Venus meant for love. You're pale marble outside, but you're all flame inside. It shines in your eyes. Every turn of your head hurts a man. Good God, don't you suppose it grinds me to see you giving everything away and getting nothing back? Maybe I've made mistakes. Well, I have. But no woman I've ever known hits me like you do."

"Stop it," she said sharply. He was acting like a drunk. He quit talking and stared at her, desire urgent all along the disturbed face.

"No," he said, somberly, "you don't think I'm real. I get it. A man's got to be physically big and sullen and he's got to be careless with you, and make you cry. The brute theme. Well—"

She saw it coming and could not help herself. He reached out and seized her by the arms and pulled her in against him and cramped the breath out of her. She lowered her face, but he pulled her chin roughly up and kissed her with a harsh, avid force. She turned her head aside, scratching her cheeks along his coat. It was ugly and vulgar; it cheapened her to herself. She didn't fight any more. She didn't have to, for Trent let her go and opened the door. She went out ahead of him, toward the car.

"You fool," she said furiously.

But there was somebody standing on the walk who said, "All right," in an excited manner. Trent's arm hauled roughly at her from behind and at that moment a flashlight exploded, blinding her eyes. Trent cursed and rushed on past her and grunted. Something had hit him. Then two men ran down the walk and up the road, around the bend. It was like a nightmare, and for the moment she didn't understand. Trent still stood in front of her, shaking his head. She brushed by him and got in the car. Trent followed, so excited that he had difficulty shifting gears; they turned back to Hollywood.

"I'm sorry."

"Was that a flashlight?"

"Yes," he muttered. "I should have known it would happen."

SHE sat cold and disgusted in her corner, her mind alive to the evil possibilities. A picture of Trent and Anne Carson coming out of an isolated cabin. Who would want it? She couldn't know, but whoever wanted it had it, and so she was bracketed now as another woman in Trent's life—to be whispered about in the yellow blackmail sheets. She thought about that, self-contempt brimming over; and at the Normandy she got out and ran into the lobby and up the stairs without a backward glance. Her hands trembled with the key and she was breathing as though exhausted when she opened the door. Then she stopped, half startled. The lights were burning and Jim Breed sat on the divan, his somber face raised observingly to her. He came up on his feet immediately afterward, question biting through her confusion.

"Did he hurt you?"

"No," she murmured, seeing a pile of half-smoked cigarettes on the table's ash tray. "Have you been here all this time?"

"He took you up to his cabin and invited you in to see it?"

"Yes."

"But he didn't hurt you?"

"No," she whispered, suddenly tired beyond belief. "Will you go home, Jim?" She closed her eyes—and opened them to notice the drawn, gray cast of this man's face, the heavy hair rumpled against his forehead. He picked up his hat.

"You've had a lot of rotten breaks."

She felt then the exhaustion of a runner who had tried to win and had failed; and without warning every clean instinct she possessed rose and mocked her. She couldn't stop the self-condemning anger so cruelly running through her body. It changed everything. Looking at Jim, she saw how it had been—and how it would be.

"I've had enough," she told him, not quite recognizing that high, strained voice. "I can't go any further. We've made a beautiful mess of things. We should make a worse mess if we went on. I don't blame you for a thing. I blame myself for being a fool, for trying to step outside my character. There isn't any more. There just isn't any more, Jim, for you or me. Goodby."

He rubbed a broad palm across his face, as though brushing something away from his eyes. But when she was quite through speaking, he looked across the room with an expression that would have pulled all the pity and love out of her at any other time; she had just enough detachment left to know that. But the growing disgust turned her anger harder and harder and that was what he saw in the moment of waiting.

He turned slowly and went out, closing the door behind; she heard his steady steps strike down the hall, away from Number 7, Normandy Apartments. He wouldn't come again. Never turn back—that was part of his philosophy. So here was the end she had, in her happiest moments with Jim, darkly foreseen.

BREED went down to the lobby and stopped long enough at the desk to thumb through the telephone book. The switchboard girl watched him closely. She smiled when he raised his eyes, and

But there was someone standing on the walk who said, "All right," in an excited manner, and at that moment a flashlight exploded

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murmured, "Good evening, Captain." Breed said, "Thank you," and strode to his car. Driving straight across town, he stopped fifteen minutes later at another apartment house. He went back through a court and read down the list of names on the buzzer panel until he got to "Trent." He laid his forefinger on Trent's button, but changed his mind and stepped aside. A young couple came out of the place, both looking up interestedly at him as they passed. Breed caught the closing door, climbed a flight of stairs and traveled the length of an upper hall. At the last door he knocked. Barry Trent presently opened it.

"I want to see you," said Breed, and pressed Trent brusquely aside. Beyond, in the room, he swung about. He thought then, in some contempt, that Trent hadn't a great deal of physical courage. The man's features thinned with apprehension, his voice wasn't steady.

"Don't lose your head, Breed."

"I want to know what happened."

"If I were you, I wouldn't doubt Anne Carson."

"Answer me," said Breed, as though he were talking to a willful child. The effect of it was to straighten Trent's long body. His eyes clung to Breed without trust.

"LET'S not get noble, Breed. It's a virtue, but it's pretty heavy for this hot evening." Then he dared to let his anger show. "What the hell right have you got to come up here and catechize me? It's none of your business—but I love that girl!"

"Do you?" said Breed. "So you took her up to your cabin, which leaves her wide open to all sorts of rotten whispers. Hollywood knows about that cabin, and the women you take there. Everybody but Anne knows about it. You're pretty low-grade snipe, Trent."

"Now we get to melodrama," sneered Trent. "That's pretty rich, coming from you. While we're speaking of gossip and general information, suppose we mention the fact that Hollywood knows you're inside of Castaine's house more often than you're in Anne's apartment. *You* come here and preach to me! Maybe you're a great flyer, but you're just a sucker as far as Castaine's concerned. If you want to know the truth, I'm in love with Anne. What do you propose to do about it?"

Breed stood in his tracks and stared at this man he could have broken with his two bare arms. A hot, bilked anger prowled through his muscles. There was Trent, perfect embodiment of all that Hollywood was. Its worldliness, its cynical disbelief, its subtle ways, he would never comprehend. It had him whipped. It humbled his pride and soured his faith in people. Taciturnly rooted there, he realized he had no weapon to parry the rapier stabs of a world in which he was alien.

He said stolidly: "What happened in that cabin?"

"None of your damned business!" rapped out Trent.

Breed merely lifted one of his big arms. "Do you want your fur rubbed off?"

"Nothing happened," Trent said more quietly, and moved backward.

"You lie."

"Look," said Trent, breathing the words. "I didn't— Well, I suppose it was the flashlight picture that upset her. Somebody came out of the brush and got it just as we were leaving the cabin."

"Who did?"

Trent went back to a chair, and stopped against it, hands behind him. His face had gradually gone sallow. "I don't know," he muttered.

"You gutter pup. Tell me the truth!"

"I don't know!" cried Trent.

BREED'S glance ate into the man. He stepped forward, flat-footed; and then he checked himself and wheeled completely away from Trent and walked to a corner of the room. "You've got some kind of a past, Trent, and it's catching up with you. Why did you drag Anne Carson into this mess?"

"I don't know who took the picture," Trent repeated doggedly.

"I'll find out," Breed grunted. "I'll—"

The phone rang and Trent jerked himself aside, he was that keyed up. He turned reluctantly to the table, lifting the receiver, listening to it. He said in a hurried voice: "Not right now. Do you understand? Not right now. Wait a minute." He hung up and watched Breed again.

Breed went to the door. "I'll find out," he repeated. "And while I'm at it I'll find out something about you. There's something dirty at the bottom of this business."

"What am I supposed to do?" called Trent.

Breed tramped down the hall and the stairs, long rage reaching through him. He pulled open the lobby door and walked out, brushing a small figure who swayed aside. He stopped and said, "I'm sorry," and saw Wyn Andrews' openly startled eyes looking at him. He said, "Hello, Wyn," and started on. But her hand came out to halt him.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded. She turned and caught the door before it closed. "What are you doing?"

"Visiting," he answered, mind not yet coming around to her.

"Don't be a nut," she said. "The worst possible thing you could do is to rough him up. This is Hollywood—and do you want the town to laugh at you?" She slipped away with a quick turn of her shoulders. Breed walked on to the car and got in; he started the engine, and sat still, thinking. She had called Trent from the door, and so she was going to his rooms. It wasn't nice, yet it was her business. He put his foot on the gas and shot ahead.

IN HIS own apartment, he found Sunshine dawdling over an aviation journal and a glass of whisky. Sunshine grinned. "You got good liquor, kid," and afterwards the grin vanished. He said, "What's the gag?"

Breed dialed the Express office. "Bill Gaynor, please."

Gaynor, said the girl at the other end of the wire, was on the day side.

"Where can I locate him?"

He got Gaynor's house number, and tried again. Sunshine rose and walked around to where he could watch Breed's face. But he didn't say anything. Gaynor answered the phone.

"This is Breed. You newspaper fellows are supposed to know things. Now listen carefully. Anne went out to dinner with Trent. They went for a ride. . . . Yeah, up to his cabin. Coming out of the cabin somebody popped from the brush and took a flashlight picture."

"I'm not surprised," said Gaynor.

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She says it's Spinach

By Kyle Crichton

Here's a movie star who would rather do a jig-saw puzzle than make a personal appearance, who doesn't give interviews, who doesn't like publicity. Moreover, we suspect she means it

WHAT will eventually drive the press department of the Universal Film Corporation of Universal City, California, entirely insane is the news that Margaret Sullavan, on the eve of the opening of her new Super-Super-Super Special, Tillie Tweaks, has been discovered acting the lead in a stock company playing the American Legion Hall at South Amboy, New Jersey.

Under ordinary circumstances, the actress who is held by her personal manager to be so modest that the mere thought of publicity will set the sensitive threads of her inner consciousness jangling generally turns out to have the blushing reticence of the late Texas Guinan and the nunlike quality of Mr. Bull Montana. Miss Sullavan, on the contrary, turns out to be a young lady who drives the press agents mad.

Upon the opening of her first picture, Only Yesterday, at the Radio City Music Hall in New York, an honor of some importance in the amusement world, she was home trying to finish a jig-saw puzzle. She won't make personal appearances, she won't show up on opening nights when the flashlights are booming, and when she is in New York she spends most of her evenings barging up and down on a Third Avenue street car, dressed in something which looks as if it had been discarded by the Salvation Army.

Just now she is back in Hollywood acting in Little Man, What Now? the German book success. Without deliberately flouting the young men of the press department of the Universal Film Corporation, who had visions of her being interviewed at every third station through Kansas and being made chieftainess of the Navajos at Albuquerque, New Mexico, she went by boat through the Panama Canal, because of her belief that a boat is the finest of all beasts of burden. Short of falling off the poop deck and getting dragged in by a boat hook, there is really very little publicity possible on a trip like that.

Miss Sullavan's career is distinguished by the fact that she has made herself one of the most promising American actresses by appearing in flops so horrible that even Broadway cringes when it recalls them. She never had to fight her way up from poverty, she never had to sit in agents' offices until the reception-room girls got sick of her face, and she played the lead in her first Broadway play. That play was The Modern Virgin, by Elmer Harris, and there were never any heated discussions in the Pulitzer Prize committee about its chances for the award. It was frankly a boob-bumper and succeeded nicely in that respect.

After that came Bad Manners, which lasted a week; If Love Were All, which lasted ten days; Happy Landings, which lasted three weeks, and Chrysalis, which lasted another three weeks. And all this time she was adding to her personal fame. With plays foundering all about her, she scarcely went home a night without finding a prospective manager or movie agent hiding in the areaway.

"I didn't want a manager," she says, "but I signed up with a fellow just so I could tell the others I had somebody."

Hollywood was in on the chase from the start, but Paramount and Columbia both insisted on five-year contracts and she turned them down on the theory that before five years she might prefer to be living in Terre Haute, Indiana, or somewhere in Sweden. Also, she was then playing under a five-year contract with the Brothers Shubert and it was a question of playing what they handed you or sitting out in Shubert Alley with a tin cup. Her contract now with Universal is for three years and only for the period between May 15th and September 1st. The rest of the time she wants to spend in the theater.

"If I can get a job," she puts in significantly, stopping on her way out to see the six-day bike races.

At the moment she hasn't been able to get the stage play she wants and that accounts for Little Man, What Now? and Hollywood in the winter time.

An Old Southern German

Miss Sullavan was born in Norfolk, Virginia, was educated in private schools and never intended to be an actress. Her first ambitions were along the line of dancing and she went to Boston with that in mind. Looking around at the students in the acting classes, it was evident, "even to one of the lower intelligence," she says, that acting was the Great American Cinch alongside of dancing, so she joined the school of the Copley Players, run by E. E. Clive.

Next summer she went down to Falmouth on Cape Cod with the University Players, and the following winter she was in New York, where she got a part as an off-stage voice in the Theater Guild production of Karl and Anna, the German play. Just what subtle maneuver the Guild had in mind in casting her for an off-stage German is not easily discerned because at that time and for some time later she had a Southern accent of such a nature that white-haired men of an ordinarily kindly mien were restrained only by violence from rising in a rage and shouting: "Scotch the rebels! On to Richmond!"

Karl and Anna lasted only long enough for Mr. Sullavan, father, of Norfolk, Virginia, to arrive on the scene and represent to his daughter that even as an off-stage voice she was not adding to the luster of her Virginia name. She was also, at the time, trifling with the idea of being ingénue with the Gypsy Players, who were just cleaning the spark plugs in the trucks preparatory to searching out those towns which had been untouched even by the old-time chautauquas. The upshot was that Miss Sullavan went back home to stay with the folks.

One Way to Convince the Family

After a year of polite discussion with the family, including the various aunts, uncles and cousins from both sides, she was again in New York. This time she was taken on as understudy for Elizabeth Love for the Southern company of Strictly Dishonorable. The Sullavans were not aware of this until the company arrived in Norfolk and the company manager, ever alert for the health of the box office, announced that Miss Margaret Sullavan of "this fair city" would appear in the leading rôle. Miss Margaret Sullavan did appear in the leading rôle and was undressed before the citizens of Norfolk in the last act of the play which had been more than a mild sensation even in New York.

Being undressed on the stage was of itself a dramatic idea of some importance, but being undressed on the stage in Norfolk was a stroke of genius. The whole argument of the previous year was solved in one evening. If Peggy was that serious about being an actress nothing but chaining her up in the woodshed could stop her from being an actress. It was therefore tacitly understood in the Sullavan household that Margaret should act and the others should talk about something else when the subject arose.

Margaret went back to her job of standing in the wings and watching Miss Love act until Miss Love became ill in Memphis and withdrew from the cast. Miss Sullavan stepped into the part on her own and always thinks of it as the best rôle she ever had. "I could play that part in my own shoes," she says.

After she came back off the road, she went

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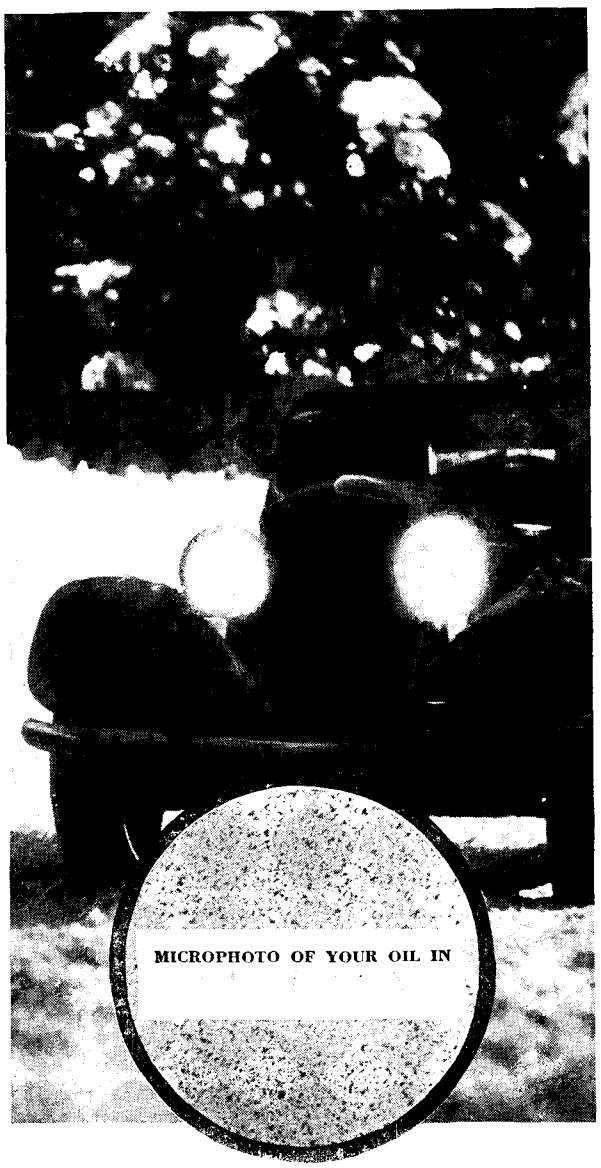

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AUBURN (8- and 12-cyl.)	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	LA SALLE	AF	BB	BB	BB	BB
BUICK	AF	AF	BB	BB	BB	LINCOLN	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
CADILLAC	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	NASH (Models 10-90, 11-90, Ambassador 8)	BB	BB	BB	—	—
CHEVROLET	A	A	A	AF	AF	NASH (490 Series Twin Ignition 6 and 8, 8-90, 9-90)	—	—	BB	BB	BB
CHRYSLER (70, 77, Imperial 80 and 8-cyl.)	AF	AF	AF	BB	BB	NASH (All Other Models)	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
CHRYSLER (All Other Models)	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF	OLDSMOBILE	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
DE SOTO	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF	PACKARD	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
DODGE	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF	PIERCE-ARROW	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
FORD	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF	PLYMOUTH	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
FRANKLIN	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	PONTIAC	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
GRAHAM	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	REO	A	A	AF	AF	AF
HUDSON	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF	STUDEBAKER	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
HUPMOBILE	AF	AF	BB	BB	BB	TERRAPLANE (Essex)	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF

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Another Girl

The story of a man who sent roses to every attractive girl he met—and a girl who was properly shocked

By Elizabeth Corbett

JIM CASSERLEY left his office a little early, to get some handball and a swim before he took a girl out to dinner. But as he was crossing Fifth Avenue on his way to the Club, it occurred to him to drop in at Rowland's and order some flowers sent to her.

The proprietor of Rowland's was a woman: one of those amazingly successful business women who are always being written up on the Women's Pages of the newspapers. Just the same she reminded Jim of a teacher he'd had in the fourth grade, who was very severe with his long division, but had stood his friend more than once in the matter of broken windows and excuses on circus day. Jim always liked to talk to Miss Rowland.

When he entered the shop today, Miss Rowland was busy with an imposing dowager who was buying table decorations for a dinner party. She smiled and asked. "Are you in any hurry, Mr. Casserley?"

Jim wasn't in any special hurry. He didn't have to call for Carmen until seven. She was a vivacious little gypsy of a girl: rather affected, to be sure, but an amusing change from the tanned tomboy he'd played tennis with all summer. Miss Rowland had once charged that Jim fell in love with every pretty face he met.

"Oh, well!" Jim had retorted, "twenty or thirty years from now maybe I'll be satisfied to spend my evenings at home with a good book!"

He grinned at Miss Rowland behind the dowager's back, and ran an amused eye around the shop. It looked like a millionaire's conservatory; or rather, it looked like a fashionable church decorated for a wedding. If they could only have managed somehow to get rid of their telephones—

"May I help you?" asked a voice at his elbow.

Jim turned to say he'd wait for Miss Rowland. Turned, and didn't say it. There beside him, barely reaching to his shoulders, was a girl with copper-colored hair, and a little powdering of freckles across her nose. She wore the black triple-sheer and string of pearls which was the uniform of Miss Rowland's assistants; but he had never seen her in the shop before. He had never seen her anywhere before. He had never seen anyone just like her.

He got his breath back, and smiled. "I want to order some flowers," he said. Some flowers for a friend."

"Gardenias?" suggested the girl. "Or one of those little Colonial bouquets? We make up some very pretty ones."

"Oh, nothing she'd have to plaster on herself!" said Jim hastily. "I mean, I don't want anything in the nature of a set piece. Just a few flowers that can be put in a vase."

"Chrysanthemums are lovely now," suggested the girl. "These big white ones—"

"Look as if they were meant to be eaten. And the little bronze ones smell like weeds."

"Not chrysanthemums, then," murmured the girl.

Jim had come in to order a dozen roses. Roses seemed a natural thing to send a girl—just a nice way of showing that you liked her. But he found himself not at all inclined to order a dozen roses and get out. "You have some fascinating flowers here," he said. "What are those queer-looking red and yellow things?"

"Er—parrot flowers," said the girl.

"And these purple and white?"

"They're a kind—they're a new kind of daisies."

Jim looked her sternly in the eye. "Far be it from me to correct an expert. But when I was a kid upstate, and we grew those things in our garden, we used to call 'em cosmos."

THE girl laughed; but she blushed a little too. "I can call somebody else to wait on you."

"Oh, don't do that!" said Jim hastily. "There must be an awful lot to learn in a place like this. Just because you happen to be new here, I don't want them to get the idea that I kicked."

"Oh, thank you!" said the girl.

"I suppose you have lots of fussy customers?" hinted Jim.

"Not so many as you'd think," said the girl. "A good many of them don't bother to make a selection themselves. They set a price limit, and leave the rest to Miss Rowland."

"Just for that," said Jim, "I'm going to teach you the names of one or two of our commonest flowers. This is calendula. Those on the counter are lace flowers. There in the refrigerator are sweet peas—"

"I do know sweet peas," she murmured.

All too soon Miss Rowland finished with her other customer, and came toward the back of the shop. "I'll give you the order," muttered Jim. "A dozen roses, to be sent this afternoon, and charged."

The girl went behind the counter for a pencil. "It's all set, Miss Rowland," she said. "Mr. Casserley is ordering a dozen roses." She laughed, and wrinkled her freckled nose a little. Jim laughed too. The joke, of course, was the girl's colossal ignorance, and the joke was between him and her. But even in his dazed condition, one thing struck him as odd: when she laughed, the girl had looked, not at him, but at Miss Rowland.

Jim gave his directions three times; but he finally had to leave the flower shop. He went around the corner and into the club. But instead of playing handball and having a swim, he sat down at a window and looked with a rapturous gaze at a panhandler who was working the block. When he finally stirred, it was to go to the telephone and explain to Carmen that a customer from out of town had appeared without warning, but he'd call her later in the week.

He wouldn't have expected this to happen to him of all men; and yet all his life he had been expecting just this to happen. He had had a very good time always. He worked hard and played hard; and of course girls came into his good time.

Came into it, and went out again. He dined them and danced with them; he sent them flowers from Rowland's. Yet all the time he had known he was just leading up to something.

Illustrated by Raymond Thayer

It was the most respectful courtship since John Alden and Priscilla

JUST leading up to something; he knew what that something was the minute his eyes lighted on that girl in Rowland's. Before his eyes lighted on her, indeed—when she had asked that little set question at his elbow, her voice had rung a bell far back in his head.

He didn't even know her name; and he'd have to be careful in his approaches. The very idea of a girl like that having to work for her living! Having to meet the public, and—and dispose of unwelcome attentions! It wasn't as if she were very good at her job, either. She must have had an awful time in New York. Jim, who had had a very good time there, scowled at the demon city. Then he began to calculate the hours—indeed to calculate the minutes to lunch hour tomorrow.

He planned to drop into Rowland's at lunch time. The girl might be out when he called; all the better, perhaps, if she were. He'd see Miss Rowland, and tell her—or ask her—anyhow he'd begin by seeing Miss Rowland, and getting her to vouch for him. He chafed even at this delay; but he just wasn't going to run the risk of being set down as the kind of man he wasn't.

He ran no risk of missing Miss Rowland at lunch time; Miss Rowland had a cup of tea in her office. But when he broached the subject of his call, Miss Rowland looked embarrassed. He had never before seen Miss Rowland embarrassed.

"You mean Molly Hill, that girl who waited on you yesterday?" she asked.

Molly Hill; she would have a name like that. Short and simple; and maybe you couldn't call it a pretty name, but it rang the same silver bell far back in his head that Molly's laughter had rung, and Molly's soft copper-colored hair, and Molly's wrinkled nose when she smiled at him.

"Yes, that's the girl I mean," said Jim, and hoped Miss Rowland couldn't hear his heart beat.

"She isn't here any more," said Miss Rowland.

"You mean—she's off today?" stammered Jim.

"No. I mean she doesn't work here regularly."

Jim felt his cheeks grow warm. "Come, Miss Rowland, I think that's too bad of you! Of course she doesn't know much yet about the business. But she can learn—she's very intelligent. You didn't let her go just because—"

"You seem interested," interrupted Miss Rowland dryly.

"I am interested. I'm afraid you let her go because when she was talking to me she showed up her ignorance."

MISS ROWLAND fished in her desk for cigarettes. "You don't need to let that worry you. She came in here for three days only, to get a line on my customers. Yesterday was her last day. That's all."

"To get a line on your customers? What earthly use—?"

"She's a newspaper woman," explained Miss Rowland. "She does feature stuff for the Sunday papers. She's doing an article now on flower shops and their customers. She's a nice girl, with her own way to make, and I gave her all the help I could."

"What paper does she work for?" asked Jim eagerly. On the whole the news was good news; even newspaper reporters don't starve to death so quickly as shop girls who don't know the first thing about their stocks.

Miss Rowland looked at him a little grimly. "You haven't a chance there," she said.

"She isn't married?" gasped Jim.

"No, she isn't. But that doesn't concern you, Jim Casserley. She won't be interested, and I don't see why you should be. You know enough girls now."

Miss Rowland was speaking to a customer as if he weren't a customer at all. At any other time that would have been an interesting phenomenon. But it was insignificant now beside the fact that she was barring his path with a "Keep Off the Grass" sign.

"I don't know what you mean by that," he said stiffly. "I'm not trying to date the girl up. I want to arrange some way to meet her properly. If she has any relatives here in the city—"

He tried everything, from jocularity to bank references. He lost his temper, and called Miss Rowland an old dragon. He regained his hold on himself, and

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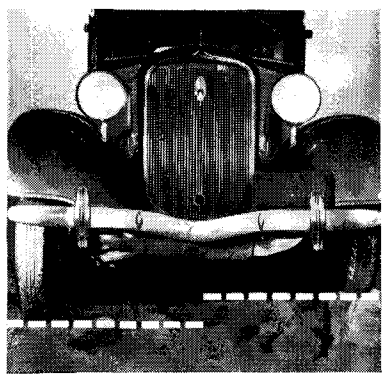
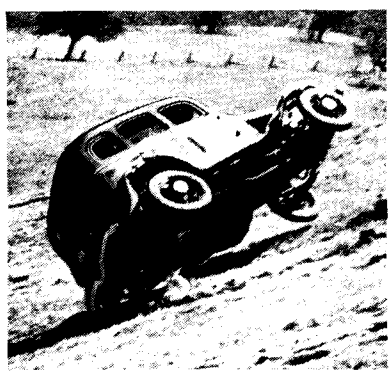
Insist on these 4 Vital Features!

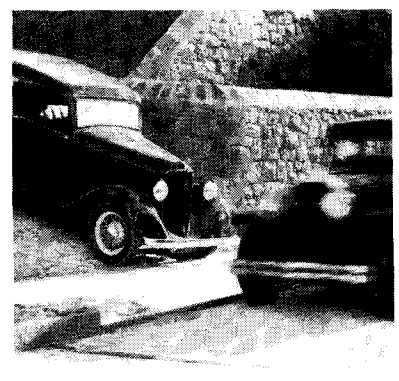


1. INDIVIDUAL SPRINGING

2. FLOATING POWER



3. SAFETY-STEEL BODY



4. HYDRAULIC BRAKES

Get the Most for your Money this year—when you buy a Low-Priced Car!

THERE'S one quick and easy way for you to decide which of the new 1934 low-priced cars offers you the very best buy. Just check up . . . *Plymouth, alone, offers all four of these vital features!*

Two of them are comfort features; they mean a more enjoyable ride. Individual Wheel Springing gives you a freedom from jolts and bounces. Note in the picture above how each wheel takes bumps without affecting the other wheel.

Floating Power removes the last trace of annoying engine vibration. These *patented* engine mountings are unlike any other type. They suspend the engine *in balance*—completely free to absorb its own vibration before it reaches the frame.

The other two are *safety* features . . . *even more important if yours is a family car.*

Hydraulic brakes stop more quickly—because they always "take hold" equally on all four wheels. There is no chance of three-wheel braking, because they can't become unequalized!

As for safety-steel bodies—isn't it obvious that you're better protected by a body built of safety-steel reinforced with steel? The builders of modern trains and steamships seem to think so!

Look into these four features. You'll find that neither of the other lowest-priced cars has more than *one* of Plymouth's four vital features.

Check up on these facts before you buy *any* low-priced car! "Ride out" the whole story on the road! Any Dodge, DeSoto or Chrysler dealer will give you a demonstration of Plymouth for the asking!

• • •

Plymouth prices start at $495 f. o. b. factory, Detroit, Michigan, and are subject to change without notice.

IT'S THE BEST ENGINEERED LOW-PRICED CAR!

PLYMOUTH SIX $495 AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY DETROIT

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"You've spoiled everything," she told him. "I knew you would, sooner or later"

tried earnestly to make her see what getting on the track of Molly Hill meant to him. He stayed until three different people had come upstairs to say Miss Rowland was wanted in the front shop.

But he left without so much as finding out what paper Molly Hill worked for. She was not listed in the telephone directory. "Sunday papers," Miss Rowland had said; but a study of the files of every paper in town that had a Sunday section revealed nothing. Evidently Molly Hill didn't write under her own name.

It had been a Wednesday when he met her—Thursday when Miss Rowland had made a trade secret out of nothing at all, and insulted a good customer into the bargain. On Sunday Jim waded through reams of feature articles without result.

THE next week he lost three pounds, though the only exercise he took was long walks—aimless walks, when his stride would suddenly quicken if he saw a small girl with copper-colored hair, and then slacken again, because it was never the right girl.

But the second Sunday he was rewarded. There was a full page in one of the Sunday supplements on "Flowery By-Paths." It was signed by Dorothy Dayton. Of course, that was an office name. He was on the track now. With a blissful glance ahead to Monday morning, Jim read the article.

Read it with a fond smile, which now and then broke into a chuckle. The girl wrote well—maliciously, to be sure, but amusingly. She showed up the old gentleman who sent flowers to stage doors, and the old lady who had a standing order for flowers for her dog's grave. And she was very amusing on the chronic bachelor type. There was one fellow, for instance, who had been running an account at "a Fifth Avenue florist's"—that might mean Rowland's—for the last seven years; and in that time he had bought ninety-nine dozen roses, and sent them to ninety-nine different girls.

"The old idiot!" said Jim with a cheerful grin.

All at once he sat erect, as if something had struck him. He always bought roses himself. He bought them at "a Fifth Avenue florist's." He had run an account there for just about seven years. But surely she couldn't—she didn't—she must not—refer to him! Not that way!

Jim went to his desk, and looked in the stub of his check book. He hunted out other stubs. He found receipted bills. Dust gathered on his fingers, and rancor in his heart. But he didn't stop until he had all the evidence before him.

IN SEVEN years he had bought ninety-nine dozen roses. Often he had sent roses to the same girl three or four different times. But divide ninety-nine by three, or even by four, and the total looked pretty ghastly. Or at least it could be made to look that way. She had made it look that way. The girl he had never sent roses to. The girl that counted. The girl who thought him—What did she think of him anyhow?

Jim, who hadn't spent a solitary Sunday—well, in seven years—left his receiver off the hook, and stamped about his apartment alone, and thought it would serve somebody right if he got good and tight all by himself—and then couldn't finish his first highball. His comfortable apartment was a hole; his life was a ruin; he'd a good mind to chuck the whole thing and go to South America—or else learn to smoke a pipe, and get himself a dog, and settle right down and be a hermit. Like those dirty old men you always saw who lived alone in ruinous houses on the edge of small towns, and everybody said they'd been disappointed in love. "Disappointed in love!" They'd have had something to talk about, now, if they'd been written up in the Sunday newspaper as professional male flirts—scalp hunters—old rounders who valued their precious liberty above everything else. Ninety-nine dozen roses, indeed! *Ninety-nine—dozen—roses!*

Monday morning he didn't risk telephoning; people are too easy to get rid of on the telephone. He went to the office of Molly's paper, only to learn that Miss Hill wasn't in the office. "She comes down just to hand her stuff in, usually," explained the girl at the switchboard. "Do you want to leave a note for her?"

(Continued on page 55)

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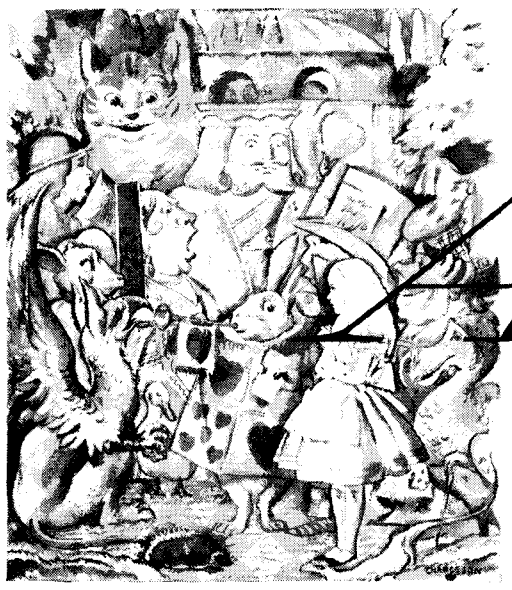


Alice in Wonderland

. . . . Alice, in the story, pressed her nose against the looking glass and found herself in Wonderland! And what a fascinating world it was to Alice, and will always be to everybody who read the story!

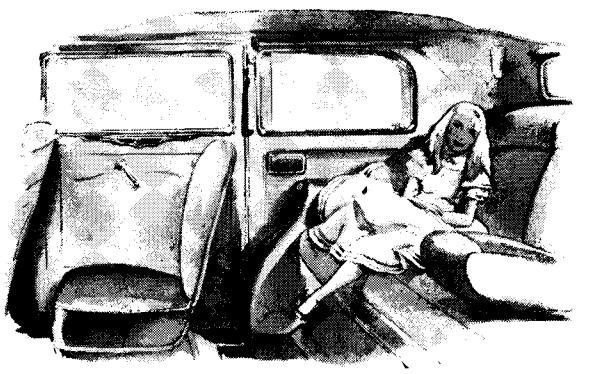
Now see Alice (in your imagination) viewing with wonder-struck eyes something Lewis Carroll never even *imagined.* An Automobile! *One certain* automobile of all automobiles! *The 1934 Nash!*

See her eyes dance at the sight of such beauty and grace and smartness! Hear her murmurs of delight in the presence of such luxury!

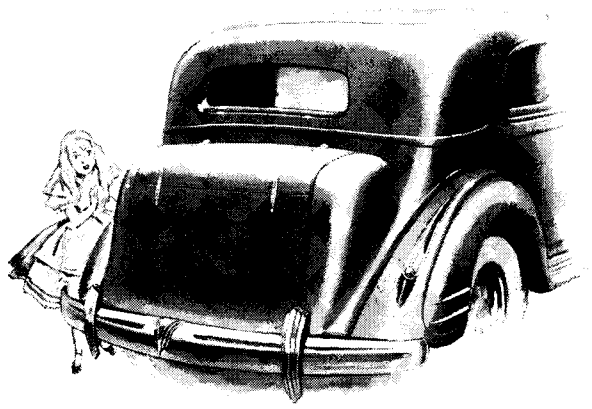
Of course, Alice probably wouldn't understand mechanical details; the fine points of Nash Twin Ignition valve-in-head power; the coincidental starter; the independently-sprung front wheels, optional at slight extra cost—but she would surely get the thrill of her life from Nash performance and Nash riding quality.

Yes, Alice in a Nash would find herself in a Wonderland on wheels . . . and we truly believe, *so will you!*

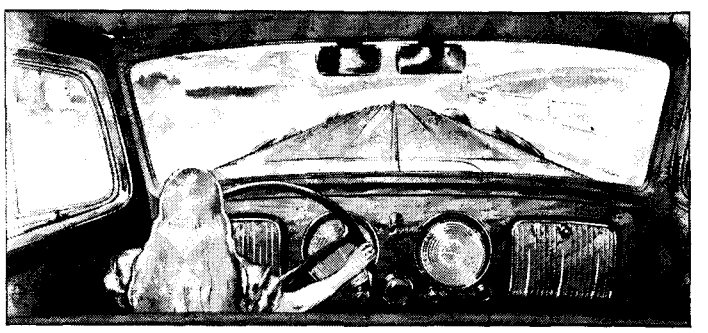
•



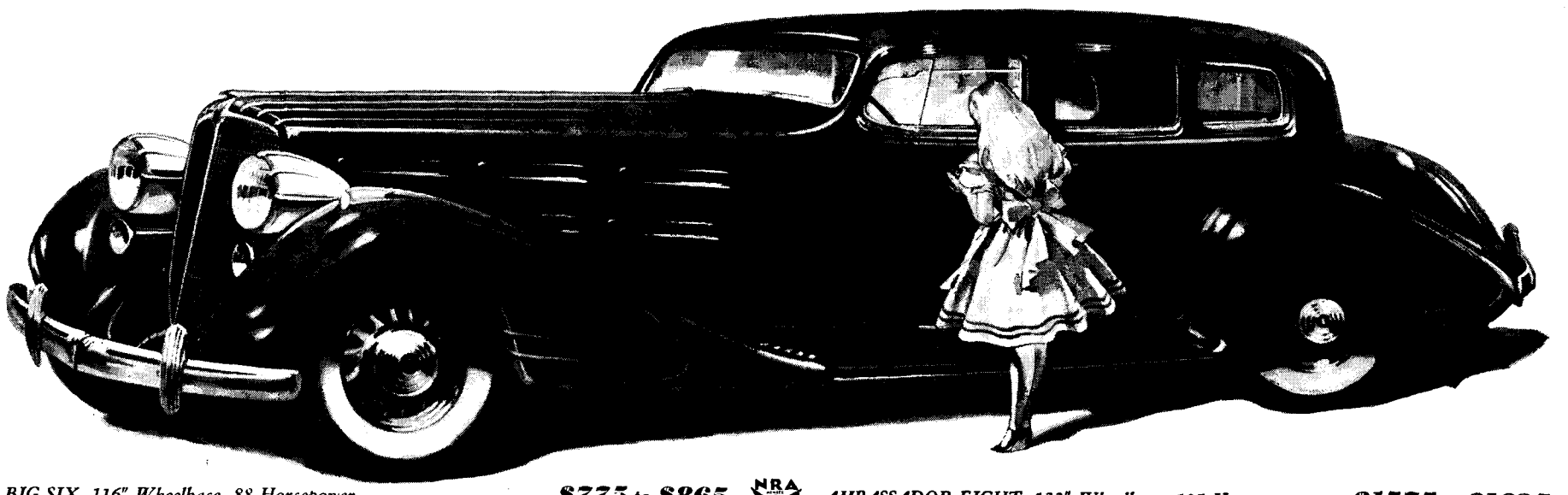
"NOT even the Queen of Hearts or the White Queen could ask for anything lovelier than this," says Alice, in the midst of all the luxury of a 1934 Nash.



"MY, what a big and handsome trunk!" exclaims Alice. "I could pack all the luggage our family owns in that trunk and still have room to spare."



"WHAT a beautiful instrument panel! What a long, long hood! If the Mad Hatter were to tell me this is the most beautiful car in the world I'd say, 'You're not so mad after all!'"



BIG SIX, 116" Wheelbase, 88 Horsepower . . . . . $775 to $865
ADVANCED EIGHT, 121" Wheelbase, 100 Horsepower . . $1065 to $1145
AMBASSADOR EIGHT, 133" Wheelbase, 125 Horsepower . $1575 to $1625
AMBASSADOR EIGHT, 142" Wheelbase, 125 Horsepower . $1820 to $2055

NEW NASH-BUILT LAFAYETTE, THE FINE CAR OF THE LOW PRICE FIELD, $635 TO $695

(All Prices f. o. b. Factory—Special Equipment Extra—All Prices Subject to Change Without Notice)

1934 TWIN IGNITION VALVE-IN-HEAD NASH

Individually-sprung Front Wheels Optional on All Models

(4847)

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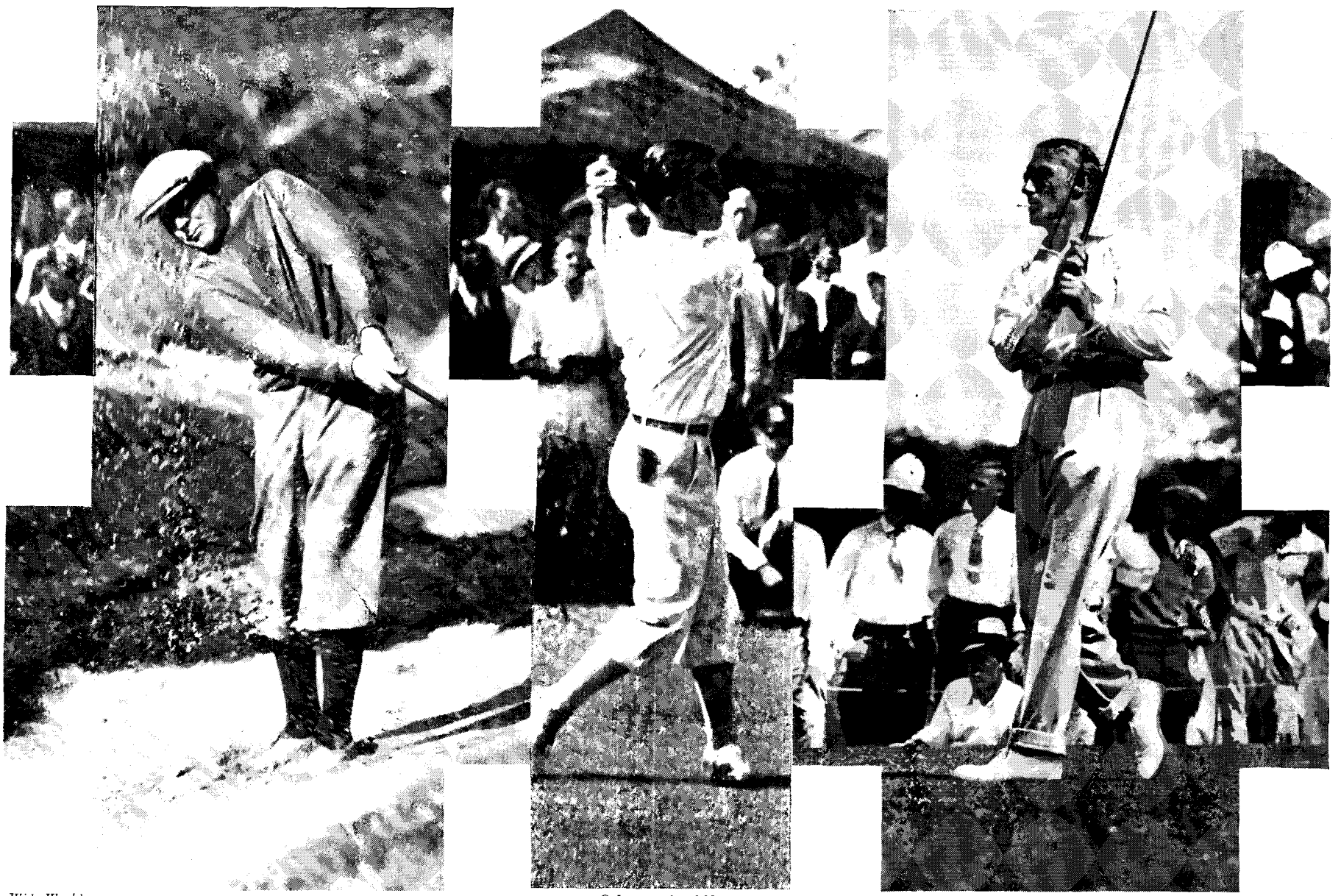

Wide World © International News Acme

Three golfers who made good. Left: Joe Kirkwood, trick shot artist, 1933 Canadian Open champion. Center: Johnny Goodman, winner of the 1933 National Open title. Right: Tommy Armour, who has held the National Open, British Open and Canadian Open championships

The Amateur's Profession

By Tommy Armour

An amateur athlete eats just as much as a professional—when he can afford to eat. Here is the amateur's tale of woe told by a man who used to be one

AT LEAST a year before the United States went off the gold standard the country's prominent amateurs had finished with the cash-and-carry basis of operation. Inflation had hit the ranks of the amateurs and many of them began to realize with dawning horror that henceforth it was going to be difficult to earn a decent living in the ranks of the Simon-pures. Many, in fact, were indignant and complained that it had gotten so that an amateur couldn't make as much money as a professional—a state of affairs quite distressing to many tennis players and golfers who had been making elastic expense accounts cover a multitude of bills.

Some amateurs did not suspect that the new deal had gone into effect, for amateur athletes as a class are not notable for making sprint records in realizing anything. I make this blunt observation as one who was a fairly proficient and active amateur before I decided to make sport my visible means of support.

A prominent amateur athlete is usually surrounded by more yes-men, volunteer bodyguards and advisers than a motion-picture executive. The amateur unconsciously becomes victimized by these well-wishers and after a while he goes into every important contest accompanied by two hazards—bodyguards and betting.

Often these two handicaps drive an amateur into such a mental state that he is anxious to get into the professional ranks where he won't be worried so much by the volunteer parasites who are so much a part of an amateur gallery.

Ellsworth Vines, who turned professional recently, explained the reason for his poor 1933 court showing by saying, "I had too many worries on my mind and played too much tennis."

Kings Must Have Courtiers

He played too much tennis because he was urged and harried into it. He worried a lot because he saw that he had become merely a pawn in the amateur tennis game and that he as champion had responsibilities and problems which had nothing to do with the game itself.

I still have a vivid memory of my first acquaintance with the American amateur's bodyguard. It was at the Inverness Golf Club at Toledo, where Bobby Jones was appearing in the National Golf Open as the Boy Wonder. He was surrounded by a larger group of seconds, handlers, self-appointed managers and bodyguards than any heavyweight champion ever had collected. He was counseled, cheered, advised, manhandled, slapped on the back and coaxed to such an extent that the sport couldn't have been any fun for him at all.

There has never been a finer amateur sportsman than Bobby and certainly no man was ever more worried by the volunteer bodyguards who attached themselves to him. A marvel of the age was his judgment and tact in avoiding any improper blending of amateurism and professionalism, despite the constant pressure and importunate influence of otherwise estimable business men whose experience in commerce far exceeded their experience in amateur sport.

As soon as an amateur becomes well known this group of bodyguards springs up. Consider Johnny Goodman's experience. Johnny went wild with his approaches and putts to win the 1933 National Open golf title, indicating that he was the best of all golfers, pro tem. Johnny was, and is, a fine boy but not quite the same sort of lad that he was before the sports writers printed his life story and dressed him up with a "plowboy to President" career. Much of the Goodman biographical material was of necessity written by remote control. Johnny actually was just another earnest young man hoeing his way through the field to the championship.

Lovers of the Limelight

The sports writers didn't know much about Johnny but they did remember vaguely that once upon a time he had traveled to championship tournaments by standing on the edge of highways and flicking his thumb at passing automobiles. So they dug out the Horatio Alger formula and embellished it with tales which the quickly formed Goodman bandwagon crowd were willing to furnish. There were people all over who "knew Johnny when" and the Goodman legend was born.

Now every time he appears, this group, the same which followed Bobby Jones, will be on the spot with gratuitous advice and with an insatiable desire to edge into the picture every time the news photographers snap the Goodman profile. I'll bet that Johnny won't get as much fun out of golf from now

(Continued on page 32)

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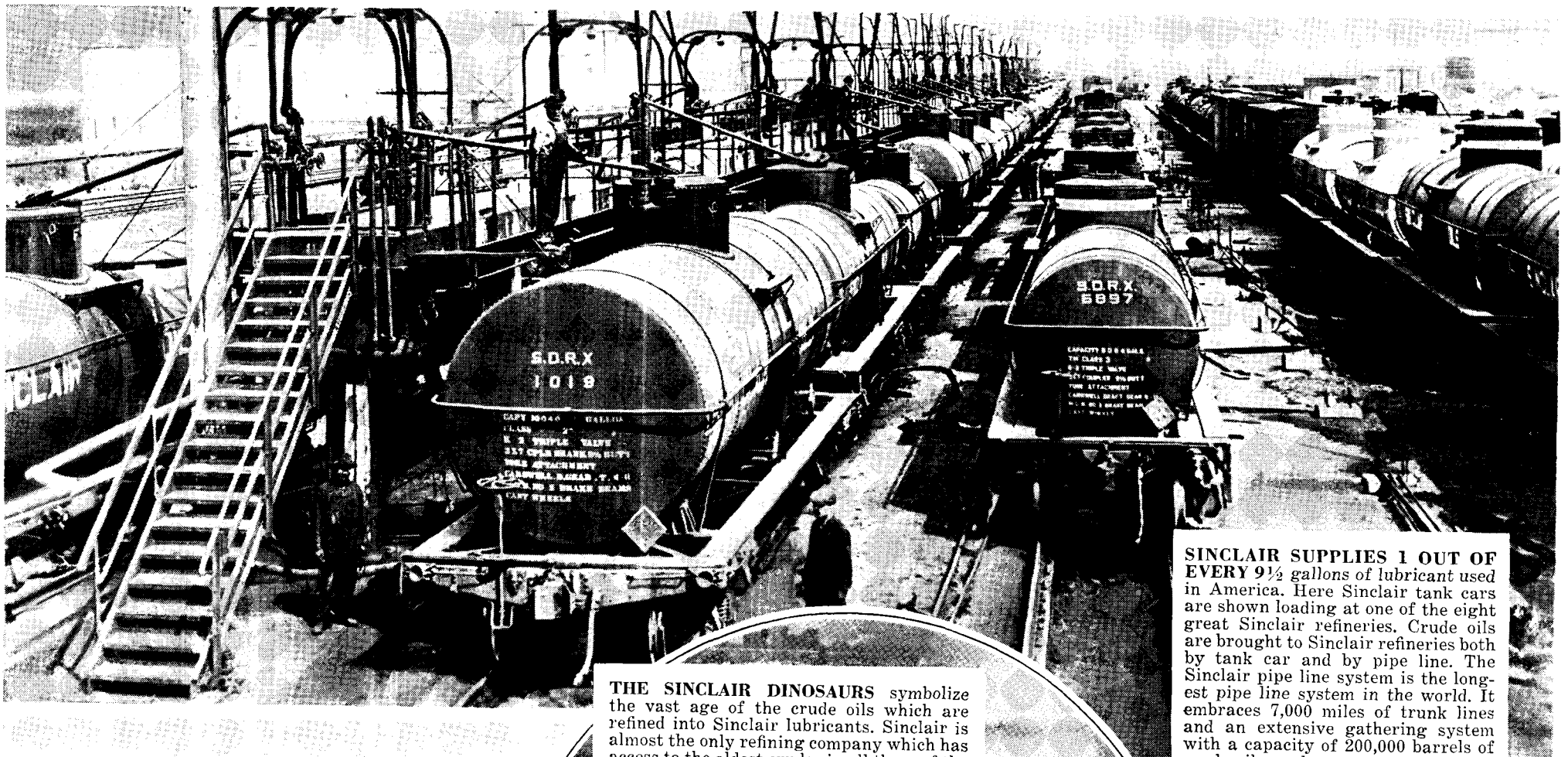
1 OUT OF EVERY 9½!

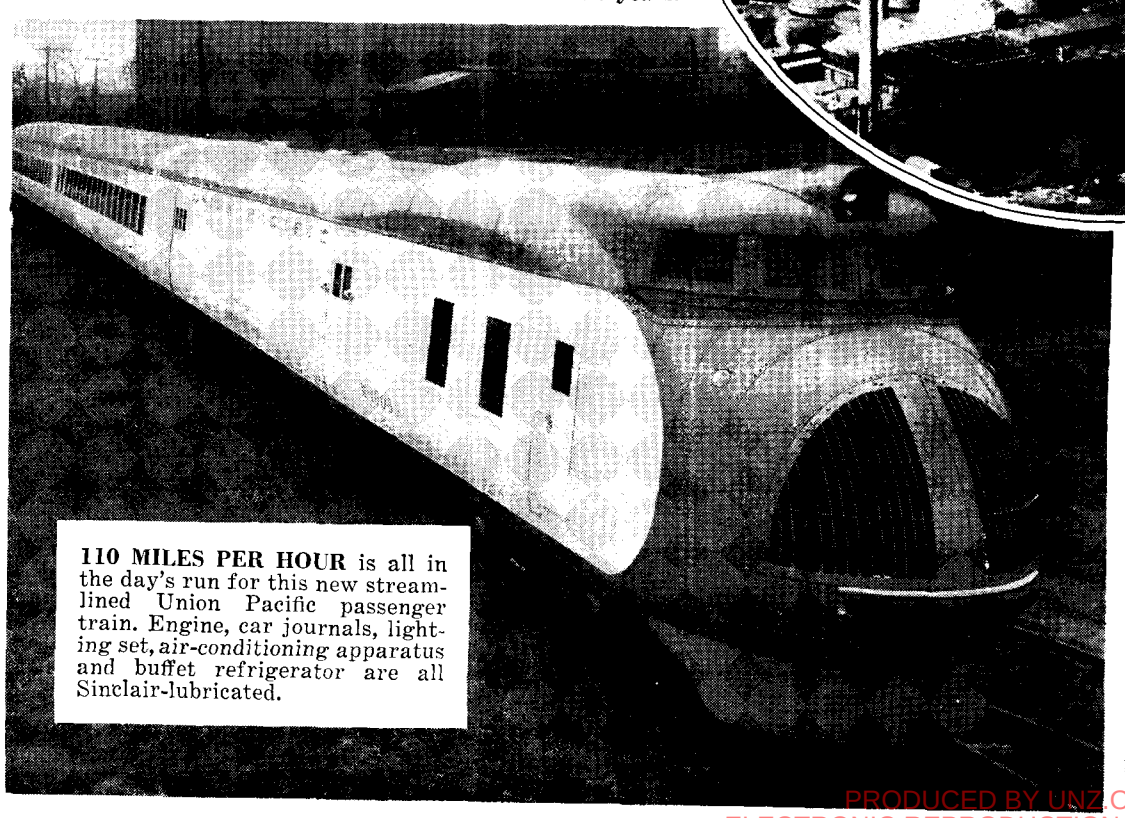


SINCLAIR SUPPLIES 1 OUT OF EVERY 9½ *gallons of lubricant used* in America. Here Sinclair tank cars are shown loading at one of the eight great Sinclair refineries. Crude oils are brought to Sinclair refineries both by tank car and by pipe line. The Sinclair pipe line system is the longest *pipe line system in the world.* It embraces 7,000 miles of trunk lines and an extensive gathering system with a capacity of 200,000 barrels of crude oil per day.

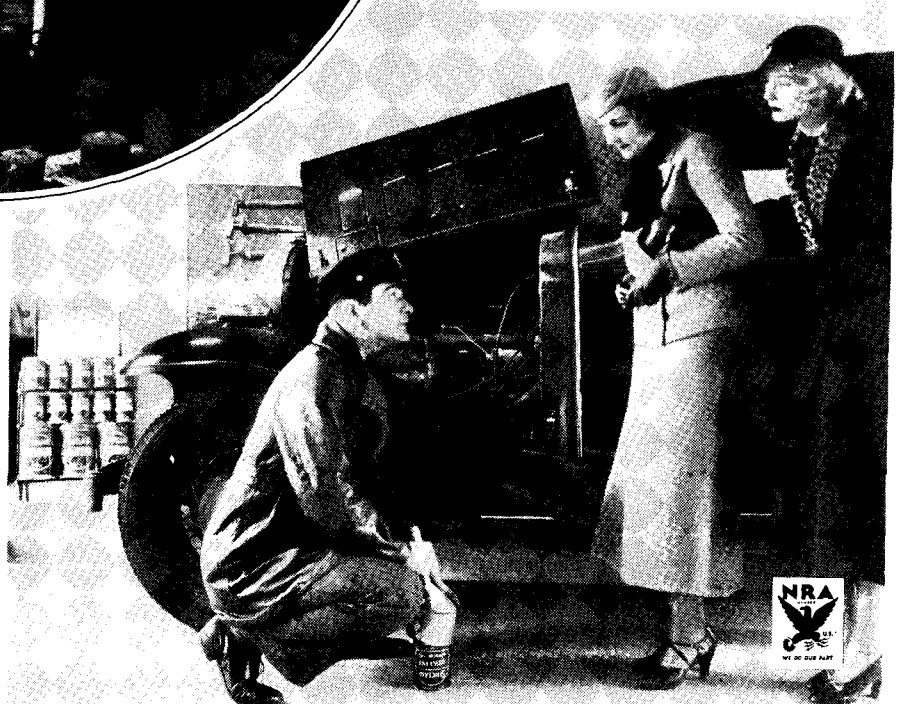
THE SINCLAIR DINOSAURS symbolize the vast age of the crude oils which are refined into Sinclair lubricants. Sinclair is almost the only refining company which has access to the oldest crudes in all three of the great producing areas of the United States.

PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST—and they don't bust. Mountain-climbing locomotives on the Manitou & Pike's Peak Railway have been Sinclair-lubricated for eleven years.

OIL BOOTLEGGERS FOILED. Sinclair motor oils are now dispensed from Tamper-Proof cans at no extra price. These cans are sealed at Sinclair refineries and opened before the motorist's eyes—an air-tight guarantee against substitution.



110 MILES PER HOUR is all in the day's run for this new streamlined Union Pacific passenger train. Engine, car journals, lighting set, *air-conditioning* apparatus and buffet refrigerator are all Sinclair-lubricated.



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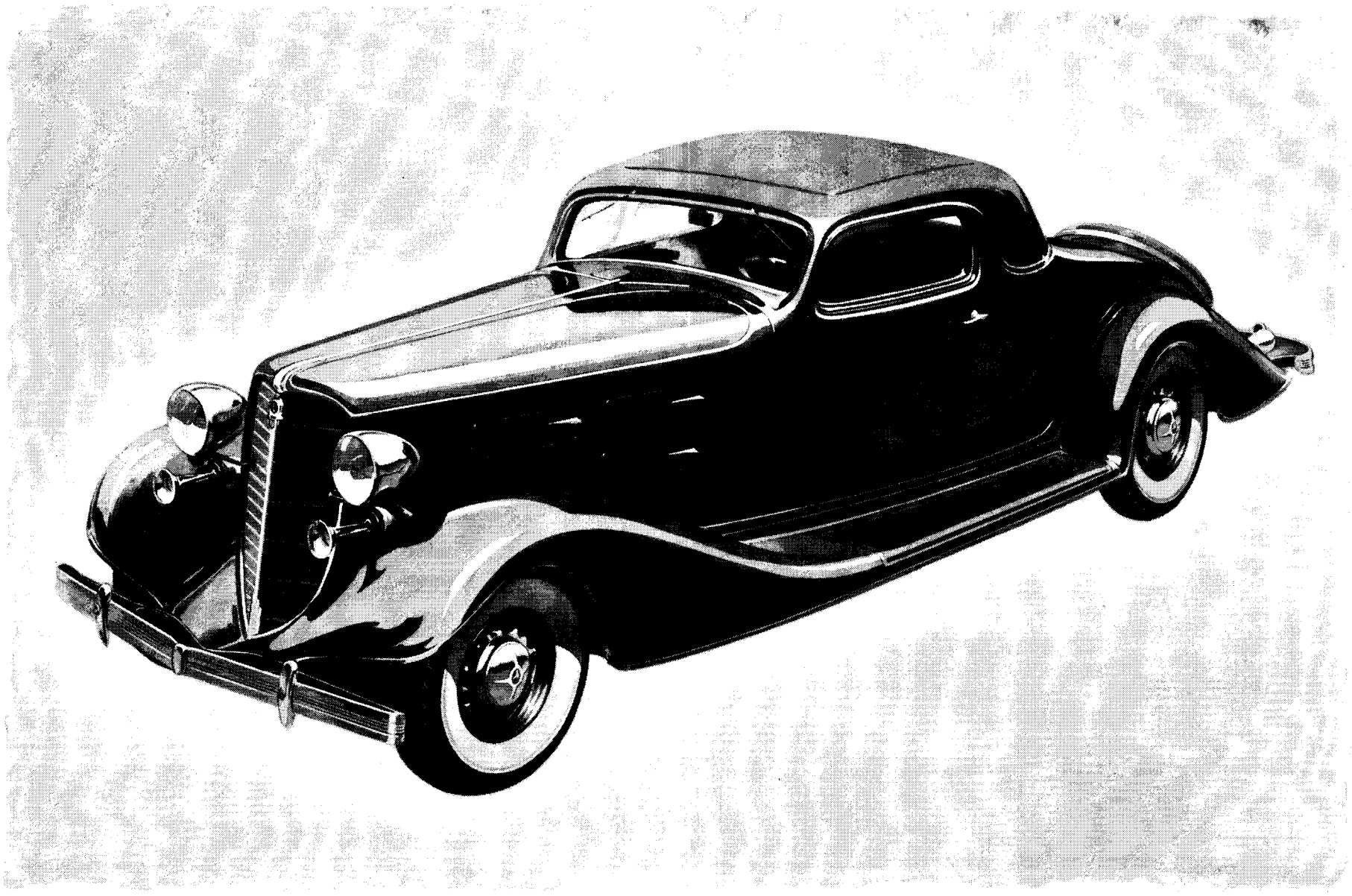
NASH OFFERS THE SMOOTH, LONG-LIFE SILENCE OF COSTLIER CARS IN THE NEW

"Jeweled Movement"

LAFAYETTE



Individually sprung front wheels are optional equipment on all models at a slight extra charge

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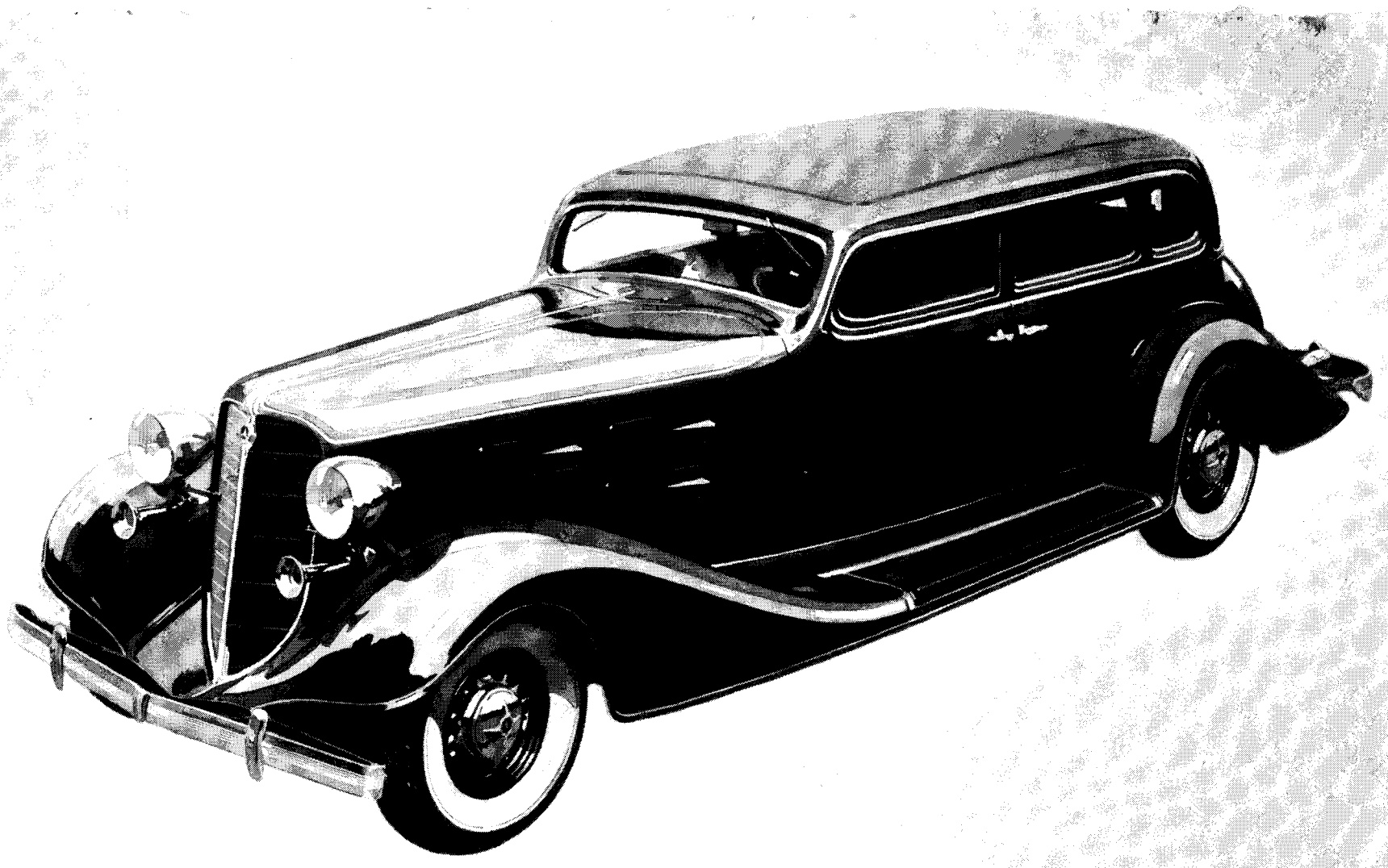

The sheer bigness and beauty of this remarkable new car are what impress most people at first. And, without question, the "jeweled movement" LaFayette is a *bigger* low-priced car—longer, heavier, roomier inside.

But more important still, in this new car created by Nash, are the things you cannot see at a glance. It is built with costly, proven construction features* never before put into a car in this price class.

Just as in more expensive cars, these special features in the new LaFayette work like jewels in a fine watch movement. They give it that long-life silence of body and engine, that lasting smoothness of power for which you pay extra in high-priced cars.

Every vital part of the new "jeweled movement" LaFayette has been tested and proved by Nash over a period of years. It can be offered at its surprisingly low price because this company knows how to build high-quality cars more economically.

See the new "jeweled movement" LaFayette at the showroom of your nearest Nash dealer. Notice its bigness, the rakish beauty of its Slipstream lines. Above all, get the full facts about its "jeweled movement". The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

**Costly LaFayette features new in the low-priced field:* Seven-bearing, extra-size crankshaft, fully counterbalanced; complete force-feed lubrication of engine with rifle-bored connecting rods; metered pressure-cooling of engine; Invar Struts in aluminum-alloy pistons; Nash precision machining—perfected in 18 years of building fine cars; automatic and thermostatic-control shock absorbers; steering road-shock eliminator; metal encased springs with lubricating inserts; worm and roller type steering gear; Seaman sound-proofed body.

NASH DEALERS EVERYWHERE ARE NOW DISPLAYING THE NEW LaFAYETTE. Five six-cylinder models: Five-passenger, Four-door Sedan, $695; Five-passenger Touring Sedan with trunk, $685; Two-passenger Coupe, $635; Four-passenger Coupe (rumble seat), $675; Five-passenger, Two-door Sedan, $645. All prices f. o. b. factory. Special equipment extra. . . . . NASH sixes and eights, four series: $775 to $2055 f. o. b. factory. Prices subject to change without notice

A BIGGER *Low-priced Car*

$635 TO $695

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GUARD THEIR FEET

FROM FUTURE PAINS

—watch out for lopsided heels!

INSIDE those shoes which run and leap and scramble all day long there are 26 delicate little bones that may cause untold suffering later on.

They're the bones of the foot—*and the largest and most important* is the heel bone.

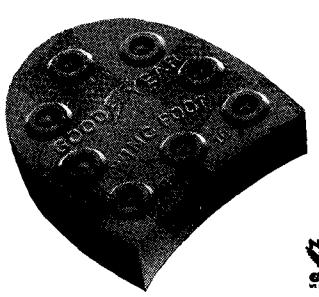
Don't let those active feet be twisted out of shape – don't let run-over, lopsided heels make every step a strain.

Growing boys and girls need the protection which tough, resilient Goodyear Wingfoot Heels can give them.

Because these heels keep their shape – wear off evenly – they keep the shoe and the foot straight with the world.

More people walk on Goodyear Wingfoot Heels than on any other kind – give *your* children this protection when they need it most.

GOODYEAR



WINGFOOT HEELS

keep shoes and feet straight

The Amateur's Profession

Continued from page 28

on as he had before he won that title.

Lionizing the successful amateur is the natural reaction of our enthusiastic American temperament, but often the lionizers are actuated by selfish motives. They glory in the reflected rays of the spotlight which is turned on the amateur and which hits them too if they can get close enough to the king.

If the amateur mentions something to the effect that his sport is taking up too much time and that he'd better start thinking of going to work, they offer him suggestions as to how he can exploit his newly won fame commercially without infringing upon the letter of the amateur code. The spirit of the code means nothing to these self-appointed counselors. So quite often the prominent tennis or golf player becomes little more than a mendicant panhandling a living with a golf club or a tennis racket held with the tin-cup grip.

During late years many amateurs, as I have said, have been finding it difficult to make a decent living out of their amateur sport. So they entered the professional ranks and their trials and tribulations have been many. Their morale is bad, for their counselors have impressed upon their consciousness the idea that the world owes them a living. Usually they need money desperately and this need makes them try too hard. Their game suffers and sometimes they wish miserably that they were back in the amateur ranks with their well-wishers, bodyguards and financial advisers.

I doubt if all of the American golf professionals took in more than forty thousand dollars in exhibition performance money last season; the greatest part of this went to Joe Kirkwood for trick shot exhibitions.

The winter tournament money this year in California and Florida was approximately sixty thousand dollars and there were plenty of good golfers after that. As closely as I can figure, the traveling expenses of professionals going to these tournaments were about eighty-five thousand dollars.

One Benefit of the Depression

Significant in any discussion of pseudo-amateurism is the comment made by George Von Elm when he turned "business-man golfer." Von Elm at that time said that he was giving up amateur golf because it cost him ten thousand dollars a year and he couldn't afford that.

The gay public merely commented: "Yeah? And where did you get that ten thousand dollars?"

Also significant as well as laughable was last season's tennis strike, when a group of amateur players refused to enter the Seabright Club tournament unless their expenses for the entire week were paid instead of expenses being paid merely as long as they were able to stay in as contenders. The boys were beginning to have an idea that the current amateur competition needed the frankness of professionalism to purify it.

The tennis boys and girls have been having a rather unhappy time of it lately. These amateurs are expected to sacrifice their schooling and early honest business experience to the paying galleries. When their intensive training and their undoubted sacrifices fail to produce startling victories, as was the case last year, these defeats are not regarded as merely part of the game as out-and-out professionals would consider them. Instead, defeat becomes the occasion for vicious criticism, fantastic alibis and killing despair.

Last year a well-meaning bodyguard offered to adopt one of the younger tennis stars. Notwithstanding the man's unquestionably earnest belief that the prodigy would be aided more by the opportunity to improve and exploit his amateur tennis ability than by assuming the responsibility of supporting his widowed mother in a more legitimate way, the case seems to me to be one which shows the unhealthy association of the bodyguard, the gold standard and amateur sport.

It is cheering to observe one benefit of the lamented depression. The wealthy clubman who once maintained a stable, a yacht and one or two amateur athletes as part of his entourage has, to some extent, disappeared. When that genial but unhealthy figure entirely disappears, then some frantic and half-frozen kid will be allowed to make a misplay on a gale-swept gridiron without being classed as an imbecile; a tournament tennis player will be permitted the inevitability of defeat without feeling compelled to offer medical testimony as an explanation; and a first-class golfer may miss a treacherous putt without hearing the locker-room echo with the stabbing murmur, "No guts." When the bodyguards disappear, the heavy gambling now associated with amateur sport will likewise go.

Betting—on Paper

Donald Ross of Pinehurst has perhaps had more to do with establishing golf as the most popular participating game in the United States than any one man. Certainly no one who knows this fine old Scotsman could name one with higher or finer principles of sportsmanship. Forty years ago when he came to this country he was given this advice by old Tom Morris of St. Andrews: "Do what ye can, Donald, to keep gambling out of golf and see that ye do all ye can to keep it a gentleman's game."

Golf has, I believe, been fortunate in staunchly preserving its status as a real game, for snobbishness and financial distinctions are happily infrequent among the real golfers. Still I am forced to admit that an alarmingly large percentage of low handicap amateur golfers consider their wagers on their games more as business propositions than sporting affairs.

When I came to this country I found to my surprise that quite substantial bets on games were customary. I happened to be proficient enough to collect on a goodly share of these bets but even a Scot can feel uneasy about fairly won money coming in. Outside of the bets Bobby Cruickshank and I made when we were amateurs in Scotland, I had never habitually bet on my golf. The bets that Bobby and I made with each other were like the income taxes of some millionaires—mostly matters of bookkeeping rather than affairs involving the actual circulation of any cash.

Women in Sport

As a professional I was not long in learning that betting was a bad thing which could very easily get out of hand. When I played with my club members I felt compelled to give them such generous handicaps that to break even or to win I would have had to shoot consistently in the sixties. Had I been unfair in granting handicaps or even been a frequent winner with the handicaps I did give, my club members would have been perfectly right in deciding that they were being victimized.

Women have been a very healthy influence in amateur sport and I don't say that because I'm looking for any feminine votes. Women athletes have, of course, been exploited by hotels and other organizations interested primarily in gate receipts, but such practices, when discovered, have met with so much vigorous criticism by alert sports writers that they have virtually disappeared.

As for the volunteer bodyguards, Miss Enid Wilson, British champion golfer, paid them off when she announced that she intended to retire after the United States Women's National championship this year. Said Miss Wilson: "I am not going to continue to assume frightful airs and graces because it is expected of me by persons to whom I owe no posturing, and I am not going to be annoyed any more with dreadful bores who attempt to attach themselves to anyone who happens to be above the average in sporting ability. Because I want to enjoy golf I am retiring from competitive sport."

When amateur athletics go entirely off the gold standard I believe we will go back to the days of the gentleman amateur. Snobbishness will be absent and sport will be divided into two classes of players—gentlemen amateurs and gentlemen professionals—with a clean-cut division that will allow each class to respect the other as well as itself.

"Hmmm—by Jove! I believe I will have one painted" *Jay Irving*

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Buddy Frazee of White Plains had the measles

...and the King's own band played for him

DRUMS ROLLED . . . cymbals crashed . . . and with the blare of resonant brass, came the music of a stirring march.

"This is Station GSF in Daventry, England," the announcer said. "And you are listening to the band of His Majesty's Grenadier Guards."

And Buddy Frazee, 3,000 miles away in White Plains, N. Y., forgot all about his measles as he listened, wide-eyed, to a new General Electric All-wave set.

Then and there, he developed a desire to roam all over the radio world. And he did . . . during the exciting days and nights that followed.

REMEMBER when you had your first ride in an automobile . . . when you saw your first motion picture?

That's the kind of a thrill you'll get out of these new G-E All-wave sets . . . as you listen to Rome, Madrid, Paris, London, Berlin and scores of foreign stations . . . as you hear grim calls to police cars, exciting aviation signals, amateurs talking across the continent.

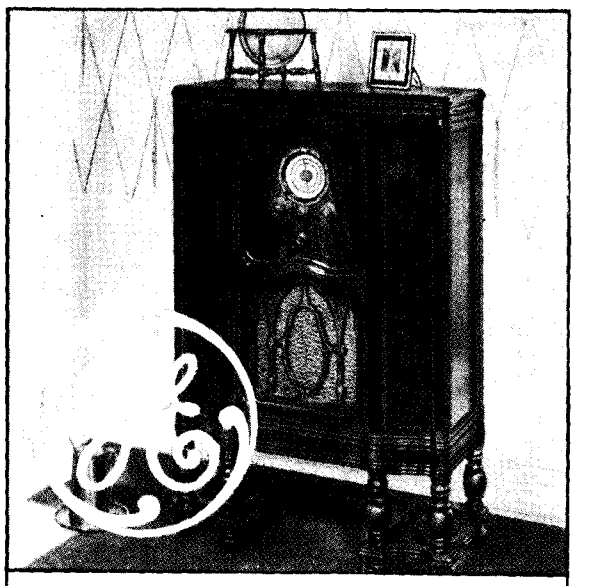
Weather conditions must be favorable for short-wave reception, of course, but when Nature is friendly, these dramatic sets make the whole wide world your radio playground . . . including your favorite American stations.

In brilliancy of tone . . . in delicate sensitivity . . . in all that makes radio highly enjoyable, they hold true to all General Electric traditions. They stress G-E achievement and leadership—carry, to new heights of excellence, the supremacy of all General Electric radio receivers—the sets that "won the tone-tests."

Write the General Electric Co., Section R-493, Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn.

- ★ Twenty-four brilliant new G-E Models.
- ★ All-wave, dual-wave and standard sets.
- ★ Table models, consoles, radio-phonograph combinations.
- ★ Priced from $24.95 to $375 . . . Prices slightly higher in the West, Mid-West and South. Subject to change without notice.

"Now is the time to buy"



MODEL K-85—The new G-E All-wave console. Early English design . . . finished in two-toned walnut. Priced at $128.75. Also available in a smartly styled and distinguished table model at $92.50.

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

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Easy, instant starting calls for a positive, hot and intense spark. No spark plugs have so sweepingly proved their ability to meet these, and all other modern ignition requirements, as Champion Patented Extra Range Spark Plugs. Wise motorists by the million specify Champions. Careful motorists install new ones every 10,000 miles for continued better performance and economy.

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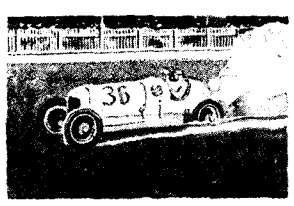
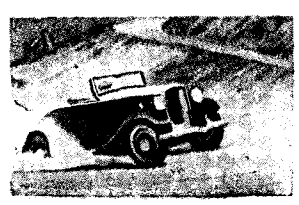
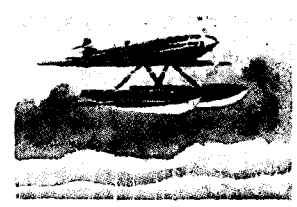


INDIANAPOLIS—*Louis Meyer made it ten straight victories for Champion at the last Indianapolis 500 mile race, setting a new all time track record.*

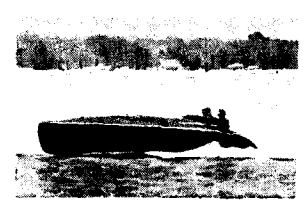


DENVER, COLO.— *A Champion equipped Hudson-built Terraplane driven by Al Miller, broke all stock car records for the Pike's Peak Hill Climb.*

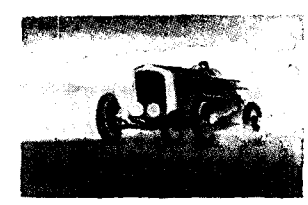
CEDAR LAKE, IND.— *Geo. Coleman established new all time speed record with Champion equipped outboard. Speed 61.75 miles per hour.*



DESENZANO, ITALY—*Francesco Agello broke world's aircraft speed record using Champions, at a speed of 426.5 M. P. H.—over seven miles per minute.*



WASHINGTON, D. C.— *George Reis' El Lagarto won President's Cup using Champions after also winning National Sweepstakes and Gold Cup.*



SALDURO, UTAH — *Ab Jenkins, driving Champion equipped semi-stock Pierce-Arrow, broke 66 speed records. 24 hour average 117.85 miles per hour.*

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The Bear's Head

Continued from page 13

"What land could it be," retorted Mord, "except Green Land, or perhaps an island?"

"It is not an island."

Ranulf nudged Mord and whispered. "Let be, the man is fey. He may have the gift of seeing what is to be."

The next day he remembered to give Kristi the presents from Fighting Mord, and the girl carried them off to her bower, to lay them on her knee and run her fingers over the fine texture. After a while she fetched a small keg of water from the lake and washed herself from head to foot, and put on the new garments reverently. The shoes were a little big, and after she had studied herself in the bronze mirror she got out her comb and combed smooth her unruly hair, plaiting it into two long tresses after the manner of the great ladies she had seen. Then she walked slowly through the camp.

ALL the sea men and the Vikings stared admiringly, but Kristi kept on until she found Brand. Then, when he said nothing, she felt her cheeks grow hot with a rush of blood.

"Don't—don't you think they are pretty?"

His eyes smiled at her. "The garments are pretty, little Kristi. But you are no lovelier by reason of them."

She felt hurt, and turned away from him, running back to her bower, apart from the camp. Hastily she took off the new things and put on her old dress. She was undoing her hair when a shadow fell over her and Brand came and sat by her. In his two closed hands he held something.

"This," he said, "is an ornament that was worn once by a princess in Constantinople. She was lovely as the starlit night, but you are like the dawn in the sky. Now take it."

He showed her what was in his hands—a slender necklet of linked gold in which were set square stones that gleamed with blue fire. Pushing back the mass of her hair, he placed it about her bare throat and snapped the clasp. Then he looked long at the flushed girl.

"But this is a—treasure," she whispered. "Why did you put it upon me?"

"Because," he said, and stopped, hearing the tread of feet near by, "because you are fairer than the sapphires that were chosen among the jewels of an empire, and the beaten gold of the master smiths loses its luster upon your breast, Kristi. It is yours, because the body of me aches by reason of your beauty." And he bent over to kiss her opened hand that trembled when he touched it.

Then he stood up to face Mord and Ranulf, who had followed him to the bower. "All this," he said, "cannot be helped. What have you to say?"

His face black with rage, Fighting Mord leaned down and clutched at the necklet on the girl's throat. But the clasp held, and the girl bit her lip to hold back an exclamation of pain. Before the Viking could wrench it away, he felt the touch of Brand's hand on his shoulder and turned.

"Now," he said between set teeth, "I will cut the life out of thee for coming in my way."

Brand took up the great axe that he had leaned against the girl's bower and he walked beside Fighting Mord out to some clear ground beyond sight of the camp. Then he stood still, leaning on his double axe head, looking at Mord's Vikings who had wind of the quarrel and had come up to see the weapon-play. "Ho," he said, "the ravens gather to the man-slaying." He walked to the nearest tree, an old oak. Swinging up his great axe, he whirled it around his head with one hand until the steel whined in the air. Then he struck it deep into the tree trunk. "Pull it away if you can, little men," he told the stalwart Vikings.

"Hark you to this," he said to Fighting Mord. "I am a Berserk, of Berserker blood."

And Fighting Mord growled deep in his throat, gripping his iron sword hilt. For the Berserks were wild fighters. Before a battle they cast off their clothing except for the bearskins, and they went into the weapon-play as other men to a feast. Aye, they wooed the kiss of the Valkyrie maidens and they fed the wolf packs with blood. They did not stop until they were slain.

"Berserk, or common man," he snarled, "it is all one to me."

"In a day of the past," chanted Brand, his eyes glowing, "I followed the war bands from sea to sea in the long ships. One comrade lived to join the guard of the Emperor with me. At this time we both drank deep of wine and we looked about us for fighting. One night in the taverns we quarreled when we were out of our minds and we took to the swords. I cut his skull open and slew this one ship's mate of mine. Then I took oath that never would I bear sword again and never would I lift weapon in brawl or quarrel. I took what I had of gold and gear and I wandered from land to land to find that one wherein I would be at peace. Now I think we have come to a new land unknown to our gods."

He looked at the high forest ruddy with autumn's gold. "This is not like other lands, and I have a fear and a foreboding. Thou or I must safeguard this maiden. If we take to the weapons we may both find our deaths, or you alone. Now it has come to this between us, that neither can abide by the other in the same place. So I will take food and a pot and fire in it. I will go off alone and seek for other men, or some sign of what this land hath in store for us. But you will not lay hand upon Kristi, or I will come to know of it." He turned on his heel and went to the oak. There the other Vikings had been trying, one after the other, to free the axe. With a crooked grin Brand watched until the last wrestled with it, the veins standing out on the man's bare arms. When he had done and the axe was still fast in the tree, Brand walked up to it. Clasping both hands on the end of the shaft, he thrust up quickly and then pulled down. The steel squeaked shrill in the wood, and the axe came away in his hands.

GOING back to the camp, Brand filled a sack with salt and meal. He put embers from the fire into a small iron pot and covered them with moss and dried wood. Then he rolled the sack with his bearskin into his leather sleeping bag, took the axe on his shoulder, the pot on his arm.

"Why do you go, Brand?" Kristi asked him. The men had told her he was faring away into the forest.

He smiled down at her. "To look for a star to set in your hair, little Kristi."

Again she was angry with him, but now she felt an ache in her heart. "Will you be coming back, Brand?"

"If you will be wanting me."

He strode off into the forest then, and Sir Ranulf said after supper that surely the red giant was fey. "It is clearly to be known from his talk of stars and an unknown land where the gods have not set foot."

But the next day a serf came in to the lake shore with wine berries that he had plucked from vines in a clearing. Sir Ranulf knew that wine berries did not grow in Ice Land or Green Land.

They talked much of those wine berries. Kristi gathered many and crushed them, to make a sweet, strong drink of the juice, and the men said that while it was not like beer, it was well enough. Then Fighting Mord proposed to Sir Ranulf that he and his Vikings take the ship back to the sea and cruise south along the coast, to seek a settlement before the first great storm of the winter closed the sea to them.

When he had gone, Kristi felt more at peace. Her brother told her how Mord had said he would make an offer for her when they reached a settlement. It excited her that a man of mark should have made such a proposal; at the same time she was frightened.

She liked to wander alone in the forest, while Ranulf's seamen and serfs built a long house out of hewn logs and turf against the need of winter. The forest had clad itself in a rich mantle of fallen leaves except where the somber pine trees stood. Kristi saw many deer flitting away, but no reindeer. She watched the two cows and the sheep feeding in the last of the wild wheat, and she helped the younger men bring in grain and ferns for winter feed. She thought that this was a kindly land, although silent.

THEN Fighting Mord came back with the ship. He had found no settlement or sign of living men. Yet once he had seen smoke in a clear sky and the ship had passed along wide white beaches of sand. Reluctantly he and Ranulf agreed that this could not be the coast of Green Land.

It disturbed them because they both felt near them the presence of other living beings. How else had the wild grain and the wine berries come there? And in the forest, along the animal trails, they had come upon pointed tracks shaped like human feet, yet different from the imprint of good Norse feet. And soon the presence made itself known beyond doubt.

After the first hard frost and a light fall of snow, one of the sheep disappeared. It vanished whole from the grazing flock without trace of blood, so a wolf could not have taken it off. Ranulf set an armed guard over the animals. In spite of this another sheep vanished. And one of the seamen who had gone into the forest to search for it did not come back.

That night a good ash plank disappeared from the very door of the house. It was then that the great snow came. For three days it raged around them with a fury that amazed the Norsemen.

The men believed that Brand had worked their misfortune. The Berserk, they whispered, had laid a spell of magic upon the ship and all in it. He had led them to this country beyond the known world; he had gone off to make sacrifice to his strange gods. He alone had been able to pull out the axe that was fastened by magic in the trunk of the oak tree. And who but Brand would have use for a common ash plank?

"This much is true," assented Ranulf moodily. "While Brand abode with us fortune favored us, and since he went away these unknown gods have shown their enmity. Now it is to be seen what sacrifice they will require of us."

The snow ceased on the third day, and in the morning of the fourth day

(Continued on page 36)

CONNECTICUT GIRL PRAISES TOBACCO HER BOSS SMOKES

Says his brand is only tobacco she ever enjoyed being in room with

The aroma of good tobacco is extremely pleasant. If you have any doubt of it, read what Miss Agnes Collins writes about her experience:

612 Capitol Ave.,
Hartford, Conn.
March 30, 1933

The Corn Cob Pipe Club,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

Your radio program has such pep, spontaneity, and originality that I wouldn't miss it, and eagerly await 10 o'clock every Wednesday night. The spirit of friendliness and the come-on-down-and-see-us feeling that it gives us is most refreshing; the honest-to-goodness jolly time that everyone seems to be having certainly makes us feel good. The variety of talent is remarkable, and keeps us on edge wondering what species of entertainer will step up to the "mike" next. The unique methods you employ to bring in the reference to Edgeworth are something to wonder at.

Being a woman I am not a pipe smoker, but I have been sorely tempted to take it up whenever I smell Edgeworth. I have had the pleasure of working for a man who always smokes Edgeworth. The first time I smelled it, I asked him what kind of tobacco he used, because I was never friendly toward tobacco smoke. He said "The best in the world—Edgeworth!" And I said right back, "It sure is! It is the only tobacco I have ever enjoyed being in the room with."

The aroma is different—one might almost say alluring—and so very, very pleasant. A man seems to represent the height of contentedness as he sits at his work, or reading, among the fumes of Edgeworth.

Here's to its continued favor.

Very truly yours,
(Miss) Agnes M. Collins

Does your boss smoke pleasant-smelling tobacco?

The "Corn Cob Pipe Club" to which Miss Collins addressed her letter is the radio program offered by Edgeworth for the entertainment of its friends. You can hear it over the WEAF coast to coast network of the National Broadcasting Company at ten o'clock every Wednesday evening.

Will you give Edgeworth a trial? Experience for yourself this flavor, aroma, mildness. If you like Edgeworth, you will probably like it very much. If you do not like it, the experiment will cost you only a few cents. The Edgeworth pocket package for 15¢ is sold everywhere. Just say "Edgeworth" to your tobacco dealer. He has other sizes up to the pound humidor tin. Some of these Edgeworth sizes are vacuum packed. In these air-tight tins the tobacco remains in perfect condition in any climate.

Contented with his pipe and Edgeworth

Edgeworth is made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., Tobacconists since 1877, Richmond, Va.

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Every one has cause to fear exposure

but more than most, people with low resistance!

These raw, wet days, most people are careful about wearing their rubbers and bundling up warm. They dread the after-effects of exposure. They know how difficult it often is, at this season, to stay well.

But how many make the mistake of stopping with *outward* precautions? How many fail to realize that their own physical condition also helps to determine whether exposure will affect them?

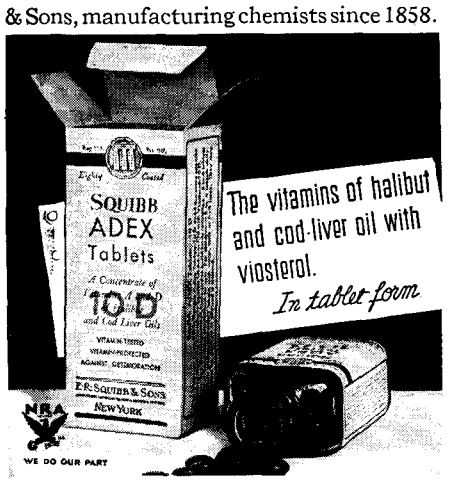
Very often they neglect the *inner* defense which is so important at this season. They ignore the hazard of *low resistance!*

If *you* lack good general resistance, begin now to build yourself up! There's an easy way to do this. With the help of *Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D!*

Squibb Adex tablets provide an abundance of the important, resistance-building factor, Vitamin A—1500 units with every tablet. They also give you in abundance the benefits of sunshine Vitamin D.

Prepared from *three* of the richest sources of these factors, halibut- and cod-liver oil and Viosterol, they differ from any other concentrate.

Take them regularly *every day*. Now at any reliable drug store. Insist on Squibb Adex! Made exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.



The Bear's Head

Continued from page 35

Ranulf understood how great the sacrifice would be.

During the storm Brand had worked in his bark hut, deep in a grove of giant pines near a height from which he could watch—on fair days—the distant lake with its camp. He worked by firelight, while the wind roared through the pines and fine snow drifted through the smoke hole. With his axe and knife he cut a small ash board into two lengths, pointed at one end, square at the other. He thinned these lengths of seasoned wood—each about as broad as his hand—rounded the edges, and made notches in the center to pass straps around. From time to time he stopped to cook venison steak or to bake meal cakes, or to sleep.

But it took him a long time to finish the lengths of wood, to polish them and grease them with fat so they would slide easily over the snow. It was noon of the fourth day before he was able to tie the skis to his feet and venture out into the forest, upon the deep covering of virgin snow. His skis, pressing down the soft surface, slid along bearing his weight easily and he was satisfied with them.

He crossed deer tracks and then he came to a broad trail that set the hair stirring on his scalp.

It was made by scores of feet. But these feet were as broad and as long as Brand's forearm; they left the criss-cross mark of webbing in the snow. And they went toward the camp of the Norsemen. Brand sped along the packed trail, running where it was level, and shooting down the slope to the lake.

HE CAME thus into the camp, and the first thing he saw was Ranulf and the seamen gathered about the body of Fighting Mord. The leader of the Vikings had arrows fast in his chest and another through his throat.

"Well," quoth Brand, "he did not belie his name." He caught Ranulf by the arm. "Where is Kristi?"

All the seamen were silent. They looked frightened as if they had seen spirits rise up out of the earth. Only Ranulf was able to relate what had befallen—how, after Kristi had gone out of the house before sunrise to look to the animals, a clamor as of human wolves had broken out. Running from the house he had seen in the faint light Fighting Mord struggling with strange shapes of men who yelped like fiends. These men had inhuman faces—white bones without flesh. They had long hair bristling with feathers, and they had wounded several of his companions before they had raced away on their round snowshoes. And they had borne Kristi away with them.

"Bring me an iron-ring shirt," Brand growled. "Bring me a horned helmet."

He slipped the mail shirt on beneath his cloak. It had pieces that came down over the thighs. He put the bright helmet with its two projecting horns on his red head. He wrapped the bearskin about his shoulders and took up his axe again.

"Nay," cried Ranulf, "do not follow. Thor himself could not get Kristi from the hands of the fiends in the forest. Do not give them another life."

The Vikings muttered assent. True, they had no snow skates such as Brand had made for himself and they could make no journey through the deep snow; but not one of them would willingly have faced again the warriors of this unknown land.

"I will follow," said Brand. "Do ye bide here, little men."

He said it over his shoulder. Already, thrusting himself off with the staff of his great axe, he was sliding out toward the forest on the trail left by the war-band.

When the sun was down to the tree tops he came to the end of the trail. First he heard the barking of dogs; then he saw a great cluster of huts with smoke rising from a fire in the midst of them, in a clear place.

The Berserk stopped to tighten his belt and to clean the snow from each of his skis. When he struck the axe shaft upon the ground, it jarred against a stone and the steel blade sang shrill.

"Aye," said Brand, "thou singest loud, for soon there will be smiting of weapons and the ravens and wolves will be fed by thee."

So saying he went forward, gliding fast. Scores of dark men came before the huts to look at him. They had bows and painted shields; white marks were painted on their faces so that they appeared to be bones. They were tall men, and they yelled with rage as their first arrows flew.

Some of the arrows struck against Brand's iron-ring shirt and bounced back, and the savages yelled in dread. They gave back when the giant Berserk swung his axe. But several arrows caught in the white bearskin and one slashed Brand's thigh.

At sight of the flowing blood the savages began to leap about him boldly. They surrounded him, throwing stone axes, and dodging the sweep of the axe. Brand could not move swiftly because of his skis, and they were too fearful to come to grips with him as he pressed forward among the huts.

"Ho, Kristi!" he shouted.

And the girl's cry answered him. Brand turned toward it, when a net of woven vines was flung at him, falling over his head. He tore it, and lifted it off. But a dozen savages flung themselves upon him, gripping the axe fast. Brand swayed under their weight, while their clubs knocked the helmet from his head. He struck out with his fists, until more of them piled upon him, when he fell under the weight of bodies.

Then the savages yelled exultantly. They pulled the cloak and the iron shirt from his bare trunk. They cut the skis from his feet, and women ran from the huts to stare at him. They bound his wrists with withes in front of him and led him to the fire, dancing about him.

BRAND was bewildered by their nimbleness. He saw Kristi led out into the front of the crowd that gathered in a circle about him. The girl was pale; still, she did not weep.

"Now that was poor sport, Kristi," he said moodily, "and I have done nothing for you."

Three tall savages wrapped in deer-skin robes came and stood before him with folded arms. They had eagle feathers in their hair. They looked boldly into his face, while the circle pressed inward. Then a warrior who had been at the fire came up to Brand and thrust a pointed chip of wood into the side of his chest. It was as long as a finger and the outer end of it was smoking and burning.

"Now, little Kristi," Brand said, "they have pricked me with a splinter."

Another piece of wood was thrust into his other side, and the fire began to bite at his flesh. Anger smoldered in him, and he flung up his red head to chant the song of his kind—the song of shields clashing upon the long ships, and steel smiting, and the cries of the kites and wolves that fed upon the bodies of the slain, who had been caught up by the winged battle maidens, speeding aloft to Valhalla's hall.

So he sang, and the chieftains of the savages grunted in admiration. But tears came into Kristi's eyes, so that she covered her head with her cloak. Because of the pain in his sides and the sight of her tears Brand's anger grew great. Still he sang on, because it was not time to end his death song yet. And suddenly one of the chiefs gave a shout and drew a knife. He stepped behind Brand and cut through the flesh between two of his ribs.

Brand's song ceased. The anger that was in him suddenly filled his brain. The snow and the yelling crowd became red before his eyes, and with the strength of frenzy, he jerked his bound wrists against his uplifted knee.

Some of the withes cracked and slipped. With his shoulder sinews cracking, the Berserk tore his hands free from the bonds. He leaped forward through the air, knocking the savages aside. And before they could grasp him well he had caught up his axe where it lay unheeded on the ground.

Leaping away from them, he swung it about his head and the steel whined. The curved blade crashed into the face of a man, shearing away part of the skull. It split open the skull of another.

WHEN they scrambled away from him, Brand sprang back to the fire. The fit of the Berserk was upon him, and he did not think or plan any more. He saw only the red mist before him and the darting bodies of his foes. Snatching from the fire a small log burning at one end, he ran at them, the blazing log and the bloodied axe making circles among them. His great arms heaved and slashed.

They could not use their bows in that press and it must have seemed to them that the Berserk was a god dealing out destruction. They ran from him, through the huts, and he leaped after them. He broke the spine of a chief with a blow, and after that fear came upon them and they fled from the village, far into the forest. But they left behind the captive girl to appease this death-dealing god.

Under a red sunset, Brand stood leaning upon his axe, panting, the steam rising from his wounded body. But when Kristi came up to him, weeping and wiping at his hurts with a coil of her long hair, the red mist faded from before his eyes, and he grinned his crooked grin.

"Now that," he said, "was but poor weapon-play, yet much good came of it."

"It is my doing, Brand," she said mournfully, "that thou art hurt. Because in my heart I prayed all this day thou wouldst come to find me."

He cleaned his hand and wiped the tears from her cheeks. "And I have found thee in such a way," he answered softly, "that nothing shall ever come between us again."

Kristi turned away so that he should not see her face; still she said nothing against it. With strips from her smock she bound fast the cut on his back, while he tied on his skis again with new thongs, and picked up his bearskin.

He lifted his axe to one shoulder, and he lifted the girl to the other. He set his foot forward and began to glide back along the trail through the twilight.

Over the treetops a star gleamed in the cold sky. Kristi looked at it and spoke suddenly: "If I asked for a star to put in my hair, could you get it for me?"

"Certainly," said Brand.

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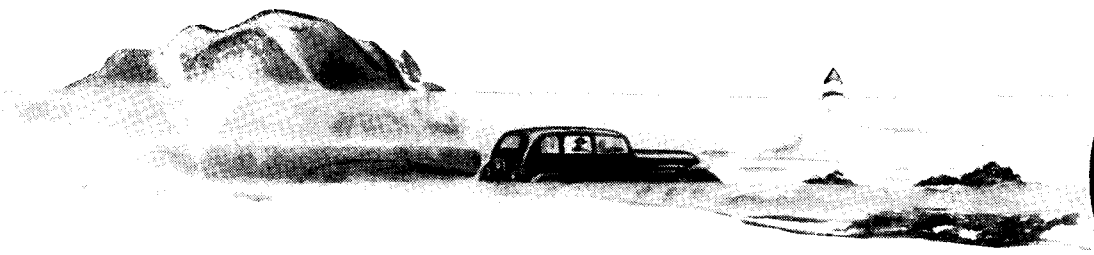

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Rough Air

Continued from page 21

"Why not?"

"Lot of angles behind that Trent lusher."

"Who took the picture?"

"I'll call you back in ten minutes."

Breed hung up and sat still. "I could break that man's neck, Sunshine. It would be an easy way out. But not in Hollywood. In Hollywood, kid, you've got to grin and take it."

Sunshine's mind always moved in a straight line. "Well, what now?"

"Get the negative of the picture."

"A large order," drawled Sunshine.

"How would that look in print? Anne coming out of Trent's cabin." The phone was ringing. Gaynor was on the wire again.

"A couple of private detectives might be worth looking at. 213 Joint Street. This is their dish."

"You sure?"

"What am I in this business for?" countered Gaynor. "Now look. I can square some things—and some I can't. Remember that when you start out."

Breed pushed the phone aside. Sunshine said "Drink?" indolently, and his glance followed Breed around the room. He was like Sam Wein; he knew Breed's temper but he was never certain where it might lead. Breed pulled out a desk drawer and took up a flat .32 automatic, slipping it into a back pocket. Sunshine rose then and got his hat.

They went down to the street and drove off. Breed settled low in his seat and put the car swiftly through the thin night traffic. Somewhere along the ride he broke out of his thinking long enough to speak as bitterly as Sunshine ever had heard him:

"She was trying to be a good scout, swapping punch for punch with this mob, because she wanted to play it the way I did. It's my fault, kid."

They passed the downtown district and cruised into a dingier part of the city, between out-moded business buildings whose tenantry was sparse and doubtful. Breed pulled into the curb before a homely four-story structure and got out. Inside a barren lobby he stopped to read the directory board. "Signet Investigation Agency," pointed out Sunshine.

THEY walked up two flights of worn marble stairs. At the end of the hall they saw the Signet Agency's doorway, with a yellow glow staining an opaque glass panel. Sunshine grinned, and he said, spuriously lazy:

"We're probably running into a couple of hard cookies, guy."

Breed indicated a second door ten feet down the hall from the first one; light showed through it also. "A way they might duck out," he observed. "Bear it in mind." He paused in front of the first door and gently tried the knob. He stared a moment at Sunshine, and knocked. A chair scraped the floor inside. Somebody walked forward, and afterwards the door came open and a man in a serge suit looked stolidly at them from eyes that observed without believing.

"We want to see you," Breed said, gently, and pushed through. Sunshine held his place with a show of indifference. He turned and rested his shoulders against the door frame and thus kept his view of the hall. The man in the serge suit watched him do this, then pulled his head around toward Breed. He turned and walked on until he stood behind a desk.

"I understand you do private work," said Breed. "Watch people."

"We report individual activities," amended the man in the serge suit. He sat down—and got up quickly and rested his hands on the table.

"Suppose we wanted somebody followed?" asked Breed.

"Sure."

"Could you get a picture of somebody at a certain place?"

"Yeah," the man said slowly.

"Fine," applauded Breed. "What we want right now is a picture you've already got. The one you took tonight up at Barry Trent's cabin."

"I thought so. You looked phony when I opened the door. Scram, mister."

"You don't get it yet," stated Breed.

"I guess I do," said the man. "It's been tried before. Anyhow, who told you we took any picture?"

Breed looked past the fellow to a filing case. "I guess," he declared, "we start there. How would you like to have all your private junk piled in the middle of the floor and burned?"

The man shifted his stubby body a little and had another long look at Breed, at Sunshine. "We ain't got it here. We wouldn't keep nothin' like that where anybody could get it."

"Where is it?"

"At a film shop."

"Give me the check slip and I'll save you the trouble of picking it up."

"Tell me something funnier," said the man. His round, wooden face got a little red.

"You're still mistaken," murmured Breed. A door somewhere clicked and Sunshine moved away from his position, disappearing. The man at the desk let one arm drop below the desk's surface but Breed's voice hit him like the flat of a hand: "Quit that." The man turned stiff in his tracks. There was a sharp scuffle in the hall and a sudden grunt and afterwards Sunshine shoved a bulky fellow, also in a serge suit, through the doorway. Sunshine had him clamped from behind in an old-fashioned bum's rush grip. Sunshine's grin broadened. He let go with one hand and slid it into one of the fellow's side coat pockets, and pulled out a damp envelope. He released the man and tore the envelope away from its contents, a negative and two prints. He held the negative up to the light.

"I guess we've got what we want, Jim. He was sliding out of that other door."

"Look at his other pockets. These boys have a lot of little ways."

The fellow discovered by Sunshine pulled away, and then Sunshine said, softly: "You don't like this?"

THE other stared at his partner, at Breed, and finally at Sunshine. He shrugged his shoulders. "Go ahead," he grumbled. Sunshine closed in and frisked him methodically, finding nothing. Breed nodded at the adjoining room. "Better look there, too."

Sunshine went down the hall, leaving Breed to watch the two detectives so glumly scowling at him. "Who paid you to take the picture?"

"Nobody," said the one behind the desk.

"I could find that out, too," Breed retorted.

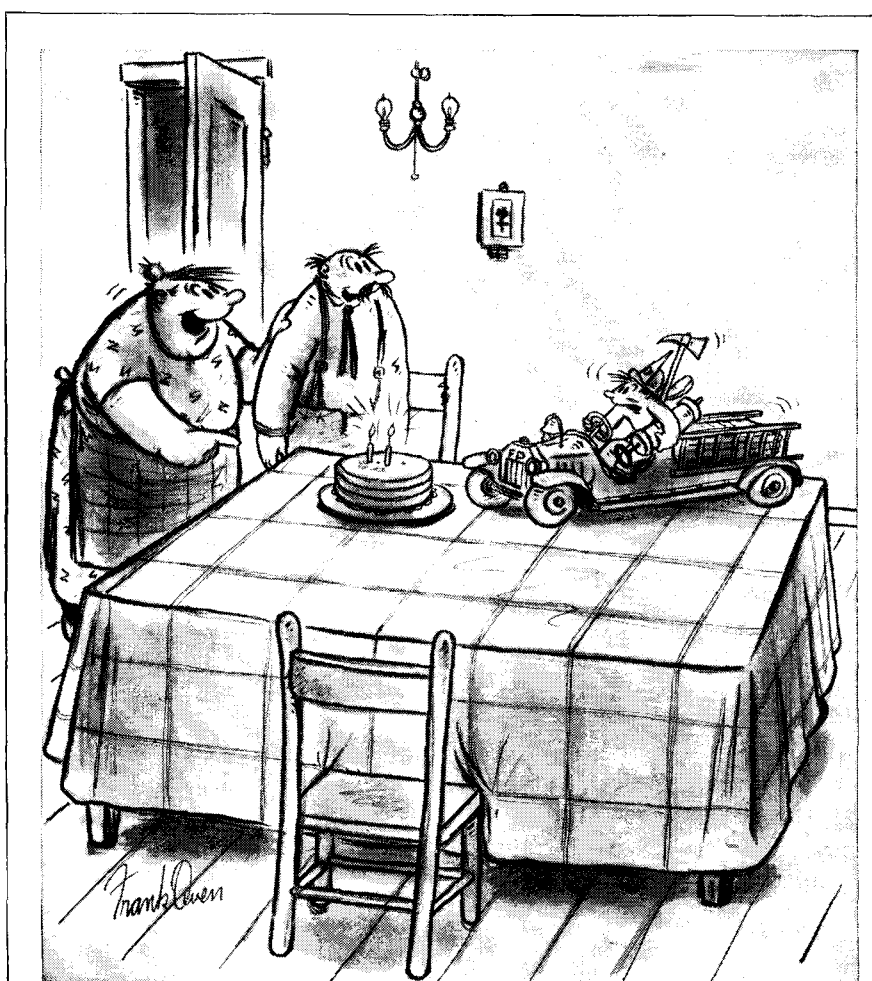
"You found enough for one night, mister."

Sunshine came back. "I think that's all of it," he reported.

"Burn what you've got," said Breed. "Right here. I want you boys to see we're not making any profit out of this deal."

Sunshine lighted a match, touched it to the negative. He dropped the negative when it caught fire and laid the two damp prints on top of the fire. All

(Continued on page 40*)*



"All right—put your birthday candles out your own way!"

Frank Owen

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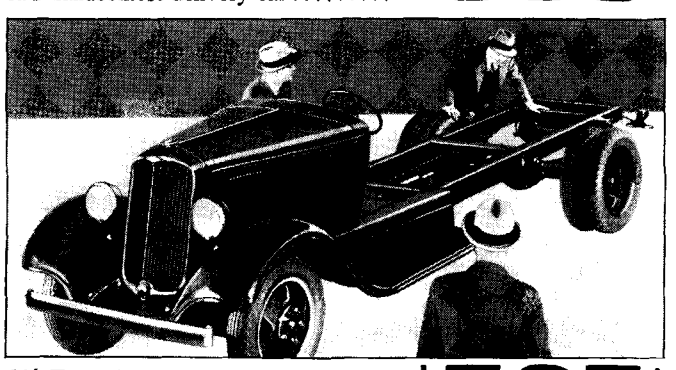

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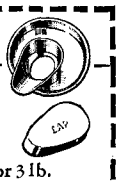

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Rough Air

Continued from page 38

four stood without talk, watching the pictures turn to gray ash. Sunshine put his foot down and ground the remnants to powder.

Breed looked at the detective. "Any remarks?"

"Not now," said one. "But you'll hear from us, mister."

Sunshine stared thoughtfully at this man. "I wouldn't be surprised."

"You'll hear from us," the other repeated, full of dull, laconic anger.

Breed said, "Keep this door closed five minutes," and backed out of it, with Sunshine. He shut it and they went down the hall and the stairs, and got to the car.

"Those babies mean that," Sunshine remarked. He kept his eyes on the building doorway until the car had rounded the block. Thereafter nothing was said until they were back in Breed's apartment. Breed brought out the whisky and they drank, but Sunshine was restless; he walked around the room. "We've left a loose end, guy, and it may trip us later."

"What loose end?"

"Two tough, crooked mugs with a yen to get even."

Breed shrugged his shoulders. He was indifferent to it. He sat loose and heavy in a chair. "It's pretty clear—I stepped into her life and messed it up. You warned me. Well, it's all done now."

Sunshine went oddly alert. "What's that?"

"Anne's had enough. We're through. So I'm just another flying bum, back where I belong."

Sunshine moved one hand. "I'm sorry, kid."

"One more washout," muttered Breed.

He scowled at the picture he had of himself. "The world's worst sucker. I thought I knew this crowd. Well, you can drink with them and play around with them, but you're still outside. I wasn't built to think the way they think. I don't understand them." He lifted his head. "Castaine's putting on a party tomorrow to celebrate finishing the picture. We'll be there, kid. Then we're pulling out."

"What?"

"Stunt stuff's played out. Our game's all over. It's the end of a nice pipe dream—easy money and easy times."

"I know. I've seen it coming. So what?"

"Transport work," Breed said, indifferently.

SUNSHINE made a gesture of disagreement. "You wouldn't stick with it, guy. Not after being at the top of the heap." He went on circling the room, his cold and half-handsome face unhappy. "I been looking ahead to this. Look. We've got an offer any time we want to take it. Both of us."

"Selling something, I suppose. I won't coast on my reputation, Sunshine."

"South America—flying mail across the Andes. Nothing tame about that, kid. Not a minute of it. Hell, we can turn back the clock seventeen years and start from the beginning."

Breed put his head down; he touched his blunt finger tips together and rocked them gently. A street car banged across the intersection and passed on, and the late silence returned. Breed turned his palms upward. "I'll let you know tomorrow."

"I'd hate to go alone," Sunshine said. "We've stuck together a long while."

"Nothing lasts. I'll tell you tomorrow."

"See you at the field then."

Sunshine left the building. But he didn't go to his parked machine. He crossed the street to a drug store and went into the telephone booth. He found a nickel and laid it on the narrow shelf, not immediately lifting the hook. What he proposed to do, he realized, was in a way cruel to Jim Breed. And yet cruelty was sometimes kindness in the long run—sometimes it was the sort of thing that cut deeply and brutally into unhealed wounds and dug out the infection. He was no philosopher and he couldn't be sure; all he knew was the sad and embittered memories of his own life, which would be with him as long as he breathed, and came of letting loose ends lie behind.

He put the nickel in the slot and dialed Ted Ricks, who was Carol Castaine's publicity man.

"SHE'S pretty," admitted Sunshine grudgingly, and looked at the test job between narrowed lids, not quite pleased with the ship. Neither Harnza nor Rumsen said anything. Nor did Breed as he smoked the last of his cigarette. A hot sun burned against the heavy flying suit and against his bare head, and sweat started along his cheeks; but he would be cold enough on the twenty-thousand-foot level. The plane lay inert before them, its predatory nose tilted at the horizon. There was no question but that it was a stirring thing to see; but the time had come now to find out if it would fly.

Sunshine put a hand in his pocket and jingled the silver change he had. "Pretty," he murmured again, without conviction.

Breed made a rotary motion of his finger at the mechanic up in the cockpit. The inertia starter began instantly to churn; a scattering of field men appeared from the shops. Two Army captains hurried out of the office and Breed dropped his cigarette, and shook hands with the officers as Rumsen introduced them. The engine, previously warmed up, caught on with a full-out roar that threw sound back at the group in battering currents. Breed turned his head to listen and then the mechanic throttled down and got out. Sunshine reached forward, quietly testing the straps of Breed's parachute with his fingers.

Breed's broad mouth formed a flat, affectionate grin; he slapped Sunshine's chest and walked out, hoisting himself to the cockpit. Settled down, he cinched up the safety belt and scrouged his hips forward and back in the seat to shift the discomfort of the 'chute pack a little. He lowered his face mask, pushed on his gloves. The mechanics moved away—hands risen—when he gunned the motor and felt the job take life. Well, the chrysalis was about to become a moth. The tail seemed faintly heavy as the ship leveled; the undercarriage smacked the hard field twice and then came off clean. He bent over to adjust the stabilizer, feeling the sheer climbing power of the job bear him into a brilliant sky. Easing back in his seat, he banked the field and began to climb in long spirals, two thousand feet to the minute, ten minutes to the ceiling. Up here he let the ship steady itself while he slowly jotted down the time, the altitude, the air speed, the throttle setting, the R. P. M.

Then he went down to twelve thousand, listening to the motor grow surer with the thicker air, feeling the added buoyancy of it. At the end of the descent he kicked the ship into a loop, came out of it, and afterwards repeated the maneuver. All his flying senses were alert, inquisitive. He gathered speed and slipped into a vertical bank, watching the earth wheel beneath; he leveled and flipped over on his back and curled sweetly off the peak of the arc. The Immelmann, which you needed badly when you needed it at all. Test her and set her down safe for the kid flyers in the Army who had not yet christened their silver wings with bitter salt tears; or break her and hope to God you could step smartly out into space. Breed took up another notch in his belt, pulled up the nose, kicked on the rudder. The shining silver circle of the prop targeted an earth suddenly revolving like a Fourth-of-July pinwheel.

The ship went spinning down while he counted gently to himself—down through flawless space with the motor noise lashing back at him and the slipstream beating along the smooth fuselage like water. He sat motionless and detached, the living core of a tempest, with his single forefinger crooked around the stick and his shoulders bowed a little as though urging the ship to drop. His eyes moved aside from the instruments and touched the wings speculatively. So far, so good. Harnza knew his stuff. But it wasn't the stoutness of the wings he had on his mind at present—the power dive would answer that question later. He wished to settle now the delicate, almost intangible quality of control in a tail spin. The formula was exact. Stick central, rudder. Yes or no; just like that. At the seventh turn, Breed pulled back the stick, kicked on the rudder.

SHE came out of it instantly. But there was also, one short-counted second later, the thin gunshot sound of metal and fabric snapping somewhere. He didn't look to find it; he ducked his head as the ease and smoothness went out of the plane and the life went out of it and the left wing whipped across the fuselage and blanketed him there in the cockpit. The ship shuddered off its climb and began to fall, nose down, like a dropping meteor.

He cut the motor, and habit, perhaps, made him sweep his eyes across the dials. So there he was at eight thousand feet, all controls jammed and a wing that had broken clean at the fuselage slapping and grating on top of him, held to the ship only by a few flimsy cables that would soon enough part. It was like creasing a sheet of paper in the center and putting the two sides together; the wings were the sides, the fuselage was the crease—and he was in the crease, stolidly wondering how in hell he was going to get out of it. You always went up one time too many.

He unbuckled his belt and turned himself on his knees in the cockpit and looked upward along the fuselage to the tail surfaces vertically following the heavy nose earthward. The broken wing rested on top of him, on top of the fuselage; but there was a little space he might get through, climbing beneath and beyond the wing toward the tail until he got in the clear—and bailed out. Well, there was no use getting hot about it, and there was no use debating it. He whipped off his face mask. He looked back at the instrument panel. Sixty-five hundred. Nothing was certain in life, the wise men had said, except death and taxes; but those guys knew nothing about gravity. He laid his arms ahead of him and dug his fingers into the fuselage fabric, breaking through

(Continued on page 42*)*

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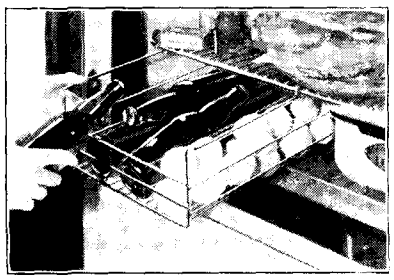
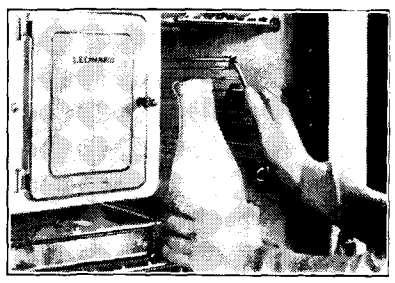
"I call that a good day's shopping"

The LEN-A-DOR — A touch of the toe and the door swings open

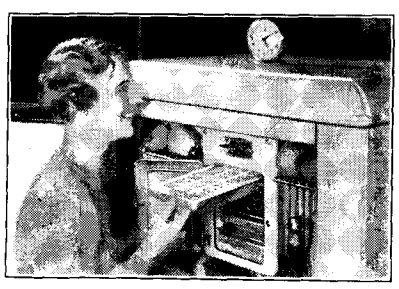
Service Tray — A place to set things while re-arranging shelves



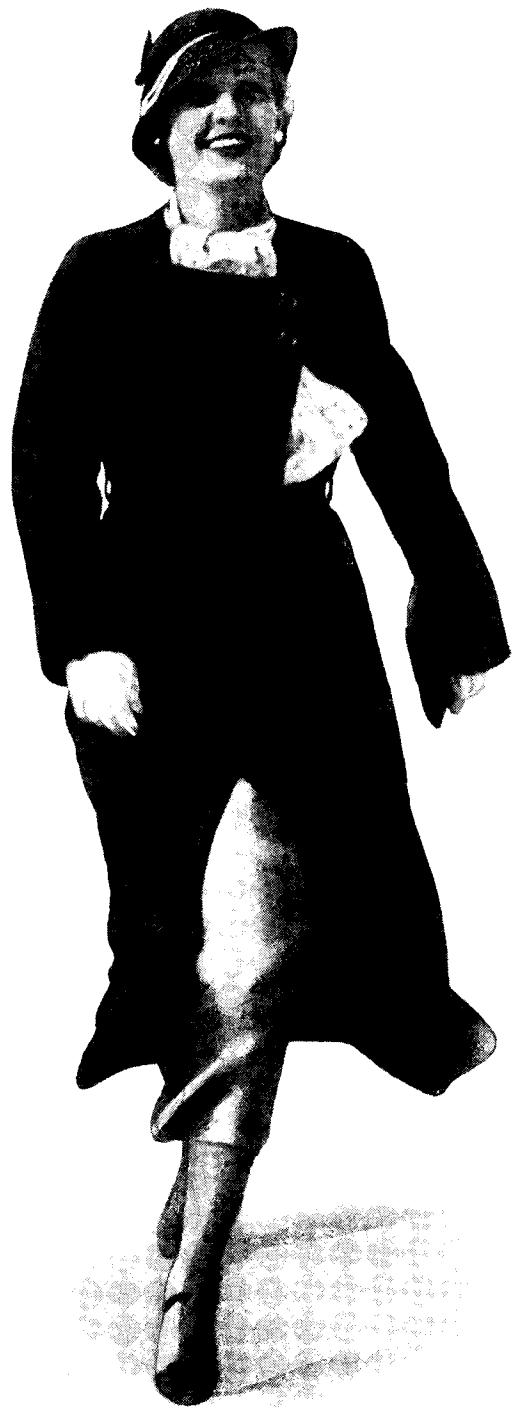
Dairy Basket — For butter, eggs, cheese. Convenient for bottles.



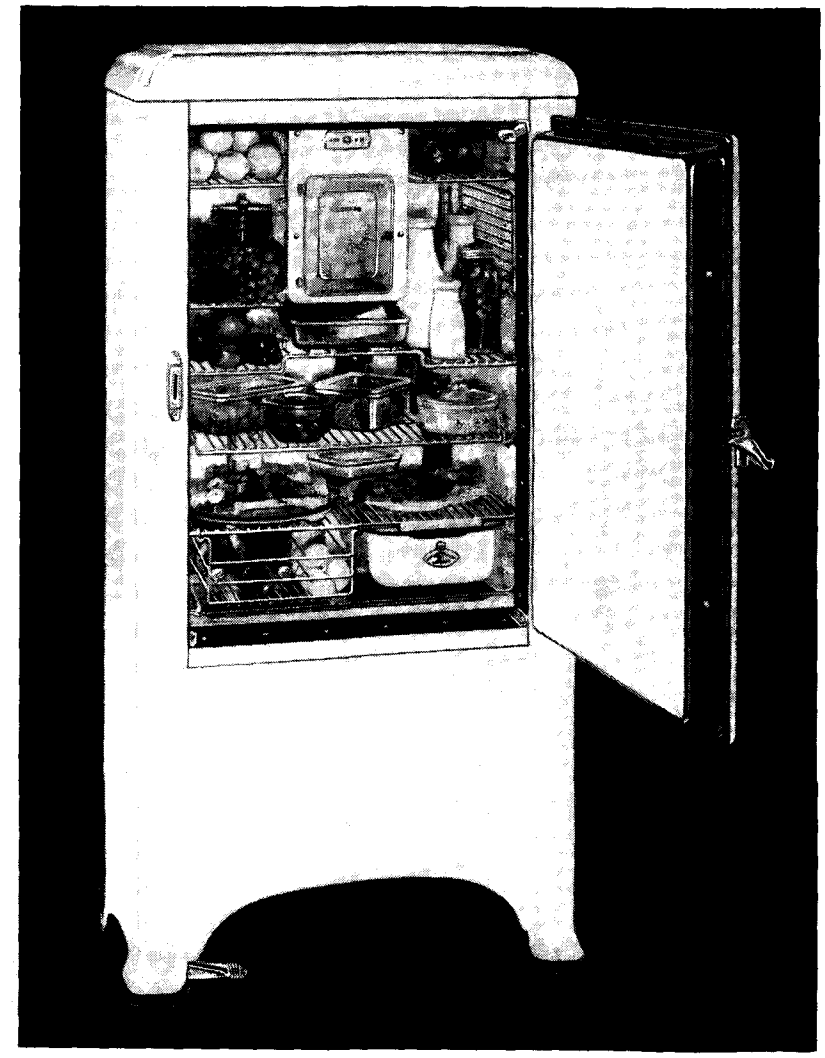
Folding Shelf — Folds up out of the way, making room for tall bottles



12 Freezing Speeds—All the cold you want, when you want it and where you want it



ALL the Things I Wanted —In ONE Refrigerator



THIS lady has good reason to be satisfied—as any woman has, who chooses as she did. In the new Leonard, she found *every* feature she was looking for—and many more. She didn't have to "skimp" on shelf room to get a beautiful cabinet. Or sacrifice style for conveniences. Or accept less than the best, to meet a price.

Here, at last, is the *complete* refrigerator – designed to save steps, time, work, bother, spoilage and waste. Simple, modern lines—beautiful to look at. Sturdy, one-piece steel cabinet construction. Snowy finishes, hard as flint, non-fading, easy to keep clean. All-porcelain cooling unit. One-piece, all-porcelain interior.

A *planned* food compartment, with a surprising amount of shelf room—and every inch of it room you can use. Plenty of ice capacity; an extra fast freezing tray; cold chest for storing cubes, fish or meat. A score of other delightful convenience features, which Leonard has developed after 53 years' study of what women want in a refrigerator.

There are 11 beautiful new Leonard models. See them; compare them with any others at or near the same prices. LEONARD REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, 14297 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan.

Consult classified section of your telephone directory under "Refrigeration—Electric," for nearest Leonard "Selected" Dealer

LEONARD *The Complete* REFRIGERATOR

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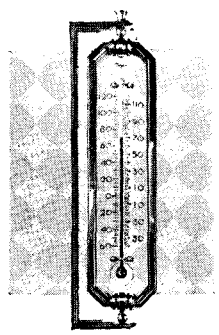
WILL IT KEEP ON BLOWING LIKE THIS?

TAYLOR STORMOGUIDE. Fairfax Model . . . Satin black case, aluminum dial and chrome trim. Size 5″ x 5″. No. 2257. Price $10.00.

TRADITIONAL March winds . . . blowing a gale . . . stinging with a cold sharp fury. How long will *this* last? What will the weather be like hours from now? Colder? Windier? Or clear and balmy? A Taylor Stormoguide tells you what to expect. Keeps you from having your plans upset.

A Taylor Stormoguide is as simple to read and operate as a clock. It's made by Taylor, who supply weather and meteorological instruments for great expeditions. You'll find the same Taylor accuracy in Taylor outdoor and indoor thermometers, fever thermometers and cooking thermometers. Write for unusual booklet giving many interesting facts about the weather . . . free if you address Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y., or Toronto, Canada.



TAYLOR WINDOW THERMOMETER. 11 inches overall, black figures on white vitreous enameled scale, chrome bracket and frame adjustable. Weather resistant, outdoor range. Red Permacolor tube. No. 5300. Price $3.50 each.

Prices slightly higher in Canada and West of Mississippi.

Taylor INSTRUMENTS

IN INDUSTRY, other types for indicating, recording and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity.

Rough Air

Continued from page 40

the fabric. He hauled himself out of the cockpit, and flattened and pulled himself along.

It was straight up he was climbing, with the accumulating wind pressure whining against the broken wing, and the loose wires whipping free. Sooner or later that wing would break away entirely. He had better get in the clear before it scraped him off the fuselage as neat as a pancake and fouled him.

He dragged himself upward. He kicked his feet through the fabric for a toe-hold; he beat his big fists through the fabric for a hand-hold. The ship was turning a little and the wind got at him and swayed him on the fuselage. He didn't feel horror. He felt a black and overbearing rage. It was all poppycock about the presence of death paralyzing you; it took a jackpot like this to make you want to live.

And then he was clear, above the broken wing, feet and fingers gouged into the fuselage. He saw the earth whirling below—brown and black and quite distinct. He thought, "Step smartly," and let go. Suddenly the rush of the wind died out of his ears and he dropped without sensation of speed or air resistance. He was turning and he drew up his knees and laced his arms across them to check that; and then he looked around the brightness that had neither top nor bottom and tried to find his ship. He didn't see it and he didn't see the earth; but he knew it was high time to change from express to local. He reached up and pulled the string. Afterwards the 'chute cracked open and he was thrown into a wide pendulum swing. Lifting his eyes he saw the sun shining through the ribbed silk.

He supported his arms on the shrouds and glanced down to orient himself. All his maneuvering had been over the wide field and he found himself well within its boundaries now. The ship had struck in a corner of it; there was dust yonder and a patch of splintered parts, but no fire. The sun flashed against the tin roofs of the hangars and a car skimmed over the field from the office, coming to meet him. Beyond the borders of the field he saw other cars collecting on the road, attracted by the accident. Over in the direction of Long Beach a freight engine sent up a puff of black smoke. Breed hauled down on part of the shrouds, slipping faster through the sky, with the approaching car as a target. It stopped then and three men got out. He set himself down within a hundred yards of them and had unsnapped his harness by the time they came up.

HE SAT on the ground, unbuttoning his flying suit. Sunshine walked over, lighted a cigarette and handed it to him and went on to collect the 'chute. Rumsen and Harnza came up. Rumsen stared at Breed with a perfect poker face. He had just lost forty thousand dollars. Harnza's eyes were black with disappointment.

Breed dragged in the cigarette smoke. "Left wing—at the fuselage. It'll need to be tied in there better."

"How did she handle?" Rumsen wanted to know.

"Sweet. You got something there all right."

Rumsen turned to Harnza. "We'll do better on the next job, Billy." That was all he said; the two of them walked back, past the car, to the office building. Breed took off his shoes and slid out of the leather suit and put his shoes on again; and he sat there smoking, eyes narrowed against the distance. An ambulance siren wailed beyond the limits of the field. Sunshine returned, and crouched on his heels in front of Breed.

"Had you lookin' at your hole card for a minute?"

"Yeah." Breed bent his head and scratched idle furrows through the sandy soil with his forefinger. "She went bad on me. Wasn't much strain on that wing. It just went bad."

"Your luck's all right, kid."

Breed didn't answer, but he knew better. Instinct was a thing flyers had to listen to. Reason was what killed them. He said so to Sunshine. "For no reason at all she went bad. That's a warning. Slim had the same sort of a warning but he argued himself out of it."

"So you're through?" said Sunshine, unbelieving.

"I got to thinking last night that perhaps I could start over again with Anne. It's a pretty damned hard thing for a man to pass up the only real woman he's met in seventeen years. There won't be any more on down the trail. Not for me, Sunshine. So I thought I might try again." He stopped, thinking his way along the difficult path he was trying to cut out. A rebel discontent showed itself along the tough angles of his face. "But it won't do. There's a fall ahead of me. Any way you look at it I'll bring the girl trouble. So—" and he drew a long breath as he said it, and stared into Sunshine's inscrutable eyes—"I guess we pull out for South America, Kid."

Sunshine looked down at his shoes. "Swell," he murmured. "I was afraid you wouldn't. I'd hate like hell to go alone."

He went back for the 'chute and afterwards both of them drove across the field to the office. Breed took the 'chute into the office; when he came out he said to Sunshine, "I'll see you tonight," and got to his own car, driving rapidly down the road. Harnza appeared at the office door, watching Breed go.

"There's a great flyer, Sunshine."

"There's a great guy, Billy. But he's quit laughing. He doesn't belong around here with the chiselers."

CASTAINE was throwing one. A chunky young tenor sang Farewell to Arms purely impromptu to the crowd, one arm hooked over the corner of the piano; and when he had finished he bowed from the hips in recognition of the applause and reached for an unfinished drink. His hand shook a little. Castaine came by and touched his arm and said, "Good boy," which was reward enough. Then she stood still, her eyes reaching Jim Breed, who stood in a corner talking to Gottschalk and Sunshine.

The curves of her body stirred beneath the scarlet sheathing of her dress and her bare shoulders swayed gently. Color tinted the pointed face. She turned back through the guests, a little brusque with her gestures, and spoke to the serving man at the liquor table: "Mr. Breed needs a drink." Surrounded by a sudden eddy of people, she watched Breed's bold profile dip and rise. When he grinned at something Gottschalk said, her own lips smiled. A lesser mogul of the industry, intercepting that quick flash, thought it was for him. He came to a stand.

"Swell evening, Carol."

"The only kind I put on," said Carol, and had her attention pulled to the entry. Her mouth, one moment a relaxed curve, immediately straightened. Anne Carson had arrived.

(To be continued next week)

"Excuse me, sir, I was looking for *Mrs.* Twiggle!"

George Shelthase

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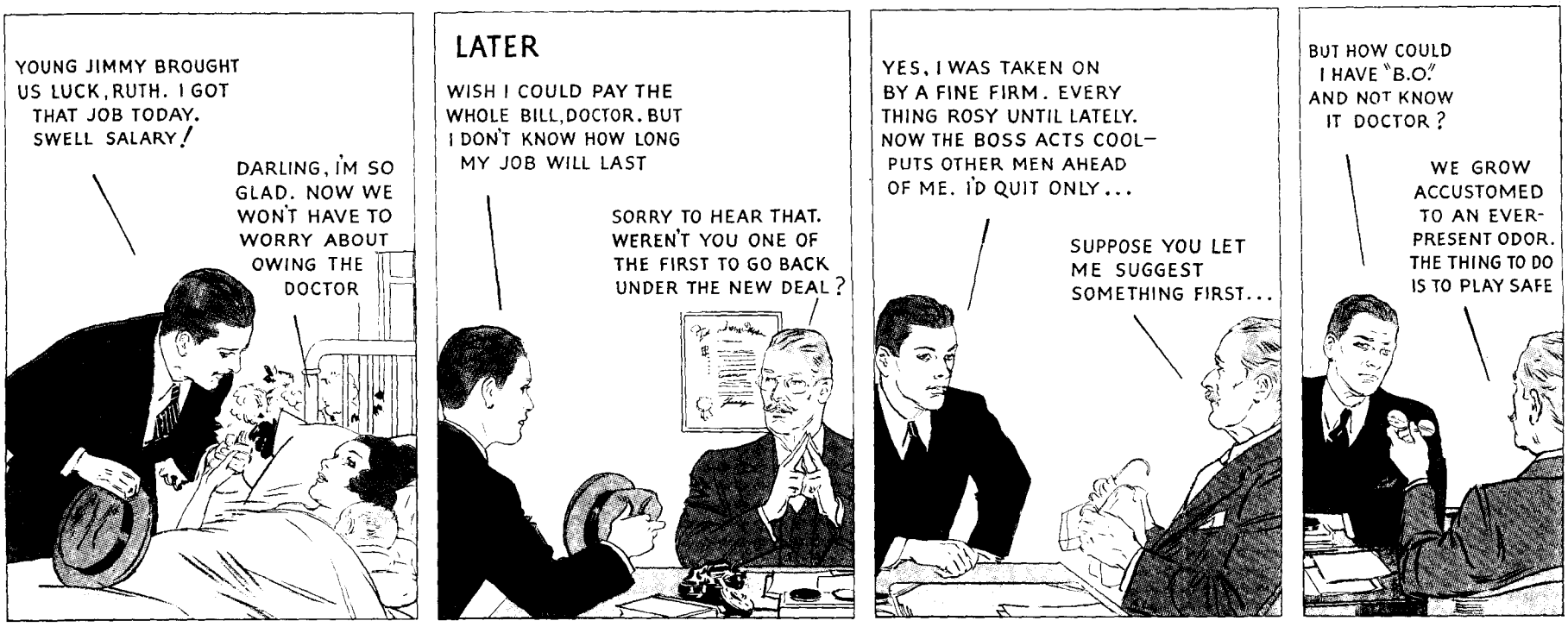
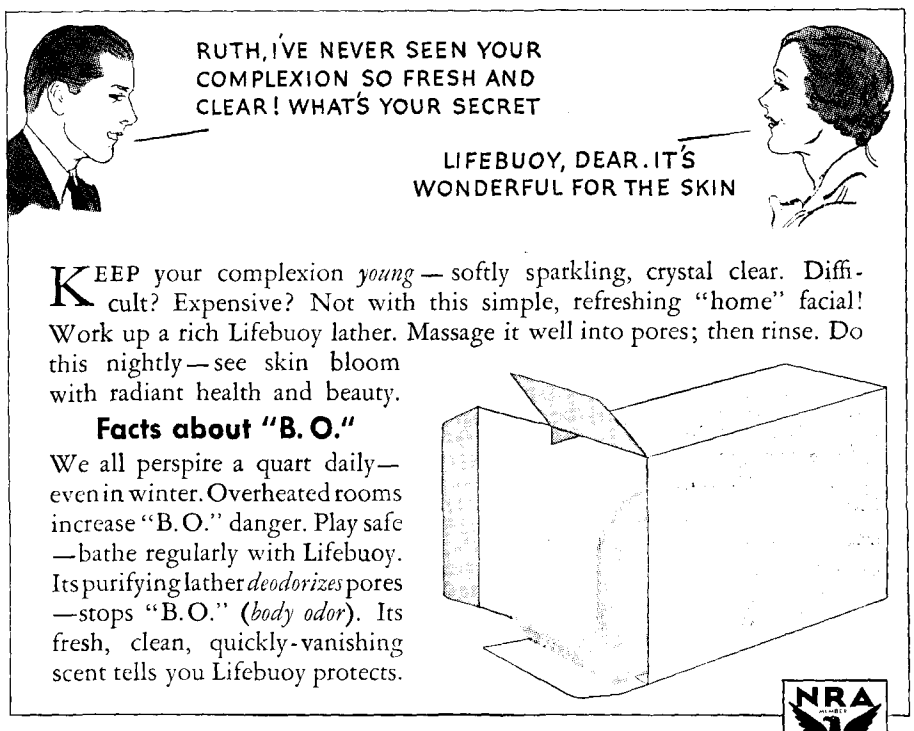
BABY JIM'S ALL PAID FOR NOW


YOUNG JIMMY BROUGHT US LUCK, RUTH. I GOT THAT JOB TODAY. SWELL SALARY!
DARLING, I'M SO GLAD. NOW WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT OWING THE DOCTOR
LATER
WISH I COULD PAY THE WHOLE BILL, DOCTOR. BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG MY JOB WILL LAST
SORRY TO HEAR THAT. WEREN'T YOU ONE OF THE FIRST TO GO BACK UNDER THE NEW DEAL?
YES, I WAS TAKEN ON BY A FINE FIRM. EVERY THING ROSY UNTIL LATELY. NOW THE BOSS ACTS COOL— PUTS OTHER MEN AHEAD OF ME. I'D QUIT ONLY...
SUPPOSE YOU LET ME SUGGEST SOMETHING FIRST...
BUT HOW COULD I HAVE "B.O." AND NOT KNOW IT DOCTOR?
WE GROW ACCUSTOMED TO AN EVER-PRESENT ODOR. THE THING TO DO IS TO PLAY SAFE

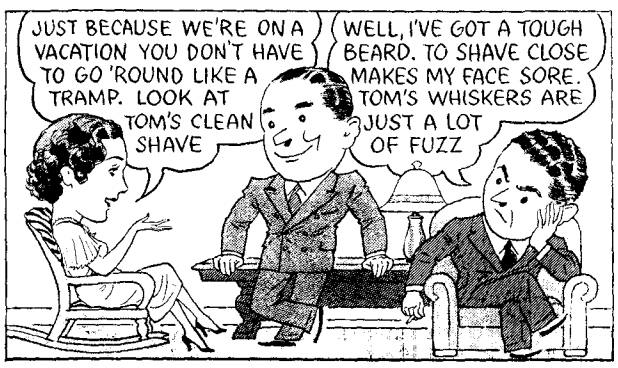
"B.O." GONE —
— *lasting prosperity for this family*
JIMMY'S ALL PAID FOR, RUTH! GOT MY RAISE TODAY— SO I SETTLED WITH THE DOCTOR
WONDERFUL, DEAR. WE'LL SOON BE ON EASY STREET

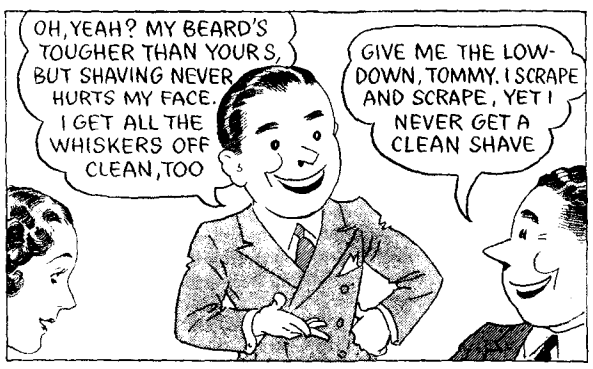


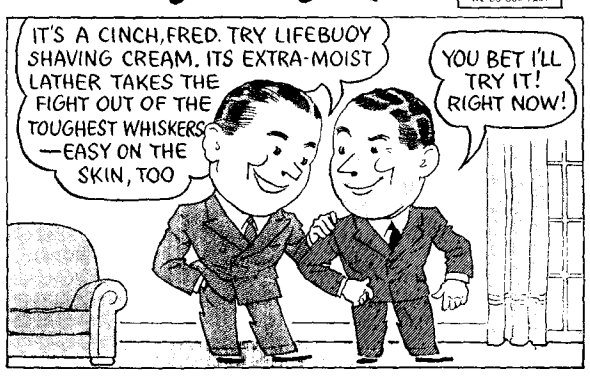
KEEP your complexion *young* — softly sparkling, crystal clear. Difficult? Expensive? Not with this simple, refreshing "home" facial! Work up a rich Lifebuoy lather. Massage it well into pores; then rinse. Do this nightly — see skin bloom with radiant health and beauty.

Facts about "B. O."

We all perspire a quart daily— even in winter. Overheated rooms increase "B. O." danger. Play safe —bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its purifying lather *deodorizes* pores —stops "B. O." (*body odor*). Its fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy protects.


JUST BECAUSE WE'RE ON A VACATION YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO 'ROUND LIKE A TRAMP. LOOK AT TOM'S CLEAN SHAVE
WELL, I'VE GOT A TOUGH BEARD. TO SHAVE CLOSE MAKES MY FACE SORE. TOM'S WHISKERS ARE JUST A LOT OF FUZZ

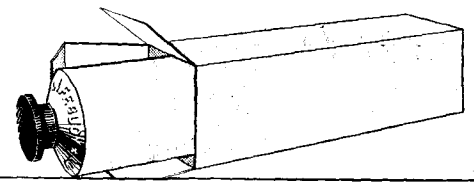

OH, YEAH? MY BEARD'S TOUGHER THAN YOURS, BUT SHAVING NEVER HURTS MY FACE. I GET ALL THE WHISKERS OFF CLEAN, TOO
GIVE ME THE LOW-DOWN, TOMMY. I SCRAPE AND SCRAPE, YET I NEVER GET A CLEAN SHAVE


IT'S A CINCH, FRED. TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. ITS EXTRA-MOIST LATHER TAKES THE FIGHT OUT OF THE TOUGHEST WHISKERS —EASY ON THE SKIN, TOO
YOU BET I'LL TRY IT! RIGHT NOW!

NOW YOU LOOK LIKE YOUR OLD SELF, FREDDY. YOUR FACE IS SO CLEAN AND SMOOTH
YES, AND IT FEELS GREAT, TOO. NOT A BIT SORE. THE EXTRA-MOIST, SOOTHING LIFEBUOY LATHER DID IT

Send for a FREE Trial Tube!

Try Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. Get the big red tube at your druggist's. Or write Lever Bros. Co., Dept. A113, Cambridge, Mass. for a free 12-day tube. (*This offer is good in U. S. and Canada only.*)



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The Case against Mrs. Ames

Continued from page 17

cease drinking before, as Pete had phrased it, falling apart. Always in the past, when he had started a spree, the spree went on until unconsciousness came to him. But this time he had managed to quit.

It wasn't the thousand-dollar retainer, either. A thousand dollars was a considerable sum to him nowadays, but there had been a time, not too remote, when his weekly pay check from the Leader had not covered a third of his weekly expenses. Not mere money would straighten him out from a debauch.

Nor would intellectual curiosity stop his drinking. Many times the Leader had given him assignments equal in interest to the one just completed but he had refused them. Something in his nature required that, after any prolonged strain, he drink himself into oblivion.

But this time he had caught himself short of oblivion. And if neither curiosity nor money accounted for this exhibition of character, what did? The answer, pretty obviously, was Mrs. Ames. But why? Her appeal to his sportsmanship was too transparent an effort to pique him, to make him change his nature. Had he, in the course of a few hours, arrived at a maturity which thirty years had not given him? Or had he yielded at last to the common fate of man and become interested in a pretty face and charming figure?

He frowned as he put this question to himself. Rose Ames was a beauty, but a murderess was not the kind of woman to interest him sentimentally. She was beautiful and her figure was enticing, but he knew plenty of beautiful women and had seen many enticing figures.

He pondered the matter of his victory over himself and his desires. And it was impossible to think of this without thinking of Rose Ames. She certainly had everything that a lady needed and a man wanted. Youth, charm, good looks and appeal to men.

He leaned back in his chair and dismissed speculation about himself for speculation about the matter in which he had been retained. Any time one attacked a problem with a preconceived idea one's mind didn't function too well. If he insisted to himself that Rose Ames was guilty it would be difficult for him to accord circumstances favorable to her their proper weight. Still, the mind wasn't a machine; one couldn't divest oneself entirely of prejudice. But he would do the best he could.

THERE were three possible solutions to the mystery which was no longer a mystery to the press and public: One was that John Ames had killed himself; the second was that Rose Ames had killed him; the third was that another person had killed Ames. According to the evidence presented in court the last was impossible. But perhaps all the evidence hadn't been presented.

Suppose, for example, that a man were found dead in a hermetically sealed room. Suppose the man had a bullet wound in his head. Suppose that no trace of a weapon could be found in this room. One would then know that, impossible though it was for the man to have been murdered, it was equally impossible for the man to have committed suicide. One would then know that inasmuch as one of these impossibilities was an extreme probability, all the evidence had not been presented.

It might very well be that evidence was obtainable to prove that John Ames had been murdered by a third party. And if he were going to earn his retainer, if he were going to justify the faith in his ability that Rose Ames evidently had, if he were going to earn the fifty thousand promised him, he must attack every angle of the problem. He must not disdain one feature of the mystery because it looked hopeless.

He slapped a bill upon the table and strode rapidly from the restaurant with a gait very different from the stiff-kneed walk of last night. He stepped into a cab and gave the driver an address on West End Avenue.

LAURETTE MARKS admitted him to her apartment fifteen minutes later. Her eyes were quizzical.

"Has the wandering boy come home?" she asked.

"Am I a wanderer, and is this home?" he replied.

Her eyes lost their humor.

"It could be home, Kernie," she said.

"Ah, gracious woman makes advances to dumb lad. Forget it, Laurette. You don't feel that way."

"I didn't say I did. I was merely intimating that I could."

"I'll make a note of it," he grinned.

"While you're at it, make a note also that I said you could jump in the river," she said tartly.

"That goes into the book, too," he said. "I want a little chat with you."

"I'm beginning to gather you don't want an affair," she said. "What do you want to know?"

"Everything you can tell me about John Ames," he said.

The girl—one didn't need to be too generous to accord her that title; she must have been in her early twenties—eyed Kernochan curiously.

"You mean the lad whose wife was just acquitted?"

"The same gentleman," replied Kernochan.

"And why would I know anything about Ames?" she parried.

"No reason in the world why you should," he admitted. "Unless Ames happened to be a chaser."

"And why would that make me know anything about him?"

"It wouldn't, necessarily, but it might. If there's a john in town that you don't know about, Laurette, he got in on the morning train."

"I don't know that that is so very flattering," she pouted.

"It's a tribute to your business perspicacity. You know every chorus girl, every show girl in town."

"Well, what of it? Chorus girls and show girls aren't the only women in New York that can be had, you know."

"True, my wise as well as beautiful maiden. But did Ames ever hang around stage doors?"

"What's the big idea? What do you care? The man's dead, isn't he?"

"Set it down to that desire for knowledge which has always distinguished me," he grinned. "Do you know any dirt?"

"If I did, why should I spill it to you?" she demanded.

"Because we're swell pals and like each other," he laughed.

"You've got a great way of showing how much you like me," she said. "I haven't seen you for three months and you walk in and haven't time for a kiss even, but start giving me the third degree right off."

"Do you talk easier after a kiss?"

"Why not try it and find out?" she invited.

Kernochan looked at her; it was not difficult to do. Slowly his lips parted in a smile. His arms went about her and his mouth pressed against hers. In a moment he released her. She was blushing rather charmingly.

"That's better," she said.

"I find it not too hard to take," he chuckled.

She moved away from him and touched her hair with a slender hand.

"Little drink?"

He shook his head.

"Wagon," was his brief response.

Her penciled eyebrows lifted.

"No understandee. Last I heard about you, you'd been canned from the Leader and had moved right into John's place."

"Such notoriety must be deserved," he said. "Which one of my loving friends—"

"It's all over Broadway that you were bounced because you had some row over the Ames case. And suddenly you're on the wagon and are pumping me about Mrs. Ames' late husband. What's it all about?"

"Some day I'll tell you. But in the meantime, what did you know about Ames?"

She pursed her lips; faint alarm was in her brown eyes.

"This for you or for some paper?"

"Haven't a job on any paper. It's for me only."

Her hands spread in a careless gesture.

"No real secret about it. I don't know why it didn't come out at the trial. For a couple of years he was one of Broadway's best play-boys. But a little different from the rest of them. No splurge. No stage-door stuff, no speakies, no wild parties. Just a little apartment on Seventieth Street where friends could drop in. As a matter of fact, darned few people knew that Ames was gay. He was pretty discreet. I can see why it never got to the papers, even after he was killed. But just the same, he was a fast one."

"Friend of yours?"

She shrugged.

"You know. I keep an eye open. What goes on I hear about. So I got to know him, the way I manage to get to know every spender. Which isn't the way I got to know you, Kernie."

"Why, goodness me, haven't I ever spent money on you, Laurette?"

"Not yet," she said dryly.

"Do you feel I owe you anything?"

Her eyes softened, grew mirthful.

"No, you scalawag. You know darned well—"

"Tut-tut, we mustn't get sentimental, Laurette," he chuckled. "Any particular friends that used to visit Ames at that apartment on Seventieth?"

"I've talked too much; now it's your turn. Spill a little information. What's it about?"

LAURETTE MARKS, had she been born to the Junior League and the Social Register, would probably have been a prom-trotter. Having come from another milieu, she did not attend college dances. But she was a party girl and had been for five years. She was not in an ugly profession; nevertheless when girls were required to entertain out-of-town visitors, fifty men in New York would think of phoning Laurette. She did not find girls too generous with their favors, but she was not parsimonious with her own. She lived rather well, and if no inheritance accounted for her ability to pay her bills, and if she worked too infrequently

(Continued on page 46)

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WANTED: more food for a hungry Giant

AMERICAN INDUSTRY is the giant. He is lean and hungry. There's nothing wrong, organically. His heart is strong. His stomach is good. All he needs is food.

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Commercial Credit Company purchases open accounts receivable, notes, and instalment lien obligations from responsible Manufacturers, Distributors and Dealers. Financing plans are provided to cover the time payment sale of automobiles, refrigerators, oil burners, machinery and equipment, air conditioning units, heating plants, store and office fixtures, boats, and a score of other such broad classifications, including hundreds of individual products. The service is national in scope, yet completely local through one hundred and twenty-five offices located in the principal cities of the United States and Canada.

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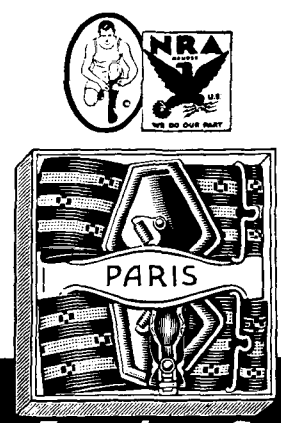

Try-Extra Long Stretch
PARIS
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The Case against Mrs. Ames

Continued from page 44

in the theater to maintain her West End Avenue ménage on her salary, who cared? Certainly not Sam Kernochan. Critics might find fault with Laurette's morals, but they were no concern of Kernochan's. And he knew many girls who were nicer than Laurette but not nearly so trustworthy.

"For just you?" he asked.

"For just me," she replied.

"I want to find out just how Ames died."

"Read your own story in the Leader of last Tuesday morning," she suggested.

"I have. I'm not satisfied."

"If his missus did it, what's the use? The verdict's in."

"I know that, too. It was in my story."

"But nobody else could have done it but himself or his wife."

"That's been said a few thousand times, too."

"But no one else *could* have done it."

"I'll make book and lay generous odds on that. But just the same—"

"I get you," she said. "You mean, if somebody else had a reason, you'd like to know that reason. I think you're goofy."

"The majority is with you," he laughed. "Did Ames have any particular girl?"

"He had three, and if you ever let it get out that I talked I'll have a look at your tonsils through a hole just above your Adam's apple."

"And I'll furnish the knife," he told her. "Any particular reason why the girls would mind my knowing?"

"Not any at all. Only, it's a bad thing to get a reputation for loose talk."

"You won't get that kind of a reputation from me," he assured her.

"No, I'll get a worse reputation. And lots better that will be. Emily Trephon of the Jollities was the latest. Just before her was Amy Lanton of the Cricket Club. And way back in the dusty past of a year ago, Gertie Maxwell of the floor show at Elysium knew where he kept the knives and forks. Now, honestly, what's the sense?"

"There isn't any," he said. "It's a sort of bet with myself."

"Says you."

"Says Mr. Samuel Kernochan, bidding a grateful goodby to that charming young damsel, Miss Laurette Marks."

"Kissing her goodby?" she asked.

"I wouldn't dare trust myself," he told her.

She made a face at him as she opened the door.

"You're oke, Laurette. If things break I'll have a present for you."

"Don't send it; bring it," she said.

"I'll do that," he promised.

ON THE sidewalk he lighted a cigarette. As he did so he stared at his hand. It was not even quivering, but as steady as a rock. He whistled softly. He hadn't been a bit nervous since he started questioning Laurette. Could he always have pulled himself out of his drunken debauches by attacking a problem? Was intellectual stimulation a better cure for drinking than medicines or massages or Turkish baths? He wondered.

He told the taximan to drive him to Times Square and settled himself comfortably in his seat. He had learned nothing much from Laurette. But he hadn't expected, really, to learn anything. And the fact that John Ames had had affairs with a few light ladies probably meant nothing. But he was going to earn his thousand-dollar retainer and do his best to win the greater sum. And he was going to attack the problem from every angle. At the moment Broadway seemed as likely an angle as any.

At Times Square he dismissed the cab and entered the office of Tommy Turner, a theatrical agent known to Kernochan for many years.

"My, my! Fit as a fiddle, and I heard you were good for a week more," Turner greeted.

"Where do you get all your information?" smiled Kernochan.

"I dropped in at Evans' bath last night and a rubber told me you'd been there with a beaut. I never knew you to pull out after one bath before, and can't figure it now. Is it love? Has the little god stabbed you with a dart that made you reform? Or is it the depression and do you want your job back?"

"I love the way the yokels of this town gossip," said Kernochan. "Small-town yaps, everyone in it."

"EVERYONE likes you, Kernie," said Turner gently. "We all hate to see you start off, because some day you won't come back. What's on your mind?"

"Dames," replied Kernochan. "Can you dig a few up for me?"

"Can *you* dig up a couple of dozen for me? That would be a lot easier. Who you kidding?"

"I'm not fooling. I want you to invite me to dinner tonight. Get a girl for yourself, but have Emily Trephon—who used to be with the Jollities—for me. Make it casual. You must know her."

"Sure I do, but she's no dame for a reporter out of work. She eats expensive and drinks costly. And I'm broke."

"I'm pretty flush. Don't worry about the dinner check. Can it be done?"

"These things have been arranged," grinned Turner. "What's the idea?"

Kernochan shook his head.

"No idea, except I think it would be a lot of fun to dine with you and a couple of girls."

"If one of the girls is named Trephon," amended Turner. "Wait until I do some phoning."

"I'll ring you later. If you can't fix it for tonight make it tomorrow or as soon as possible. And don't forget it's very casual."

"I won't forget," said Turner. "I'll be hearing from you, eh?"

"You'll hear from me," said Kernochan from the door.

He felt infinitely better than, at noon, he would have thought it possible for him to feel within a week. Nevertheless, a slight headache made him decide to walk to the home of Rose Ames on East Sixty-third Street, and the exercise combined with the cold winter wind to bring color to his pale cheeks. He was, Rose Ames decided as she entered the drawing-room where he awaited her, distinctly more personable than she had thought last night. She greeted him pleasantly.

"Ready to start work?" she asked.

"I've started," he said.

"Really? Any result?"

"That's just making conversation," he said brusquely. "How could I have made any progress yet? I wonder if you'd show me the room where—where—" he paused uncertainly.

"Where my husband was killed?" Without the slightest hesitation she supplied the words that he hesitated, for some reason, to utter. "Certainly. Will you come with me?"

She led the way upstairs to her sitting-room. Through an open door Kernochan glimpsed a room which was evidently her sleeping chamber. His brief glance told him that it was as feminine as its owner. But there was nothing feminine about her now as she paused in the middle of her sitting-room. She was sexless, impersonal, as she spoke to him.

"I was sitting before that mirror there," she said pointing, "when I heard a shot. I went into this room," she continued, opening a door and preceding him into a bedroom, "and found my husband lying in the middle of the floor with a revolver beside him. And that's all I can tell you."

"All you can—or all you will?" asked Kernochan.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked.

"Exactly what my words mean," he replied. "According to your testimony at the trial, you felt at once that Mr. Ames was dead. You turned back into your room and telephoned instantly to the police, before you even called to your maid. But that was not true, Mrs. Ames."

She faced him.

"What was untrue about it?" she asked evenly.

"The only dubious thing about the case was the fact that there were no fingerprints on the revolver with which your husband was killed," said Kernochan.

"My husband was wearing gloves," said Mrs. Ames. "He had been playing golf on Long Island. The day, as you may remember, was extremely cold for the middle of May. He drove into town himself and wore driving gloves. He still wore them when he entered his bedroom. Naturally there would be no finger prints upon the revolver."

"He wore a coat, didn't he?" asked Kernochan.

She nodded assent.

"He didn't take it off downstairs, but removed it in this room just before, evidently, he was shot. It was a light overcoat, wasn't it, Mrs. Ames?"

She nodded again.

"DID you ever hear of any man—did you ever *see* any man take off a lightweight, a very thin overcoat, before he removed his gloves? I never did. Men never do. A heavy winter overcoat, when their hands are half frozen, perhaps, but never a light overcoat. Because men's fingers are clumsy in gloves, Mrs. Ames. Your husband took off his gloves before he removed his coat, Mrs. Ames. Why did you put them on his dead hands? I'll tell you why, Mrs. Ames. It was because you wanted a reason for the absence of fingerprints on the gun. Am I right?"

"Do you think you are?" she evaded.

"And I want to know what you did with the handkerchief with which you wiped from the weapon the possible fingerprints which you had left on it."

"You're convinced I shot him, aren't you?"

"I'm convinced you handled the gun, Mrs. Ames. That I would swear to. Did you?"

"If I admitted that I did would you not consider it an admission that I used it?"

He stared at her.

"I would consider it," he told her, "the first evidence in your favor."

"But why?"

"Because I would know you were telling me the truth."

"I handled the gun," she said slowly.

(To be continued next week)

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Miss Pacific Fleet

Continued from page 9

one in the morning. She glanced over her shoulder at the brightly lighted south window. She almost screamed.

He was there.

He was looking interestedly at parts of deceased cattle displayed by Mr. Skourasian in an artistic mixture of ice, parsley and gnats.

Mustering her courage, Miss Gudgeon smiled at him. It was a smile pleading for mercy. This smile at once put Mr. McClarty to flight. He pawed at his hat, gulped, and vanished in the darkness.

Ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, midnight, twelve-thirty. Miss Gudgeon knew she would have to call a taxicab. But what if he was in league with the taxi driver? She looked around the almost deserted restaurant. Perhaps she could get Maybelle, the night counter girl, to ride with her. Maybelle was pretty fat, though, and could not run very fast for help. *He* had not answered her smile. *He* was no true gentleman friend. *He* had scowled and gone skulking off. She need expect no mercy . . . ten minutes to one . . . she began to tally her change. . . . "You are pretty." . . . Oh, what if he climbed into the taxicab and. . . .

THE calm of Front Street was shattered suddenly by shouts and the pounding of feet.

Mr. McClarty burst through the door.

He had lost his hat. His pea-jacket was open. His face bled from a cut over one eye.

"Here!" he said to Miss Gudgeon. "Votes! Hide 'em! Quick."

He pushed a huge bundle of certificates into her paralyzed hands.

"Just a minute, sailor!"

A shore patrol petty officer came in. He was puffing and carried his club at "Ready."

"Yup," said Mr. McClarty, "I was one of 'em."

"Where's the money?"

"Dunno."

The petty officer looked at Miss Gudgeon.

"It's all right, Miss," he said. "This guy run away from a big crap game we just been raiding. C'mon, sailor. It's the brig fer you!"

"Yup!" said the abye-smal brute, cheerfully.

Now was the time! Now was the time and this the chance for Miss Gudgeon to say her say. Miss Gudgeon should have arisen and pointed the finger of scorn. She should have said: "This man has followed me night after night, officer. His motives are of the blackest." But Miss Gudgeon didn't. Her tongue betrayed her.

"Oh—I'm sorry!" she heard herself blurting at Mr. McClarty's broad back. "You shouldn't of—"

Mr. McClarty ducked his head.

"Be seeing you, Ma'am."

He went away. His forehead was bleeding.

Miss Gudgeon counted the votes, surreptitiously. Thirty-eight hundred and seventeen! Oh, she mustn't keep them. This was getting serious. What . . . what if she should win? What if she should be named Miss Pacific Fleet? Yeah. Her . . . Almira Gudgeon. Miss Pacific Fleet. Frightened, Miss Gudgeon wadded the certificates, none too clean, into her handbag. *He* had won them *gambling*. *He* had wickedly shot craps for them. *He* was going to the brig for this crime. Perhaps he had even—

A sailor touched his forelock and stepped close, as Miss Gudgeon left the Alhambra Café to walk home, all danger past.

"McClarty says he won 'em honest."

Miss Gudgeon halted the laconic messenger.

"Listen, will he—will he have to stay in jail very long?"

"McClarty? Naw. Him? He's got the cleanest shaft alleys in the Fleet."

"Oh, he has?"

"Oh, you could?"

"Yeah. S'long."

He departed. But messengers from Mr. McClarty kept on arriving at regular and exciting intervals.

Monday: "McClarty's in the brig. Says don't worry." Tuesday: "McClarty says you're eleventh." Wednesday: "Votes. From McClarty." Thursday: "McClarty gets out tomorrow!" And on Friday, oh, fateful day, a note from McClarty:

Dear Madam:

You are nineth and still climing. You are poplar. Pretty to. Have lined up New York, Wyoming, Ark. and Miss. Will work on crusers as am out of brig.

Your freind,
W. T. McCLARTY
Machinists Mate, 2d Class
U. S. S. Arizona

"You are poplar." . . . "Pretty to." . . . Miss Gudgeon's heart beat fast. *He was out of the brig.* She might expect anything to happen now.

Late that afternoon the plot thickened.

Four stalwart sailors marched into the restaurant. They eyed Miss Gudgeon with elaborate nonchalance and were led to a privut booth by Josie. Presently Josie returned, looking a bit scared.

"They want to talk to you, Almira," she said.

Miss Gudgeon paled beneath an unaccustomed blush of rouge on either cheek.

"What about?"

"It's McClarty." Josie was pious in the presence of the miracle. "He's stuck on you, Almira."

"*Him?* That big abye-smal cluck? H'mph!"

"Shall I tell 'em—?"

"No, I guess I better talk to 'em. You watch the cage a minute."

IN THE privut booth, Miss Gudgeon made the acquaintance of Fireman Hinkey, Cox'n Presciewiscz, Engineman O'Toole and Yeoman Jones. They offered to order a stein of beer for the lady, but Miss Gudgeon, mindful of knockout drops, said no thank you. Fireman Hinkey did the talking.

"It's like this, Miss," he explained. "We want McClarty to fight the Bohunk fer the Division Champeenship. McClarty can take him. But Mac says he won't fight unless it's fer tickuts, see? He wants we boys to put up our tickuts against the Bohunk's crowd so if he wins he'll have enough votes to put you over. See?"

Miss Gudgeon was haughty.

"I am not aware that my privut affairs are any concern of Mr. McClarty."

The sailors exchanged dismayed glances.

"That is no way to look at it, Miss Gudgeon," said Yeoman Jones politely. "If McClarty wins you're a cinch to cop the prize. You got to figure how you'll improve your mind, so on and so forth, by foreign travel."

"You'd have a swell time in Honolulu, Miss Gudgeon."

(Continued on page 48)

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So make us prove our case. Just fill in your name and address, clip and mail the coupon. Or a *postcard* will do—and that cuts YOUR risk as near to zero as possible!

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Gentlemen: Below is my name and address. Please send me, free and postpaid, your sample 15-shave tube of Listerine Shaving Cream.

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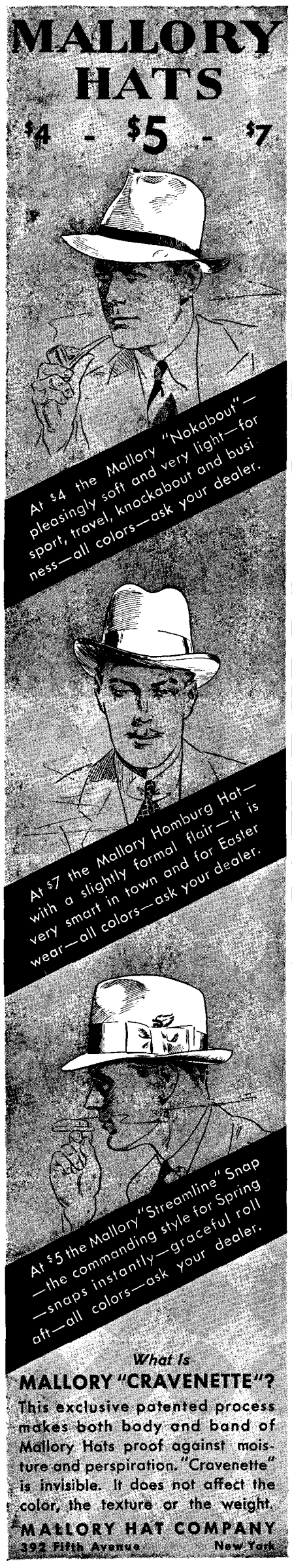
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(Continued from page 47)

"Travel sure is broadening, Miss Gudgeon."

"Besides, you stand a chancet to crash the movies. I bet you'd go good in pictures, Miss Gudgeon."

Miss Gudgeon wavered.

"When is this wrestling match?"

"It ain't wrastling. It's a boxing exhibition. The officers and all the bloods come and we was kinda figuring to ast you would you come. You'd inspire Mac, you sure would. Wouldn't she inspire Mac, fellas?"

"I'll say she'd inspire him!"

"You can wring out yer socks in Mac's coffee *any* time, Miss Gudgeon."

"He sure is crazy fer you."

"He don't think about nothin' but you and makin' you win the contest, Miss Gudgeon."

"How would I get to this exhibition, even if the boss was to let me off?"

Another exchange of glances.

"The fi—exhibition is to be held during the Happy Hour on the Nevada day after tomorrow night. Hinkey here will escort you in the ship's boat."

"We'll all escort you," said Fireman Hinkey firmly.

Miss Gudgeon stiffened. She saw through it all at last. *Abduction.* Mr. McClarty, having failed to turn her head with beauty contest certificates and fearing to accost her on the street, had worked out a more dastardly scheme. If she set foot in that boat, all would be lost. What should she do? Should she rise up and denounce them? Call Mr. Skourasian? Call a policeman?

Yeoman Jones thought of something.

"McClarty says to tell you he'd of come himself to ask you, but he's in training."

McClarty was a dangerous man. He would be angry if she had his confederates pinched. Wouldn't it be better to pretend to fall in with the scheme? Then she could have detectives trail her and the sailors to that boat.

"Well," said Miss Gudgeon, "seeing like how you boys put it that way, I guess it would be unladylike of me to refuse you."

"Atta girl . . . excuse me . . . that's fine, Miss Gudgeon. McClarty says to send him your votes so's he can bet 'em with the Bohunk. The Bohunk's gal thinks she's gonna be 'Miss Pacific Fleet.' That's a laugh."

"Heh, he, he, heh, heh. There's been lots of dirty work in this contest, Miss Gudgeon."

"I can see that," she said, grimly.

JOSIE warned her. Josie said: "I hope you didn't let those sailors talk you into anything." Florence warned her. Florence said: "I hate to see you getting mixed up with sailors, Miss Gudgeon. You ain't the type that can handle sailors."

But she went right ahead with her plan to unmask Mr. McClarty. Her preparations included a permanent wave, a half-ounce bottle of Ciro's "Surrender," a new dress and sundry cosmetics. The terrible evening found her waiting outside the Alhambra Café, topcoat buttoned and umbrella clenched firmly.

"Gee—excuse me, Miss Gudgeon," *Fireman Hinkey said. "You look swell* tonight!"

"Yeah. A million dollars," agreed Yeoman Jones.

"McClarty says he'll win," was the password delivered by Engineman O'Toole. Cox'n Presciewiscz was, unaccountably, absent.

Miss Gudgeon's heart was in her throat as the three sailors escorted her to the boat landing. She faltered crossing Front Street and almost backed out as they neared the landing. *No detectives were following.* Miss Gudgeon had meant to notify the detectives, but had decided not to. It would be *too awful if anyone knew.*

"Arizona's boat!"

Surprised, and just the least bit disappointed, Miss Gudgeon saw the boat well filled with sailors and their guests. She had misjudged Mr. McClarty. He did not intend to abduct her. But wait . . . oh, of course, it would happen on the ride home. Of course. *McClarty bided his time. . . .*

Miss Gudgeon sat on a mess bench not two feet from a platform on the battleship's front porch. Sailors and their girls sat all around two sides. On the other two sides there were officers and society women. Miss Gudgeon clutched her umbrella. . . . *She saw Mr. McClarty.* He had on no shirt. Oh, he was terrible-looking. There was another man in the ring. He had on no shirt, either. He was more terrible-looking than Mr. McClarty. He snorted through his flat nose. Miss Gudgeon thought she was going to faint. . . . The awful Bohunk Man struck Mr. McClarty. And Mr. McClarty struck the Bohunk Man. . . .

Yeoman Jones, sitting next to Miss Gudgeon, yelled, "Hit him! Sock him! Bust him!" Other sailors yelled, "C'mon, Srkrenko, c'mon, Srkrenko." Oh, it was *awful.* Mr. McClarty was struck on the nose. *It bled.* He then struck the Bohunk Man. They struck each other terrible hard, somepin' fierce. Suddenly Yeoman Jones gasped.

Mr. McClarty fell down on one knee.

A man counted: "One . . . two . . . three. . . ."

He got up. He struck the Bohunk Man. *He went down again.* Mr. McClarty was down again . . . no . . . up again. . . . Yeoman Jones cried: "Foul! Foul! He's hitting him on the neck. Rabbit punching. Foul!"

He wasn't being struck fair.

Miss Gudgeon jumped to her feet. The Bohunk Man was striking Mr. McClarty all around the ring. He was not striking him fair. A sailor yelled: "Sit down in front. Down, in front."

Oh, it wasn't fair!

Miss Gudgeon saw the Bohunk Man right in front of her striking Mr. McClarty. She climbed to the platform and brought her umbrella down on the Bohunk Man, yelling, "You stop it. You stop it!" She hit the Bohunk Man twice, three times. . . .

A man in white ducks grabbed her.

"Here . . . here . . ." he said.

They pulled Miss Gudgeon from the ring. An officer with gold on his cuffs took hold of her. "What is the meaning of this?" he roared.

Miss Gudgeon, eyes blazing, chest heaving, a glorious, blond Brunhild, made answer. "He was rabbit-punching my boy friend!" she said.

Pandemonium.

Mr. McClarty had just struck the Bohunk Man so hard the Bohunk Man was lying on his face on the floor.

Miss Gudgeon burst into tears.

IT WAS over. A real officer escorted Miss Gudgeon home in a taxicab. Miss Gudgeon should have been very happy. She was a certain winner of the vote contest and would surely be "Miss Pacific Fleet." But there had been no *abduction.* In fact, Miss Gudgeon had seen nothing of Mr. McClarty after he disappeared on the shoulders of admirers as they carried him across the battleship's front porch.

"Good evening, Miss Gudgeon," said the real officer at the door, removing his real officer's cap.

"Oh, thank you. Good evening."

The taxicab went away. Miss Pacific Fleet looked at a yellow moon above Point Firmin. She looked at the quiet bungalow.

Miss Gudgeon sighed. Hopelessly, she fished in her handbag for the doorkey. She was snuffling a little.

What was that? A noise. Footsteps behind her in the yard! She whirled.

There he was. And she alone and defenseless. He was coming closer. Quick! She must open the door and bolt it behind her. Oh, he was very close, now, standing on the low step with his hat in his hand.

"H-hello . . . oh . . . it's you!" she quavered.

"Yup."

"It's . . . it's late."

"Yup."

"You must of followed me!"

"Yup. Uh . . . yup."

She faced him in a sudden outburst of impatient anger.

"You can't do that! You're not supposed to do that! It's not right for a fella to do that unless his intentions are —well, unless he intends to be a true gentleman and—"

He came up the steps.

"Yup," he said, "that's right. I . . . uh . . . guess we better get . . . uh . . . married."

Miss Gudgeon opened the door.

"You better come in," she said, not very severely.

"Button your lip, madam—*I'm* driving this car!"

William von Riegen

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Red Men and White

Continued from page 11

still tomahawks, the Indians were farming 104,000 more acres than they are today, and this in spite of the fact that in the intervening years the Bureau has spent $54,000,000 on Indian irrigation projects and had planned until the present administration came in and put its foot down, to throw away $30,000,000 more.

This is sufficient to show that the allotment plan, instead of turning the Indians towards agriculture, has turned them away from it. But why? The answer is fundamental. Being a dependent ward of a paternalistic government which guarantees him a living, the allotted Indian far prefers sitting on the Agency fence like a rail-bird and waiting for a ration issue or a per-capita payment.

Futile Schooling

And this attitude on his part is not due wholly to laziness. Most of it is due to hopelessness. The main incentive for any man to work is his natural desire to provide for the future of his family and this the allotted Indian is not permitted to do because, *under a diabolical amendment to the original land law, his land, at his death, cannot go to his heirs but must be sold.*

The intent of this law which, unless changed, will cause two thirds of the remaining Indian estate to pass into white possession during this generation, is very clear, according to Mr. John Collier, present Commissioner of Indian Affairs. This law was designed to supplement the allotment law's destruction of Indian community life by destroying Indian family life and already it has produced plenty of results along that line.

When an Indian ceases to own land he automatically becomes a non-ward Indian, and therefore, although it is still the moral duty of the government to look after him, the Indian Bureau completely ignores him. Thus, there are today in this country about 100,000 red men, who, after they have been stripped of their last mite of land and their ultimate penny of cash by the Indian Bureau, have been thrown out on the bosom of a very cold and unfeeling world, which is a fact that is mentioned only in whispers around the Indian office.

"But," said the gentlemen who invented this Christian idea of disinheritance, "that's exactly where we plan to throw him. What we want to do is to liquidate the entire race and we can do that, as we see it, by giving the oncoming generation of young redskins a white man's education and then turning them loose with nowhere to go, with nothing in their pockets except their hands."

To accomplish this fine and noble design, however, extreme educational tactics had to be adopted. No man could survive half red and half white. That was the theory, and so from the very beginning of the guardianship it was deemed necessary to safeguard, as far as possible, all Indian children from the age of six up against contact with their parents by incarcerating these infants in boarding schools where, as the years went by, all native and tribal customs and all family loyalties could be wiped out.

Today these boarding schools are colossal Molochs. To satiate their appetite for the destruction of Indian character they now require a quota of 21,000 young Indians a year, and, in case the parents do not come willingly forward to offer up their children for the sacrifice, the Indian Bureau, until now, has never hesitated to send out and kidnap its victims.

This all sounds horrible; it is, and yet it is none the less true. Anybody who has ever spent much time around the reservations has either listened to the Indians' complaints about it, or has seen it happen. I myself can recall the pathetic sight of an Indian man begging and pleading that his children not be taken away from him. This man was a stoic, but he was also human. He loved his girl of six and his boy of eight just as truly as a white man loves his children; at the same time he loved his racial traditions. Consequently, as he pleaded with the school agents not to take his youngsters, there was something more behind his grief than the mere thought of a temporary separation. "I am an Indian," he said. "My children are Indians. I want them to be. They want to be. Yet you want them to be white. That cannot ever be. It is wrong. You take them away. You teach them; then in a few years they come back, and they are nothing."

That's all true. The Indian spoke the truth. The boarding schools have made "nothing" out of thousands and thousands of young Indians. Imagine, for example, Apache and Navajo girls, from tepees and hogans where they have always cooked their goat meat and beans on little fires in the open, who have always slept on sheepskins on the ground and who are inevitably destined to return to those things, being dragged off to a boarding school and taught how to make complicated salad dressings, serve bridge luncheons and set a dinner table.

During her twelve-grade course she may also learn to be a typist, or to run a sewing machine, but what good does it do her? Not a bit. When she has finished her schooling, not being as apt in the ways of the world as the white girl, she can't get a job, except in rare instances as a servant, and so back she goes to the open fire and the sheepskin. It's exactly the same way with the Indian boys. They learn how to read and write, and just enough on the side, perhaps, to make them ashamed of their old father and their old mother, and then back they go to the reservation, there to loaf and wait until by the death of those poor old parents they become automatically disinherited.

Scraping off the Whitewash

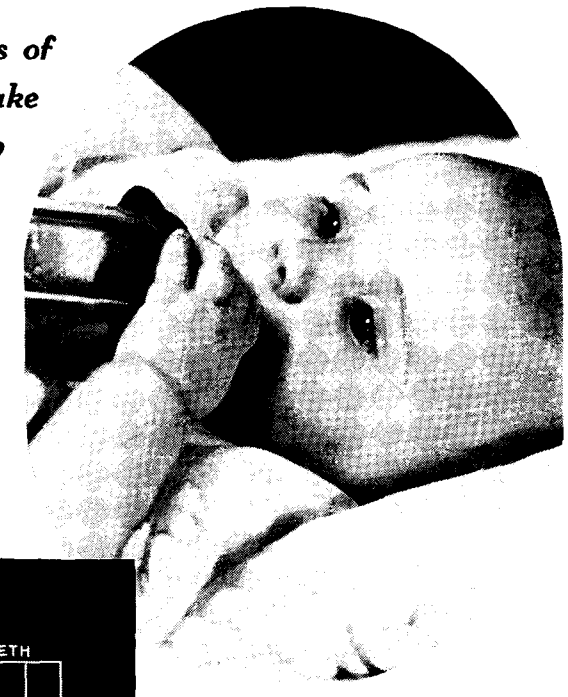
And then what? Nothing. The end has come. The uplifters have finally accomplished what they set out to do. As fast as the young Indians of this present generation grow up they are liquidated: soon they will all have been, and then, homeless and penniless, the American red man who in 1887 was the owner of a magnificent estate of tremendous values will have become a charge on public charity. For years the Indians have known their fate; for years they have been able to see it approaching, and yet there has been nothing they could do about it.

Down in the Congressional Library in Washington there are three beautiful bas-reliefs. The first represents Pocahontas rescuing John Smith from the war clubs of her tribesmen; the second shows William Penn signing a treaty with the Indians; the third depicts Colonel Johnson slaying Tecumseh. To an old Indian who recently visited the Capitol those three works of

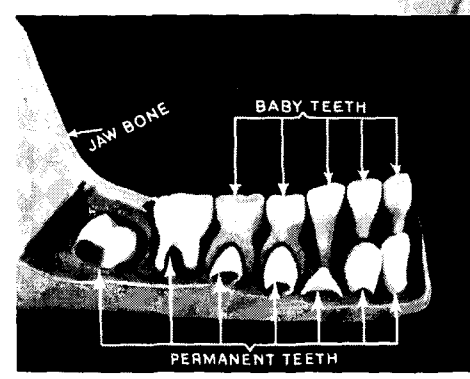
(Continued on page 50)

How Teeth Begin to Form 6 Months Before Birth

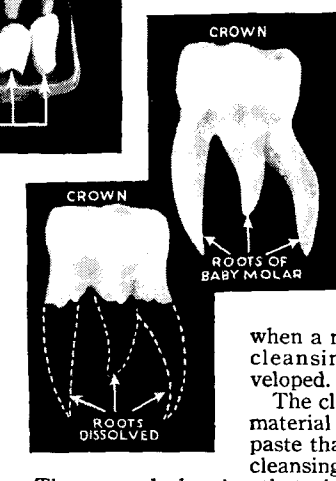
Why we have two sets of teeth; what to do to make them strong and keep them healthy; why some children eat chalk or mud; how to protect teeth from decay after they come through the gums.



Milk is one of the finest foods known for building hard teeth because it is rich in calcium.



A drawing of a child's jaw showing how the permanent teeth form beneath the baby teeth and gradually push the latter upward until they loosen and come out easily.



The roots of baby or first teeth are gradually dissolved and absorbed by the body, probably to be used again in building the permanent teeth. Roots of second teeth are not absorbed.

THE celebrated first tooth that causes mother such excitement and gives father such pride is really months old when it breaks through the gums. For we now find that teeth begin to form months before birth and continue to form long afterwards. Thus scientific men now believe it possible to actually "build" strong teeth by having the baby as well as the adult eat the proper food.

The harder and thicker the enamel of the teeth, the more resistant they are to decay. Therefore nutritionists tell expectant mothers to eat plentifully of foods containing lime and phosphorus and certain vitamins so that the baby will have good teeth. They advise mothers to feed children tooth-building foods in large quantities. Milk, oranges, cod-liver oil, are some of these tooth-building foods.

Dental science explains that decay is caused by particles of food that lodge on teeth and under the edges of the gums. This food is spoiled by certain bacteria. As it decays, acids are formed which destroy tooth surfaces. After eating through the tooth's hard enamel covering, these acids proceed to decay the inner part of the tooth until finally the nerve is reached and the entire tooth affected.

One of the scientific methods of preventing decay after teeth have once come through the gums is to remove from teeth the film, or *bacterial plaque.* Film is that slippery, sticky substance that forms on teeth. You can feel it with your tongue. Film is a friend of the germs that cause decay-producing acids. It glues germs to the teeth, provides them with a warm shelter . . . even supplies germs with food on which to live and multiply.

Thus removing film from teeth means removing the cause of decay. Important progress in removing film was made recently in the laboratories of The Pepsodent Company when a new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed.

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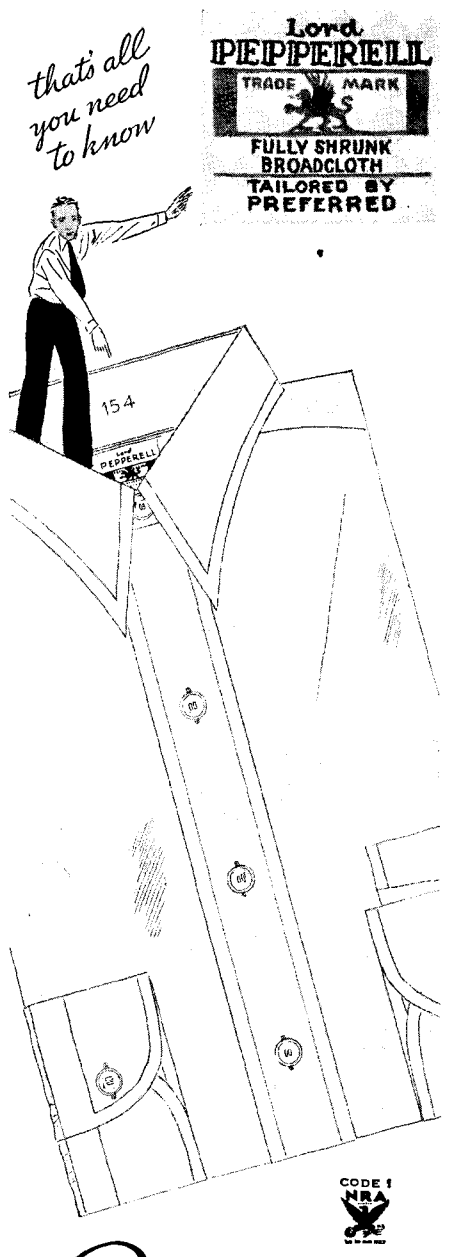

Right, as usual

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SHORTS, PAJAMAS AND UNION SUITS

(Continued from page 49)

art told a vivid story. In front of the first one he paused, and said, "Huh, Indian save white man"; at the second he remarked, "Huh, Indian give white man land"; and then at the third, "Huh, white man kill Indian."

Wrapped up in those three laconic comments there is a vast amount of unpleasant truth, but, *it is a truth that from this time forward is in the past tense.* From now on the red man is in for a New Deal. Where he has been robbed he is to be reimbursed; where his tribe and family have been wrecked they are to be restored, and where his character has been sabotaged it is to be salvaged. In short, the whitewash with which he has been smeared is to be scraped off him; he is going to be encouraged to step forth once again in his natural tint. "Ugh, heap good," grunts the red man, "but how you do that?"

Mr. Collier's War-Whoop

The answer is, John Collier. I've known that gentleman for years. He is a small man who always smokes a pipe, always wears baggy pants, is always in dead earnest and always ready for a fight. He knows how to put up a good one, too; I've seen him in action. Furthermore, he has a qualification that has heretofore never been demanded of an Indian Commissioner: he knows all about Indians, their ways, manners and customs. Consequently it is safe to say that he is now planning to have a gorgeous time when he actively starts out to tomahawk the politicians, bureaucrats, business men, land-grabbers and all others who have for so many years been plundering and scalping the poor people who are now his particular charges.

But before we go into Mr. Collier's campaign plans let us listen to part of a remarkable speech which he delivered on July 7th, last year, to the Indians at Fort Wingate, New Mexico. By so doing we will get a clear-cut conception of his ideas. On this occasion he said:

"I have just spoken to you as an individual. I now speak as the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The Indian policy of this government, as far as I am entitled to express it, looks in two directions. It is our duty to bring an English education to every Indian who can be reached, while, furthermore, it is again our duty, as far as funds and talent will permit, to bring modern conveniences and scientific equipment to all of you, to the end that you may successfully pass into the general world, or successfully live amid your own people.

"But at the same time it is also our duty to reawaken in your mind and soul not only your pride in being an Indian, but also your hope for the future and your love and ardor for the rich, many-sided values of Indian life as expressed in your arts, songs, dances, rituals and coöperative and tribal institutions. These things are your heritage; they have come down to you out of your past, and they are values which the American nation needs to take from you just as much as you need to take anything from it."

Despite the suavity of its wording this statement has all the symptoms of a real war-whoop. It is obviously intended to be one, because, as Mr. Collier said to me, what it means is that the policy of the Indian Bureau is now to be entirely reversed. "We are going to work," he said, "for more instead of less land for the Indians; for more and not less tribal power; for an increase and not a denial to them of their constitutional rights, and also we are going to insist that the Indian Bureau, instead of having had to bear none, as heretofore, be now made to assume full legal and fiscal responsibility.

"Finally, we are pledged to a system of education that will train the Indians to become their own superintendents, farm agents, stock supervisors, foresters, nurses, teachers and so forth, which will, we hope, enable us soon to substitute red men for white in most of the important Bureau jobs. In other words, what we are aiming at is a system of Indian life which will be directed and lived by the Indians themselves with a minimum and not a maximum of government interference."

"And does that mean," I asked, "that the tribes will be allowed to reorganize, reëstablish their villages, resurrect their native customs, mix these customs with what they have learned from us, and then live according to their own notion?"

"Exactly," replied Mr. Collier emphatically. "They'll not only be allowed to do that but encouraged. Mexico, which has a tremendous Indian population in comparison with ours, has handled the problem in that fashion. So has Canada, and in sharp contrast with the deplorable condition that exists here, in both of those countries the Indians are now practically independent of government supervision or aid. They are happy; they are peaceful; and instead of their wealth constantly decreasing due to the expense of bureaucratic manipulation it is constantly increasing under their own frugal management."

"I see," I interrupted, "but what about this? When all that you have mentioned has come to pass; when the Indians take charge of their own business and go to running it, what then will happen to the Bureau?"

Mr. Collier smiled. "It will pass out of existence. It should. Heretofore, the idea has been for the Bureau to liquidate the Indians; the policy now is for the Indians to liquidate the Bureau. And as soon as they become sufficiently self-sustaining they can do it."

And then, with what I took to be quite a belligerent glitter in his eyes, Mr. Collier went on to give me an outline of the program, legislative and otherwise, which he and Secretary of the Interior Ickes have in mind. Naturally that program is too long to be discussed here in detail, but the high spots in it, those elements which are intended to rectify the major wrongs which have been inflicted on the Indians, can be easily pointed out.

Restoring Their Lands

To begin with, the allotment law, which with its disinheritance feature is bound eventually to take all the Indians' property away from them, has already been rendered ineffective through two executive orders. One stops allotments entirely and the other absolutely prohibits the sale to anybody of the allotted land of deceased Indians. Hereafter, then, the plan is to have Congress pass laws which will bring about, substantially, the following results:

With the Indian Bureau exercising a mere supervisory power, all the Indian tribes will be allowed to become self-governing corporations which will own all Indian lands, transact all Indian business, and will act, whenever necessary, as the guardian over individuals. The stock in these corporations will belong to the Indians, who will acquire it by relinquishing title to their allotments to the tribes, although if they desire they can continue to hold their land under life tenure. In this way no Indian will have title to any particular parcel of land: all will be tribal, which will mean that the red men can colonize as they please and can use their lands either coöperatively or individually, as their various councils may decide.

Again, as the Indians have been robbed of more than two thirds of the estate that was originally legally theirs, leaving them with holdings today that are entirely inadequate, the New Deal calls for the repurchase by them of a large part of the lands they have lost. Naturally this will require the expenditure of a vast sum of money, but as both Mr. Ickes and Mr. Collier have a very definite notion as to where that cash is coming from they are not at all worried about that part of it.

From the Ground Up

All the tribes, so I was informed at the Indian Bureau, practically all individual Indians for that matter, have valid claims against the United States which will eventually result in substantial awards against the Treasury. All funds so recovered will hereafter be tribal funds. As the Bureau under the new set-up will be prohibited from spending one penny of such funds for its own maintenance, which is where about 125 per cent of them have been in the habit of going heretofore, the Indians should be able in a comparatively short while to recapture a very large part of their lost property.

The next major item on the New Deal's Indian program has to do with education. What Mr. Collier wants to do, as indicated by his Fort Wingate speech, is to educate the Indian to be red, not white, and as a first step in that direction his administration is already abandoning the boarding schools. And what a glorious rumpus that's kicking up! The communities wherein these sacrificial institutions are located do not want to lose the revenue they bring in; neither do our altruistic congressmen want to lose the patronage created by the appointment of whole flocks of sweet, white girl graduates to teachers' jobs. So that part of the new Indian war is now going nicely. However, the fighting spirit of the little man in the baggy pants is in no way disturbed by it. "We are determined," he told me, "to go ahead with the demobilization of these boarding schools and will ask Congress to let us use the money saved, about $5,000,000 a year, for the building up of a modern health service."

"What will take the place of these boarding schools?" I asked.

"Day schools," was the reply. "We are now building a large number of such schools on the reservations. In this construction we are using Indian design, and, as far as possible, Indian material and Indian labor. Thus from the ground up these are to be Indian schools. Moreover, they are not to be mere class-room institutions. They will also be, as they are in Mexico, headquarters for the tribal organizations and centers for the promotion of all of the activities of the Indians."

From all the foregoing, then, it is quite clear that, even though the Indians haven't a new Sitting Bull or another Tecumseh to call them to the warpath, they are nevertheless not lacking for a leader. Mr. Collier is their man. They can now have something to look forward to other than "assimilation." So can we look forward to something. As Mr. Collier has said, there is as much of value that we can get from the Indian as he can get from us. We want that value, we need it, and if we don't get it—that is, if paint ponies, fat papooses and corn-dances are not soon renewed as a part of the picture of the West—then, it seems to this writer, Mr. Collier's next move should be to issue tomahawks to our Boy Scouts and tell them to go in and attend to Congress.

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Never a Champ

Continued from page 15

this idea, kept it always as a threat above him. She'd tell Father O'Hare, she always said. Probably it would have been the last thing she'd ever have done. But she never said anything of the sort to Anna. Anna was the first daughter she'd ever had. She'd had six sons, and had buried three of them, and two were married and had children of their own. She wouldn't have changed places with one of them. For, at fifty, she had a little daughter and one who by great good chance bore her own name.

A STERN woman she was, this Mrs. Anna Morrison. Stern and severe, and with the tight lips of a poor widow, and her tenderness was in deeds rather than in words, always. She'd had a hard life, losing her husband so early and her three sons, and the sons that were left were little comfort to her. They were men, that was the trouble. They were tough men, cursing, drinking, irreligious fighting men, men whose mouths could set as hard as hers, obstinate, cantankerous, contentious men whose gestures were uncouth, whose words were ribald, whose fingers were quick to clench. Oh, they were good to her, no doubt, in their own way. They were good to each other, too, when any of them had trouble; they'd forget their jeers and quarrels, then. Still, her heart was scalded with them. What she never realized was that if she were a young girl again she'd choose one for all the world just like them, for no other men were anything to her, ever.

But wasn't she glad to have a daughter, a daughter to dress, to keep neat, to be taught pretty manners, a daughter who'd play the piano, and go to dancing-school and parties and find out how to scold men and disapprove of them, and wind up by taking the best of care of one of them!

Little Anna thought of her Mom more or less as Willie felt toward Monsignor O'Hare. She respected her, she obeyed her, she stood in awe of her, and well she might, for Mom would stand for no nonsense.

Anna always called her "Mom." She never called Willie Father or Dad or Pop. Never but once, that is, and that will appear.

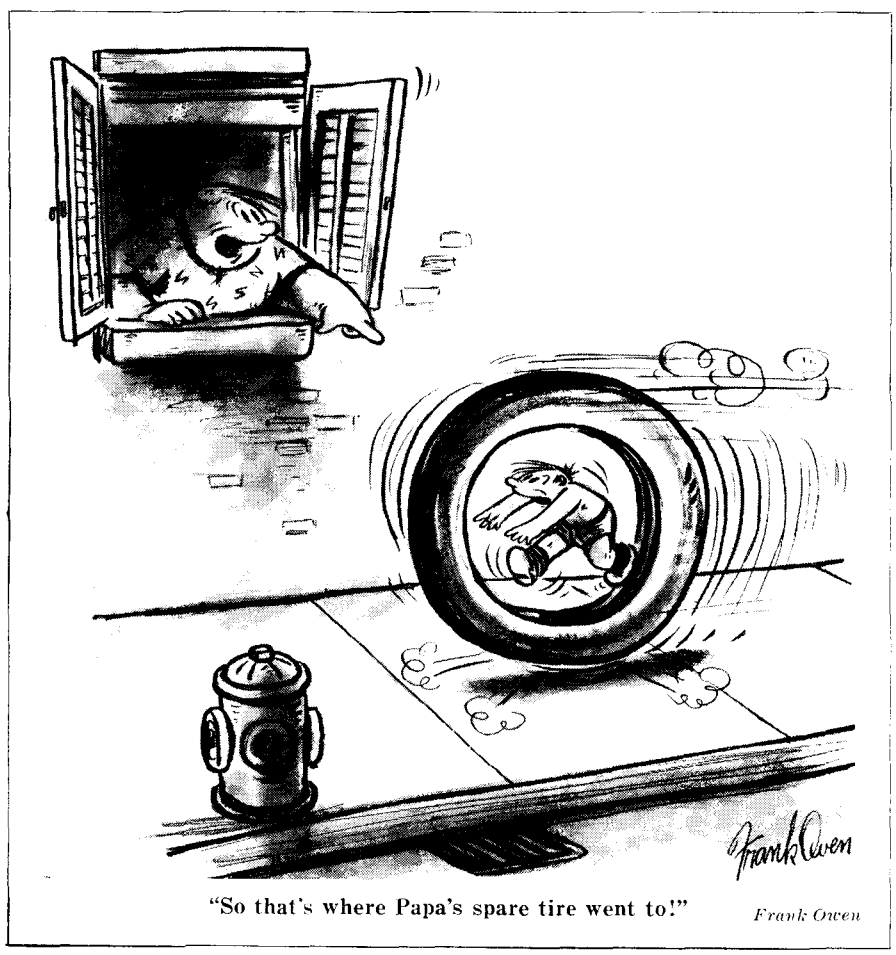
No. She called him "Willie" and she adored him. He was her delightful big brother, her brother who was so strong, so brave, so kind. He was not ugly to her, this thick-set, squat man with the funny ear and the swollen eyes and the few teeth still remaining. He was just her grinning big brother, her brother who brought her every present a little girl could have, dolls and dolls' houses and dresses and ribbons and picture books and, later on, presents that would have seemed more suitable for a little boy, tennis rackets and a league baseball and a catcher's mitt. Willie never scolded, was never cross or cranky, and seemed to think that her every wish was reasonable, her every action perfect.

He'd stand on his head, and turn somersaults, or skip a rope, and pull himself up to a curtain-rod with one hand. "Do a trick, Willie," she'd say, and he'd go through his repertoire for her, and she'd gurgle with delight.

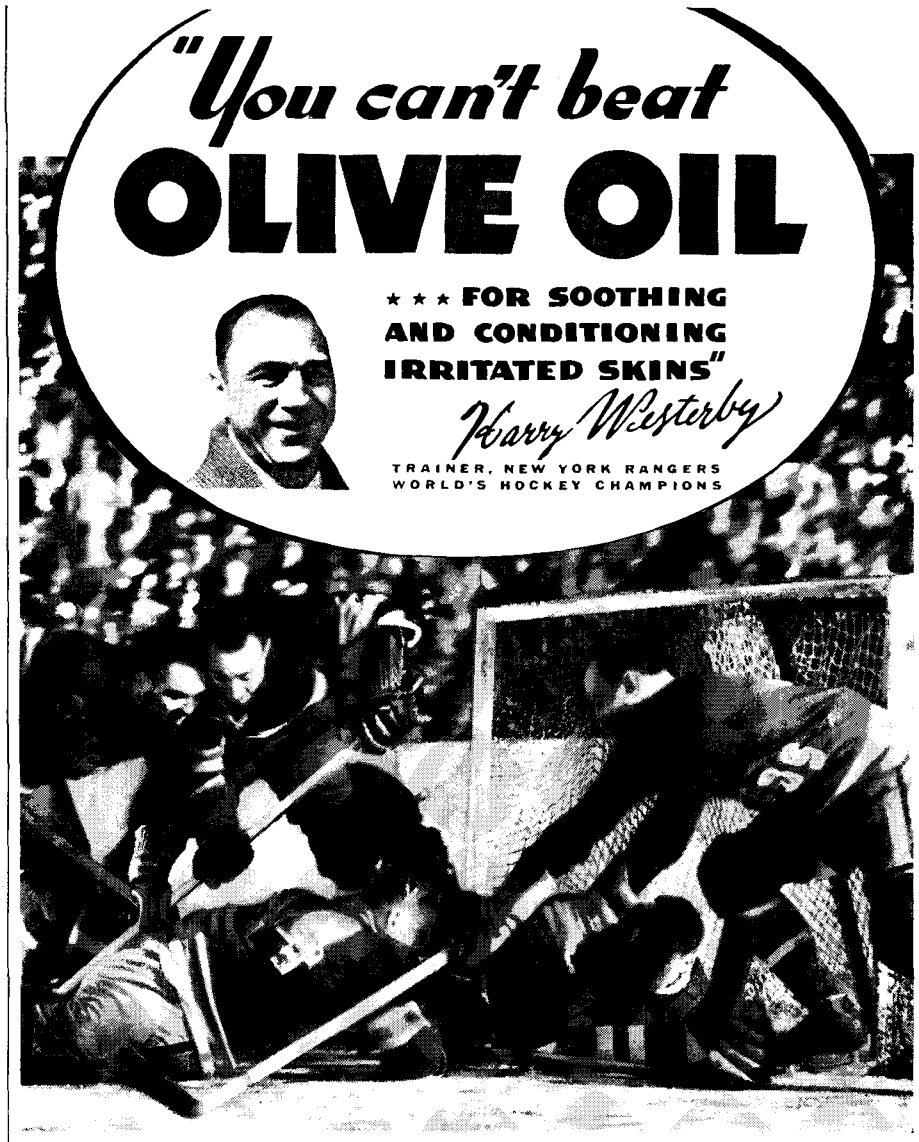
Rope-skipping is all very well for a girl, and Anna was by long odds the best in the neighborhood. Standing on one's head or turning cartwheels is of course something else again. Mom caught her practicing these feats one day and was so horrified that she gave her one of those dreadful slaps of hers that never seemed to land with half the force that was threatened, just to teach her to be a lady.

Being a lady was a lot to Mom. It didn't seem much fun to Anna. If playing the piano was being a lady, Anna didn't want any of it. She hated it. She wasn't so clever at school, either. However, she could throw a ball like a boy, and she could run like a deer, or like one of the Hanrahans in the days of the Fianna, when, so history tells,

(Continued on page 52)



"So that's where Papa's spare tire went to!" *Frank Owen*



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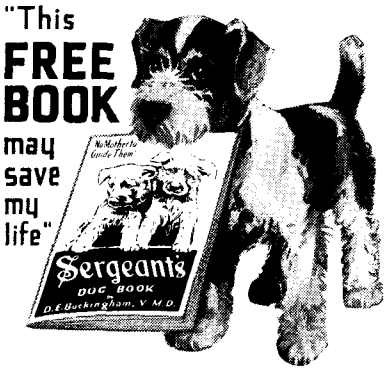

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(Continued from page 51)

fleetness of foot was not merely a lady's accomplishment but frequently her refuge.

When she was seven or eight Anna found out that she wasn't truly a Morrison.

That night Willie had come in somewhat the worse for wear. Anna didn't know what was the matter with him; he was rolling from side to side, and sort of stuttering when he talked. Mom had sent her right up to bed, though it was early, and, lying there, she heard Mom giving Willie an awful scolding. "Before that child," she heard Mom say, and something about telling Monsignor O'Hare, and he'd take her away. Then this: "Before that child, that you promised to bring up like your own."

So she wasn't their own, then; she was only a stranger. She lay there, trembling, and tried to listen, but their voices died away.

The next morning she said to Mom, "*I'll be a good girl.*"

"Hagh!" said Mom. "You'd better be."

Anna's mouth trembled. "Don't send me away to Father O'Hare. Don't, don't." She began to cry.

Mom got as white as a sheet. "What? What?" she said. "Who'd send you away? Who'd send you?"

"Willie—Willie—I—"

"Willie's a poor, soft fellow," said Mom. "I have to—I have to talk to him—I— Come here." She grabbed Anna and almost smothered her, she hugged her so hard, and Anna could feel her shaking all over. "Send you away. Send you away, indeed!" she said.

"You ain't gonna send me away?" said Anna.

"The President of the United States couldn't take you away. Hagh!" And Mom went tearing up the stairs, and locked herself in the bathroom.

THEN there was another day, when Willie was showing her his scrapbook, the record of his fights. Mom had come upon them and had grabbed the book out of their hands. How angry she had been at both of them, what a tongue-lashing she had given them!

Willie just stood there, not trying to say anything. He had meant no harm. He'd just wanted to show her his book, because he was proud of it, because he'd wanted to share it with her. She was interested in things like that, he knew she was, in games and sports, and not in lessons or piano-playing.

Still, after that, the damage was done. Anna knew, then, that he was a fighter. She understood the bad ear, the toothless mouth, the puffy eyes. Fights and fighting were things you didn't mention in the Morrison house while Mom was around. She wouldn't have it. It would be as much as your life was worth to mention them. But Anna would whisper to Willie, when she had a chance. She'd know who it was he was fighting, and where, and for how much, and for how long. She didn't like books; she wasn't quick in school. Well, she learned to read the sporting pages, and that's some of the best writing that there is in the world.

What can you do with a girl like that, if you're a prim, puritanical old Irish lady? Well, you can pray. You can take it as another burden. You can say t'ch, t'ch, and bitter, biting things, though now and then, as you see your girl growing up fine and tall and honest, you'll say "Hagh!" and give your head a toss, and remind yourself that there has been many a hoyden among the Hanrahans but few wantons, and that it's a pity she's not of your own flesh and blood, for you think that's the best in the world.

But Willie had no such worries. He thought Anna was the nuts, a darb, a pip, some nice little twist, meaning by these uncouth words just what your young sister or your little daughter means to you. He had other things to worry about, in those days.

He was thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two. He was slowing up. Ten rounds were long, six were too short. He was taking beatings; it was harder for him to get into shape, harder to get bouts, and he was going down on the card, and that's no joke when you've seen your name in big letters. "Semifinal. Willie Morrison vs. ————" Semifinal? He was glad to get third preliminaries.

He hadn't ever quite reformed. He'd fallen off the wagon in those first six months, though he'd kept it quiet. He'd have spells when he'd try to conquer his thirst and get into shape. His other habits probably were bad, too, though that's neither here nor there, and certainly it's no part of this.

TIME went on; it was not kind to him. He was thirty-three. He began to interest himself in some of those things that lurk in the background of the ring, the race-track, politics, the stage, yes, and the arts, too. His tastes were expensive, if shoddy. He had to have money; he had to keep his mother and Anna, and whatever other establishments were his. What could he do? He had no trade, no brains, no education, nothing but a stout heart, a tough pair of hands.

He was—oh, let other people tell you what he was. Many of them will tell you wrong, but some of the things they say may yet be true. It's quite certain that he has been Louis Martone's bodyguard. That's a man's job, anyhow.

Whatever else he may have been, what else he may have done, is not important.

What is important? Well. Take a look at this.

Go back a few years. It's Jones Beach, New York. They're holding the finals of the Women's Swimming Championships of the United States.

Seven girls are going to face the starter's gun for the mile. Not one of them is twenty-five. They're more beautiful than most statues.

Here's one not quite sixteen years old. She walks over to an old lady whose face is whiter than her hair. "O. K., Mom," she says. "Here you are."

A bathrobe, faded and patched and dry-cleaned of blood and sweat and all stain, slips from her shoulders. That bathrobe has been worn to over one hundred fights, and to this one.

"O. K.," says the old lady, and clutches the old robe to her. "Good luck."

Over goes the girl to the take-off with the others. She stands there, looking toward the shore. Then her body is the arc of a bent bow.

A pudgy, fat, middle-aged man in a light tan suit is watching her through a pair of racing-glasses. He's away up the beach; it's the finish that he wants to see.

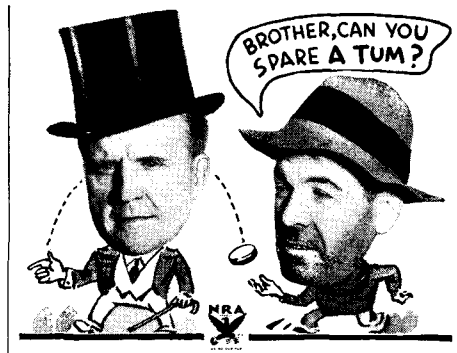
A PISTOL cracks. They're in the water.

"Come on, you, Anna!" he shouts, as though she were a filly at Gravesend. "Come on, you, Anna!" His right arm swings up and down, as it used to chop at a middleweight's sides.

She can't hear. He knows that. He couldn't hear either in the old days; he never knew the crowd was there. The man in front of him was all he cared about.

"Come on, you Anna! Agh! Agh!" He puts his straw hat on the ground, he jumps into the air and lands upon it, smashing it to pulp.

After the race the reporters get an interview from the winner. It's a nice race to win, the mile. It's not just pretty racing form.



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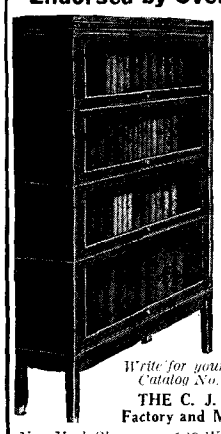

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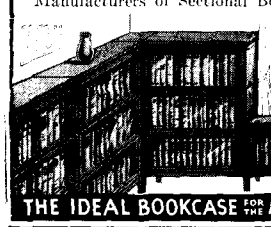

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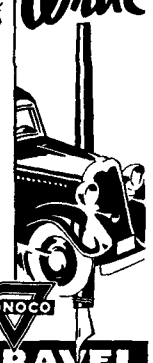

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This is what she had to say to them:

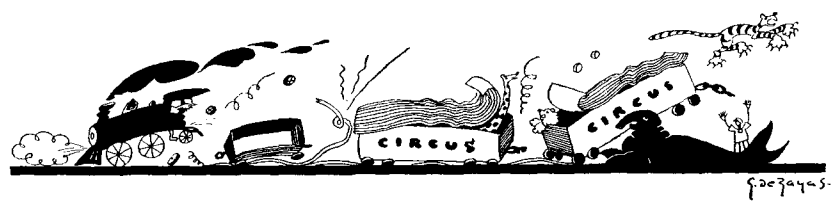
"My father is Willie Morrison, the fighter. He fought a hundred and eleven fights. From the time I was little, he encouraged me in every kind of athletics. He trained me, he coached me. Whatever I am I'll always owe it to him. I'm glad to win, to show him something. He showed me plenty, all my life."

Anna had rehearsed this for a couple of days before the race, just in case she won. She'd expected to win. She did. And her speech was letter-perfect, except that she forgot, and said ath-a-letics.

Monsignor O'Hare cut a copy of that from the Philadelphia Record and saved it, and gave it to Willie. "Here, Morrison," he said, "put that in your scrapbook. Not in the girl's. Put it in your own. It belongs there. It makes a good wind-up for your book."

"Aw," said Willie.

Maybe, even as he said it, the priest had an idea that there'd be another item for Willie's book. Another notice, another series of pictures of Willie taking the count at last, after he'd fought his final, on the pavements of some shabby part of the town. . . . Well—every business is a hard business. You can't last forever in any of them.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

One of America's oddest railroad accidents, which occurred a few years ago, was caused by a sea elephant belonging to a circus. While riding in his railway carriage on a night run between cities, he suddenly turned over in his sleep, so shifting his weight that he derailed the train. —*By D. L. Lewis, Kingman, Arizona.*

The only musical instrument that actually produced hot music was the pyrophone, or flame organ, which was invented by a German about 1875. It consisted of a series of glass tubes of various lengths which emitted musical tones as a hydrogen gas flame played up and down within them.—*By Ozzie Nelson, New York City.*

The deadliest form of dueling recorded in the pages of history is the old Scandinavian "belt duel." The men were stripped, armed with short daggers, and then fastened together—facing each other a foot apart—by a strong belt.—*By Grace T. Hadley, San Francisco, California.*

Knowledge of the costumes worn by European society between the 13th and the 18th centuries has come chiefly from the "monumental brasses," large brass plates that covered the graves of that period. Among the things engraved on them was a drawing of the deceased in court dress. Today, France and Germany have none of the brasses, and England has fewer than 3,000 of the 150,000 that once existed.

For centuries the Chinese have so revered the written word that they have made it a duty to preserve from destruction every scrap of paper with writing or printing on it. Many cities still have "word boxes" on their streets where anyone who rescues even a bit of newspaper from the gutter may deposit it for safe-keeping.

Despite the fact that Negroes outnumber white persons in 181 counties of 11 states today, they do not hold a single elective or administrative office in the governments of 169 of these counties.—*By Ira DeA. Reid, New York City.*

Today 22,000,000 persons in this country are drawing money directly or indirectly from the federal government. At least 13,000,000 are obtaining indirect financial aid relief, 2,750,000 are receiving checks for reducing crop acreage and 6,250,000 are on the pay roll, this employment figure being 431 per cent larger than in 1931.

Many Chinese and Japanese still do not use written or lettered signatures. They "sign" their letters, documents, manuscripts and works of art by stamping them with little seals which bear their names, a method of identification that was devised centuries ago.

In the Moslem section of Jerusalem, there is an arcade—a row of stone arches supported by pillars—that is regarded with mingled feelings of reverence and fear by all Mohammedans. From these arches, they believe, will be suspended the scales in which the souls of saints and sinners will be weighed on Judgment Day.

Traitors as well as spies now are causing much concern throughout Europe. During the past few months, 15 army officers of seven countries have been caught selling their military secrets to foreign agents, and one country has had its plans of a great fortification successfully stolen four different times.

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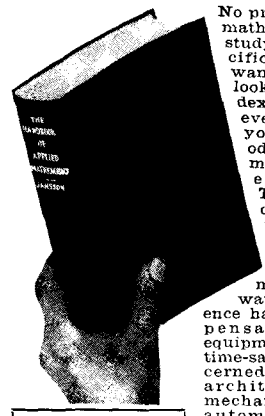

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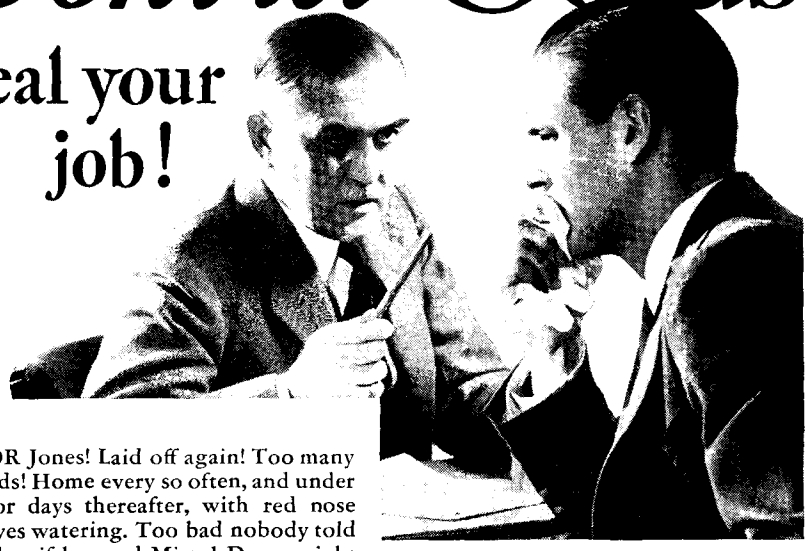

POOR Jones! Laid off again! Too many colds! Home every so often, and under par for days thereafter, with red nose and eyes watering. Too bad nobody told him that if he used Mistol Drops night and morning he would be protected against colds.

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She says it's Spinach

Continued from page 22

down to Princeton to appear as the visiting artist with a college play called Three Artists and a Lady. A Shubert scout saw her and she was eventually haled into the presence of the great Lee Shubert himself. At the moment she was suffering so greatly from a heavy cold that she really cared very little whether she saw the great Lee Shubert or not.

"Who are you and what sort of parts do you want and all that sort of thing?" asked the great Lee Shubert.

She told him.

"You're hired," said the great Mr. Shubert, getting up and reaching for his derby.

"What do you mean—hired? You haven't even heard me read a part."

"You have a voice like Helen Morgan, a voice like Ethel Barrymore," said the great Mr. Shubert.

"What I have is a bad case of laryngitis," said Miss Sullavan.

"Laryngitis or no laryngitis," replied the great Mr. Shubert. "You have a voice like Ethel Barrymore and you're hired. Report on Wednesday at eleven to Elmer Harris."

So even when the cold cured up, she played the lead in The Modern Virgin by talking down in her gullet like Beatrice Lillie imitating Bing Crosby. What followed then was the five-year contract with the Shuberts in which she played in some of the choicest specimens of Gorgonzola ever foisted on a befuddled public.

There ensued immediately after her début two controversies which threatened to rend the town. One was over the Southern accent and the other was about the name Sullavan. On the one side were the hosts circulating about Tammany Hall which held that Sullivan was a name good enough for anybody and offered to knock the block off any individual who popped up to say otherwise; on the other side was a Mr. Sullavan of Norfolk, Virginia, who was pretty tired of the whole business by this time and in no mood for fooling.

Just when the harassed young lady had become reconciled to the thought that her life had been ruined by an illiterate ancestor who couldn't spell his own name, she met Dudley Digges, late of the Abbey Players of Dublin, who congratulated her on the possession of an Irish patronymic of such distinction that only a strenuous padding of the ballot box could keep her from high office in the Ancient Order of Hibernians. After overcoming that obstacle, everything since has seemed comparatively simple to Miss Sullavan.

She'll Take Stock

By the time she played in the stage version of Dinner at Eight she was a marked woman, but she was still going around New York asking motormen if they knew any queer places to eat. What she likes are people, strange places and restaurants which serve food which would kill any more ordinary American. On the street she uses no makeup and looks like somebody who has just come in from Camden to spend the day.

What she likes to do best in the world is act in a summer stock company. There is something about the makeshift character of a summer company playing in a barn which brings out the best in her. The scenery is made out of the sides of old doors and the lights invariably go out during the climax of the third act and there are none of the slick appurtenances of the Broadway theater to bolster up a bad scene. In such surroundings it is either a question of acting for your life or sinking. She has a "theatrical" memory and never repeats an error on the stage and never forgets a bit of advice from an older actor.

What was hard for her in Hollywood was the system of doing isolated scenes over and over again. When she said she would rather be acting in summer stock at $35 a week, she meant it. Money means very little to her and her main ambition is to get enough saved up so she can be assured of $150 a week. When she gets that she says she will quit and go around the world.

"Around the world, my eye," say her friends. "She may go around the world but she'll never quit being an actress. She's born to the profession. Nothing ever pleases her. How could she quit as long as she felt there was anything to learn about acting?"

Interview to End Interviews

If we've given the impression here of a cold, self-sustained person, it is all wrong. She's a very natural girl, who makes no professions of being a beauty and claims nothing on the basis of being an artist, which she assuredly is. She doesn't ride to hounds and she doesn't canter in the park. She gets fun out of people and likes to run around with them. When she cares to go to the trouble she can be stunning. When she appeared in the audience at the Theater Guild's Mary of Scotland, she was so beautiful she almost ruined the show.

According to the Universal Film Corporation standards of measurement she is twenty-two years old; the records in the courthouse at Norfolk make it twenty-four. Miss Sullavan makes it twenty-four. Ina Claire and Ruth Gordon are her favorite stage actresses. Herbert Marshall is her favorite stage actor. The screen? Garbo . . . Marvelous. What about her own romances? Nothing on the horizon right now. In the background is an unsuccessful marriage to Henry Fonda, who had acted with her in the company on Cape Cod. As the Universal gentlemen say: "They were married. Now they are divorced. No one quite knows why. . . ."

On the screen she is the hit of the season. Only Yesterday has been a tear-jerker and a money maker. The young men at Universal are still trying.

And they finally did manage to get an interview out of her. It was to be by telephone. On the one end was Miss Sullavan at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Kurtz, her uncle and aunt, with whom she lives while in New York. At the other end were reviewers from four New York papers. The Master of Ceremonies was a young man from Universal.

"When this is through, Miss Sullavan, we'll switch you on to Chicago where another group of reporters are waiting to interview you. . . . Now will you go ahead, please?"

Then, in all modesty, she proceeded to tell her eager questioners that her acting in Only Yesterday was the worst seen in Hollywood since the days of Broncho Billy, that she had ruined the picture and that she was going to quit and go back to Norfolk to be a librarian —her idea of the worst fate that could befall a native American.

About this time the young man from Universal went over to the telephone operator and whispered hoarsely: "Never mind about the Chicago call. If anybody asks about it, just say there's been a storm and the lines are down."

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Another Girl

Continued from page 26

Jim decided against a note; decided against even leaving his name. But as he was turning away, with a vague idea of standing on the curbstone for a week or so until Molly came down to hand her stuff in, Molly herself came into the lobby.

She was very becomingly dressed, in a brown outfit that made her look like a schoolgirl. She didn't seem a bit remorseful when she saw him. Indeed, she grinned and asked saucily, "Down here to complain to my boss?"

"Nothing your boss could say to you would be half bad enough," said Jim. "I'm going to handle you myself."

"My ears burn already," said Molly. "Just be a little careful what you say in front of the switchboard girl."

"THOSE things are more easily handled over a luncheon table," argued Jim. "But would you consider lunching with me?"

Molly shrugged. "We ought to keep the lobby clear. Some place near here, perhaps? I never spend much time at lunch."

Unbelievably he found himself across a little table from her. He ordered carefully; he talked about the theater, about the political campaign, about a new book that everybody was talking about. Molly answered a little defiantly at first; she was waiting for him to work around to his grievance. But by the time they reached dessert, Molly was enjoying herself. Jim's experience had taught him that much, at least: he knew when a girl was enjoying herself.

He was careful to be the one who suggested that they leave; careful, too, not to say anything about seeing her again. But the next day he sent to her office a copy of the book they had been talking about. Three days later he was lucky enough to get her on the telephone. He suggested casually, "Lunch today?"

"Oh—yes—I guess so," said Molly.

There was always that little catch in their relations. She liked him, but she liked him in spite of herself. Jim advanced upon her warily. Lunch a dozen times. Then dinner. Then dinner and the theater. After the theater he sent her home in a taxi, with an apology.

It was the most respectful courtship since John Alden and Priscilla. At her side Jim was bathed in enchantment. He didn't see why everybody in a restaurant didn't behold her in a shining halo. Many times in his life he had been more or less in love; Miss Rowland hadn't been so far wrong in saying that he "fell in love with every pretty face he saw." But falling in love is one thing; loving is another. She was the girl he loved.

He ran no risk of wrecking the enchantment. He would wait until Molly was ready. But one evening something told him Molly was ready now.

He followed her into the taxi that night. For half an hour he held her close, warm and sweet and loving. In the shifting lights that shone in upon them from the street, he kissed her; and warmly, miraculously, Molly kissed him back.

Then all at once she pushed him away, sat erect, said defiantly, "Well, that's that!"

"That's what?" asked Jim, getting both her hands in one of his, to give himself a free arm.

"You've spoiled everything. I knew you would, sooner or later. But it's a shame—"

Jim dropped her hands, and reached for the car door. "Want me to get out now, Molly?"

"That's right, make fun of me!" she stormed. "Pretend I'm such a little oddity. Make believe I've never been kissed before, if you like."

Jim grinned. "I'm not interested in your past, darling. But your future—"

"My future! Well, there's one thing you can be sure of in my future, Jim Casserley. It hasn't any reserved seat in it for you."

"I'm sorry," said Jim quietly. "You liked it just now when I kissed you."

"Maybe I did. Maybe I couldn't help myself. You—you kiss very well."

"MY PAST," said Jim, "should be as sacred as yours. If you don't object to anything about me except my past— It's really pretty blameless, darling. I'll be glad to give references, if you care to look 'em up."

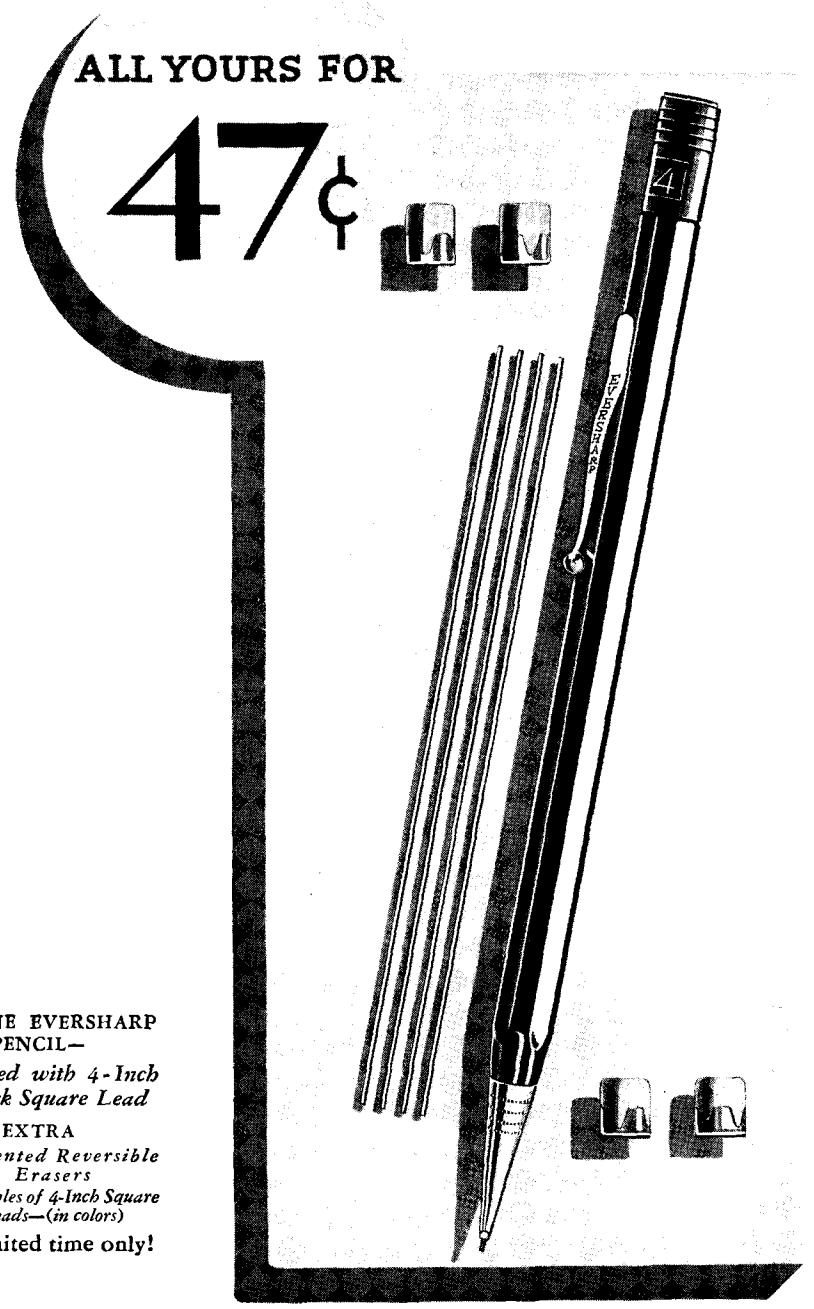
"I'm not interested," she snapped. "A girl like me isn't really interested in a man like you. She can't be."

"Look here, Molly," said Jim coolly. "You slandered me in print, and I guess you read your own words, and believed 'em. Those flowers I bought at Rowland's—"

"A hundred dozen roses!"

(Continued on page 56)

"Lose something?" *G. Francis Kauffman*



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A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

who says she was "quite skeptical" when her doctor told her what to do

PEOPLE seem to have to go through a lot of suffering before they learn the simple secrets of good health. Here's a letter from Mrs. S. N. Tintinger, of Cascade, Montana, that tells its own story.

"After the birth of my daughter, who *is now nine*, I suffered terribly from constipation, and tried all sorts of remedies, but got little relief. Two years later, after my boy was born, my lower intestine seemed to become partially paralyzed; my digestive system became upset; my stomach refused to function properly; my head ached continuously; and finally my whole system became infected, and a nervous breakdown followed.

"I tried almost every brand of cathartic and laxative, with practically no results. Believe me, I was very skeptical when my physician prescribed Nujol. However, I took it faithfully, and although it was several weeks before I became regular and normal, my physician and I were both very much pleased with my recovery.

"Well, I have been an almost constant user of Nujol ever since, and that, as you see, is about seven years ago. *Whenever I try anything else I find it doesn't work as well, and I always go back to Nujol.* With all due fairness to many other well-known remedies, I can sincerely say that although they may be excellent, none of them has given me the relief, and helped to overcome my intestinal paralysis, like Nujol. Although other remedies may sell for less, I think *it is much cheaper to use Nujol.* Of course I give Nujol to the children, too.

"We keep Nujol in the house all the time. I owe my present good health to it, I can depend on it for good results, and I know Nujol is as safe for the children as it is for me."

Nothing we could add to Mrs. Tintinger's letter would make it any more convincing. Follow her example. See what Nujol will do for you—bring your children up on it to be regular as clockwork. You can get it at any drug store.

Nujol now comes in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children.

Why don't you try this simple way to be well?

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Inc., 2 Park Ave., Dept. E-2, New York City.

(Adv.)

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There are hundreds of aspirin brands on the market, but you know that Squibb's Aspirin, being a Squibb Product, is genuine and reliable.

The control number on every box and bottle is proof of the care with which the purity and uniformity of Squibb's Aspirin are safeguarded. At all good drug stores, in bottles of 50 and 100 tablets, and the handy new 12-tablet boxes.

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PURE DEPENDABLE SAFE

(Continued from page 55)

"Ninety-nine dozen," Jim corrected her.

"It's enough," said Molly. "Of course I don't really mind being one of a string—"

"When were you?" asked Jim. "I never sent you flowers, did I?"

As a matter of fact, he hadn't. He'd sent her books—twice—and cigarettes—twice—and once matinee tickets for a show he hadn't been able to take her to. But he had been very careful not to send her flowers. Rowland's must have missed his patronage that winter.

"I don't mind being one of a string," Molly repeated. "But I recognize this *thing for what it is.*"

It was a ridiculous situation. Ridiculous and tragic. For Molly loved him, grimly, bitterly, with her teeth gritted and her fists clenched. But Molly never even saw the man she loved. When she looked at him, all she saw was ninety-nine dozen roses, bestowed on casual damsels by a man who was always sure of his welcome.

JIM gave her three days to cool off in: three days, when it was harder for him to keep his hands off the telephone than it is for a smoker to stay away from tobacco. Then he called her; and she refused to lunch with him, refused to dine with him, told him she was so busy these days that she wasn't seeing anybody.

He stayed away for another week. Then he strolled into the newspaper office, just as he had strolled in that first blessed day. He kept his fingers crossed in his overcoat pocket, and asked for her.

"Oh, Miss Hill isn't here now!" said the switchboard operator.

"You mean she isn't coming in today?" asked Jim.

"I mean she doesn't work here any more. She's left."

"Left? She hasn't got the paper into any trouble with those articles of hers?"

"Guess not. But she pulled out of the office a week ago. No, she didn't leave any address. I don't know whether she's still in New York or not."

He hunted Molly to her apartment building. She had left there too. She had made a clean break away from him!

For a month Jim went through the motions at the office. For a month he walked the city streets, and rode on busses, and poked into theaters, restaurants, everywhere people went; he searched for one face in the crowd, and cut most of his friends when he met them.

Then one day on Fifth Avenue—nearly in front of Rowland's, it was—a woman stopped him on the sidewalk. "Don't you remember me, Mr. Casserley?"

Jim didn't. He didn't even want to make the effort. But she was a middle-aged woman, valiantly fighting middle age, obviously fighting poverty.

The spectacle of her misery struck a chord with his own wretchedness. "Let's go somewhere for tea," he suggested. "It's a long time since I've seen you, isn't it? You must tell me all about yourself."

He ordered a tea that would have spoiled her dinner, if she'd had any chance of getting a dinner. He watched her try to remember her manners and eat daintily. And all at once he did remember who she was; and remembering, he was shocked. "You're Ethel Manners, aren't you?"

When he was a little boy buying a gallery seat on Saturday afternoons in his home town upstate, Ethel Manners had been a popular actress. When he first came to New York, he had met her at a studio party, and had been a little shocked even then to see how old she looked off the stage, how obviously she was slipping. Since then he had forgotten her. So had everybody else. It was three years since she had had any sort of engagement.

All this he remembered in a flash. He lighted a cigarette, and asked perfunctorily, "How are things going?"

Then he bit his tongue, and wished he hadn't asked. She told him of the parts that had been offered to her, and that she had "turned down." She told him of the fine part she expected to get next week, in a show that would be a sure-fire hit; the manager was going ahead with it as soon as he could get backing.

Jim didn't believe a word of it. But . . .

"I'm not a rich man," he heard himself say. "I can't back a show. Are you going to have a piece of the new *show, by the way?*"

She choked a little over the lie she had to tell him then; but he wasn't looking at her. "I'll buy part of your piece, if you do," he said, *fumbling in his* pocket. "I won't bother with a check; I have some money with me. Take a hundred dollars, and give me a tiny piece of your piece. It's a bit of a gamble, to be sure. But isn't almost everything in show business a gamble?"

They left it at that. She gave him her address; she was staying at an old hotel down near Washington Square. Alone on the sidewalk, Jim drew deep breaths of air, and felt better. He wouldn't go through an hour like that again so long as his legs were strong enough to run away. The embarrassment and false position—the lies you had to pretend to swallow—the awful looks of the old harridan, who had reached an age when she should have been playing with grandchildren somewhere in the country, and instead was trying to make everybody, including herself, believe that she was still young and fascinating—

He crumbled her address into a little ball. Just as he was about to drop it on the sidewalk, his eye lighted on Rowland's splendid front, with its window boxes in their winter bravery of evergreen, and lights beginning to show in its perfumed interior.

All at once something clicked in him. "I wonder!" he said to himself. "Ethel Manners must have had tons of flowers in her day. I wonder how long it is since anyone has sent her a single daisy?"

HE HADN'T been in Rowland's for months. But the place was as blooming and tricky as ever; and Miss Rowland turned to meet him, exactly as if she hadn't helped to stack the cards against him, and turn life sour in his mouth.

"I want to order some flowers sent to this address," said Jim, smoothing out Ethel Manners' bit of paper. "Sent right away, please, and charged to my account."

"Anything special you want us to send?" asked Miss Rowland. "Or do you prefer to leave the selection to us?"

Jim looked her right in the eye. She deserved to lose his account; but flowers from Rowland's were more than just flowers, and there was one flower above all others that seemed the natural thing for a man to send a woman.

"I want the usual," he said firmly. "A dozen roses. If I were in your place, Miss Rowland, I shouldn't give the score to the newspapers. But for your private ear, that makes a hundred dozen that I've bought of you. That's a career in itself, isn't it? A hundred dozen roses."

Miss Rowland looked embarrassed. "Those newspaper people twist things around so sometimes. I never would have let that Miss Hill get anything out of me if I'd realized how she'd make it sound."

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"Oh, it's her job to spice things up! Seen her lately?" asked Jim casually.

"No, I haven't," said Miss Rowland. "Not since she wrote that piece about you in the Sunday paper."

Jim had stayed away from Rowland's so long, it was odd he should go there two days in succession. But he went in the next afternoon, to order flowers for a friend's baby. An old bachelor is a natural godfather; Jim might as well get used to the new rôle.

When he entered, Miss Rowland was talking to someone whose back was turned to Jim. The customer reminded Jim a little of Molly; he had reached the stage where all girls reminded him a little of Molly.

"No," Miss Rowland was saying clearly, "I can't give you the address of a customer. You know perfectly well I won't do that. But if you sent a note to his club— Will you wait just a minute for me, Mr. Casserley?"

The girl wheeled abruptly at the sound of his name. It *was* Molly. A rather pale Molly, and subdued in manner, but prettier than ever. "Oh, hello!" said Jim. "Left the newspaper, have you?"

"I've quit newspaper work," said Molly. "I—I got disgusted with it. I've been working in an office lately."

"That so?" said Jim. "Like it?"

She swallowed hard. "I've—I've been looking for you today. I wanted to—apologize—"

"Oh, that's all right!" said Jim hastily. "Don't bother."

"No, it's not all right. I might explain, I moved a few months ago. I've been living in an old hotel downtown. There is an old actress in a room next to mine—"

"Quite a coincidence," said Jim dryly.

"Oh, don't make it so hard for me! I've been helping her myself. Other people have been helping her. But we helped her just with money. If you could have seen her last night when she got those roses—!"

"They did make a difference to her?" asked Jim eagerly.

"All the difference there is. To think that even now, somebody would send her roses—! I had to see you, and tell you about it."

"Thanks very—" began Jim, and stopped midway. He had passed suddenly beyond the need for speech. All he wanted to do now was look and look at her. And Molly, looking back at him, took half a step toward him.

"Don't you young people want to go up in my office?" asked Miss Rowland quickly. "There are tea things there, you know; and if you shut the door, nobody will disturb you."

MOLLY slipped a hand into Jim's. "That's awfully sweet of you, Miss Rowland. I thought you were furious with me. I thought—you had reason to be."

"Miss Rowland has an eye for future orders," said Jim. From that warm little hand, an electric current was going all over him. But this might not mean what he hoped it meant. "Let me order you some flowers, Molly. Do you care for those new orchids? The first time we met, you tried to tell me they were called 'parrot flowers.' "

"That isn't the only mistake I ever made," said Molly, and choked a little. "Jim, maybe you'd rather not. But if you could bring yourself to order me roses—"

"Roses are the natural thing for a man to send his wife," said Jim. "Does that interest you at all?"

Molly blushed; not even Jim would have guessed she could look so pretty. Molly smiled; not even Jim would have guessed she could look so happy. "So long as they come from Rowland's, I'll take roses even from a husband," she said. "So perhaps you'd better make it a standing order."

Russia Moves In

Continued from page 19

almost grim, and he has always been so. Although his father was a colonel of the czars and he a military student, he ran with the revolutionists as early as 1902, when he was only twenty years old. At Kiev University he studied such strangely contrasting subjects as chemistry and jurisprudence so as to fit himself for the problems of the New Russia he dreamed of. Huddling in cellars and barns, he sacrificed a life of ease to preach revolution even before the 1905 revolt.

Where Things Were Hottest

Disheartened by the scant results of that movement, and the inefficiency he saw as an artillery lieutenant in the Russo-Japanese War, he resigned from the army in 1906—a daring act in those days. In 1908 he was sent to Siberia for his part in anti-czarist activities, but he soon escaped to sit at Lenin's feet in Switzerland and Paris. He threw himself into the 1917 revolution, fighting with the Bolshevik armies, and he became one of the Soviet's economic advisers and leaders. Except for five years of diplomatic service at Tokyo, he has worked chiefly in state planning and in the development of foreign trade.

Short and stocky and rather roughhewn, he is brisk and definite in movement and decision; there is little lost motion of mind or body. His face is dour and heavy in repose, slightly unpleasant in fact, but it lights up when he smiles, and then the boyish, almost naïve, side of his Slavic nature appears.

He has always had a special fondness for the United States, and the Ambassadorship here has long been his diplomatic goal. America appeals to him because he discerns certain qualities of our national spirit which some native-born leaders may not—qualities which impress him as similar to Russia's. "Your people," he says with an appreciative smile, "are simple and serious, friendly and agreeable, and your country is vast and powerful." He likes our athletic interests if only because they express his philosophy that nations and individuals should keep in trim for the doing of worth-while things.

A fine tennis player himself, he had hardly presented his credentials to President Roosevelt before he heard that Vines and Tilden were to exhibit in Washington, and the night of the match found him in the front row, applauding every good shot and return. When Madame Troyanovsky was asked at quarantine what interested her most in the United States, she passed up the Empire State Building and Washington Monument to express a desire to hear the Philadelphia Symphony. The thirteen-year-old son, Oleg, although a healthy, full-spirited young fellow, immediately urged his parents to find a school where he could most quickly improve his knowledge of our language and customs. The Troyanovskys are as strong for serious work and purposeful play as George Bakmeteff and his medieval masters were for gold-leaf escape and diversion.

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Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

We want Service!

AS a people we Americans are brimful of moral purpose. Our eyes shine with earnestness. We like to translate even money questions into moral issues. Serious purpose binds us together as a nation and yet no people alive are more complacent in the face of shocking public corruption and debauchery.

The French overturn a government and all but engage in civil war because a few public officials were friendly with a pawnbroker who defrauded investors out of about forty million dollars. Innumerable American communities take in the calmest manner possible the exposure of vastly greater frauds. And we think the French are a frivolous race!

For all our stern morality we don't get excited over situations which reveal an appalling betrayal of the public interest and a disregard of all our standards.

New York, Chicago, New Orleans, Detroit, Topeka, and many more, have provided prodigious scandals which caused no great excitement. A few of the more conspicuous offenders have been punished, others have been retired from office, but the system which bred this corruption is unchanged.

Kansas has overflowed with morality since the days of John Brown and still Kansas has just found it necessary to imprison a few bankers and state officials who trafficked in fraudulent state bonds. Men previously of good repute have of course been destroyed by their sins and crimes but there the matter ends.

Again, Kansas has had repeated escapes from prison. Murderers and highwaymen have been able to walk out of prison again and again. Behind both the prison escapes and the bond embezzlement is a political arrangement which regards public office as a source of personal income rather than of public trust.

The Tammany organization in New York is the ultimate expression of this spirit of predatory politics. The latest Tammany scandals uncovered by the new La Guardia administration show to what unimagined depths public service can sink when private gain is the rule.

Sudden investigation showed that New York's well-known house of correction was being run by the prisoners rather than the officials. A narcotic trade was well established in the prison. The convicts had arms and their own leaders. Very plainly the house of correction had become a house of corruption because of the profits organized crime could pay to political leaders.

For the present Tammany is out of office and so it is possible to uncover its crimes. But even this gross exhibition of venality and debauchery does not compel fundamental change. Incompetent, dishonest men may be replaced by more efficient, honorable men but public office is still the reward of the successful politician.

If you think over recent events in Chicago or Philadelphia, and many other cities, the record is similar. During prohibition political leaders derived incalculable profits from the sale of liquor by bootleggers. Consequently public officials chosen by these corrupt politicians were compelled to condone the crimes committed by bootleggers and their racketeering allies.

In most of the important cities contracts for public work are given to bidders whose political supporters are friendly to the administration in office at the moment. Sometimes, as Chicago knows, public officials get money directly from contractors. In other cases the payment is through the devious route of the political organization.

Nobody who really understands the spirit of the American people doubts the sincerity of our passion for honesty or the reality of our high moral purpose. In local and state government, however, we have not been able to make our moral standards effective.

The explanation is not hard to find. It goes back to our political principles. We believe that all men are equal politically and everyone has the natural right to hold any office he can get regardless of his qualifications. So a Pennsylvania community has elected a completely illiterate politician to serve as a school trustee.

In private affairs we operate differently. We employ the physician we think most competent to heal our ills. If we have dogs we choose the veterinarian we think best qualified to overcome the ills which befall dogs. We patronize the stores which we think give us the best service and the lowest prices. We hire the lawyers most skillful in our particular affairs.

Of course we make mistakes but in all our private matters we exclude privilege and, according to our lights, pick the most competent for the work at hand. In our public business we ignore all this and we permit the offices to be used for creating and continuing political organizations.

In no other country is this true. The public servant abroad gets and keeps his job as the private employee. Character and fitness are the qualifications.

We are complacent and apathetic in the face of the most shocking disclosures of graft, corruption and betrayal because we have learned from experience to expect such scandals.

If some official takes a few francs from a Frenchman he will stage a riot and threaten revolution. If an American official wastes or steals many of our tax dollars, we feel helpless. We will continue to be helpless until we are angry enough to demand a thorough change in system. We don't have to lag fifty or seventy-five years behind other progressive nations. We can have as honest and as competent public employees as any other people whenever we arouse ourselves long enough to demand the establishment of a merit system for all public office.

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